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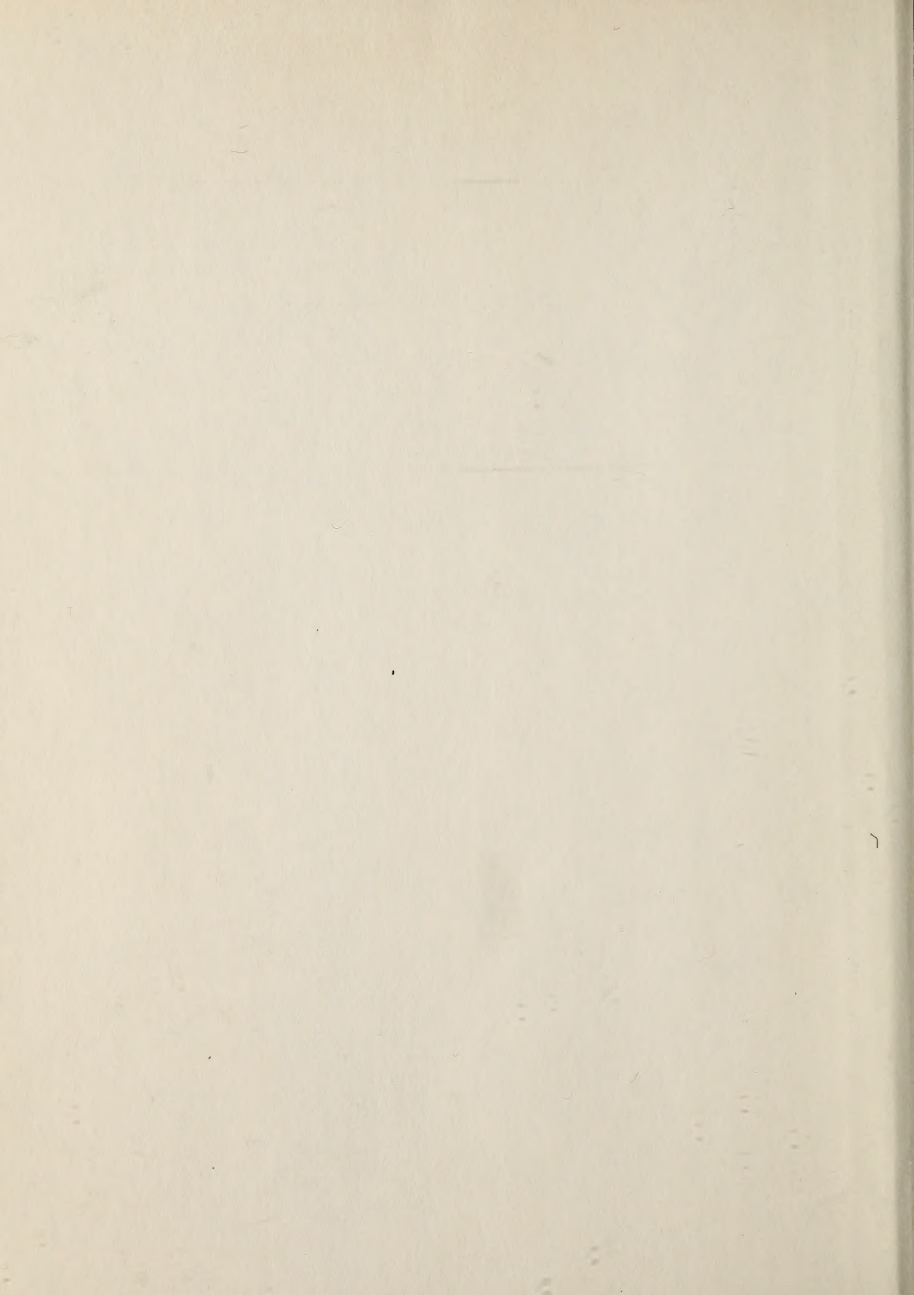






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# HISTORY

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OF A

# CAVALRY COMPANY.

**A Complete Record of Company "A," 4th Penn'a Cavalry,**

**AS IDENTIFIED WITH THAT REGIMENT, AND WITH THE SECOND BRIGADE,  
SECOND DIVISION, CAVALRY CORPS, IN ALL THE CAMPAIGNS  
OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, DURING  
THE LATE CIVIL WAR.**

BY

**CAPT. WILLIAM HYNDMAN.**

PHILADELPHIA:

JAS. B. RODGERS CO., PRINTERS, 52 & 54 NORTH SIXTH ST.

1870.



# HISTORY

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*RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED*

TO THE

**Officers and Members of Company "A" 4th Penna. Cavalry,**

*And specially to*

**COL. WM. E. DOSTER,**

*Through whose energy and tact the Company was originally  
organized, and through whom its discipline  
and efficiency were perfected.*

BY

**THE AUTHOR.**

MEMORANDUM FOR THE RECORD

DATE: 10/1/54

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REFERENCE: [Illegible]

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Very truly yours,

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# THE HISTORY

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GENERAL STATEMENT

1. The purpose of this report is to provide a summary of the results of the study conducted during the period from January 1, 1961, to December 31, 1961.

2. The study was conducted in accordance with the plan of work approved by the Board of Directors on January 1, 1961, and the report of the Committee on the Study of the Problem of the Future of the Company, dated January 1, 1961.

STATEMENT OF FACTS

1. The Company has a long and successful history of operation, and its financial position is strong.

2. The Company has a large and loyal customer base, and its products are of high quality and are sold at competitive prices. The Company's management is experienced and capable, and its policies are sound.

CONCLUSIONS

1. The Company is in a strong financial position, and its future prospects are bright.

2. The Company's management is experienced and capable, and its policies are sound.

RECOMMENDATIONS

1. The Company should continue to operate in its present manner, and should not make any major changes in its policies or management.

2. The Company should continue to invest in research and development, and should continue to expand its customer base.

3. The Company should continue to maintain its high standards of quality and service, and should continue to sell its products at competitive prices.



## PREFACE.

---

THE present volume has been very rapidly and hastily written, and is the product of only a few weeks of continuous labor. The reason of this is, I desired that the manuscript should be in the hands of the printer before the holidays; and afterwards found that I had very sharply stinted myself as to time. As will be evident, therefore, even to the most casual reader, no attention whatever, has been given to elaboration of either the *materiel*, or the style of its presentation. The facts have been collated from irregular notes and journals, and with only a strict regard to their truthfulness and to the mere consecutiveness of dates, I have expressed them in such style and color-



ing, as have spontaneously offered, during the progress of rapid composition.

The book, consequently, is really an impromptu, and first rough draft, of the Company's military record. Had I not inadvertently hurried myself, I would have much preferred giving the subject care and attention, and endeavored to produce an elaborate history, since the facts are deserving of this treatment.

I believe that few companies, in the service, underwent such varied and brilliant experiences, effected so many desperate charges, bore up under so many assaults, endured like hardships, privations, and losses, or participated so courageously in the battles, sieges, and marches of the war.

Rapidly and rudely, as I have handled the subject, however, I know that the work will be valued, by those for whose interest it was chiefly written—the surviving members of the Company and regiment, and the soldiers generally of the Lehigh Valley.

I venture to express a further hope, that



it will be useful as a correct record of details, that may be hereafter, incorporated into more extended histories of the Rebellion.

It professes to present, only such glimpses of the great conflict, as were exhibited to a small force, shifted about in the ampler movements of an army. Its scope of vision is, consequently, circumscribed. Its horizon compasses but small radii. It gives but short-lined views of corps advancing and retreating, in all the evolutions of military manoeuvring. It is but a mere glance from the temple, with the door ajar; an accidental view between the rifts of smoke.

Yet, such as it is, I believe its tendency will be to inspire and confirm a spirit of patriotism, wherever it is read. Nor is this purpose to be lightly disregarded.

The successful termination of the struggle, and the salvation of our Union, are not exclusively attributable to the military arm of the government. Virtually our nation was redeemed, and re-established, before the fall of Sumter—in the abstract moral principles





that had been inculcated in the hearts of the people.

While yielding honor in these pages to the martial agents alone, in the grand result, I do not here condemn the influence of other and equally vital causes. The sentiment of patriotism was the basis of glorious battles, sieges, and marches, and the existence and integrity of that, is ascribable to the church, the press, and the school-room. In these, as in the sterner realities of war, our own State has borne a conspicuous and honorable portion. The pulpit and the printing-press have corroborated the product of the school and academy. Those were but the dew and sunlight, on the fruits of an educational nursery! At the foundation of brilliant accomplishment, lie the effects wrought out by the teacher. Beneath the glorious constellation of our military stars, shine with a mild yet beautiful lustre, the nebulae of these unheralded, yet subtle and efficient workmen. These nurtured and inspired, indirectly, the ideal of patriotism, while those directed its development into deeds

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of valor. The magnetism of principles involved in the war, evoked impulses which had been already fostered and matured to an irresistible power. These were the understrata of that moral stamina, which braved all perils, yielded all sacrifices, and bore the banners of the Republic, through the sombre gloom of treason, into the sunlight of liberty. Mere physical courage would have shrunk from the task.

While, therefore, I glory in the renown of our own Reynolds, Meade, Hancock, Geary, Selfridge, and Hartranft, I do not ignore the labors of McMichael, Forney, Harding, and Warburton, through the columns of their influential journals. Nor can I pass silently over the names of Willitts, Hutter, Boardman, Stockton, Hunt, and Sunderland, who hand in hand with Beecher, Chapin, Cheever, and Storrs, made the pulpit and the platform resound with the stirring eloquence of patriotism. In an humbler, though equally honorable sphere, I point with pride and affection to other lights—to such men as John S. Hart, William H. Hunter, and James A. Kirkpatrick—each an





eminent and virtuous example of enlightened skill and unfaltering fidelity, in the cause of popular instruction—in that steady devotion to the formation of mind among the masses, on whose integrity, here and elsewhere throughout the land, the pillars of the Republic are securely founded.

I believe our government is destined yet to be, the most exalted embodiment of wisdom and virtue, that the world has yet beheld—the last and perfect national individuality, which shall precede the final events of earth.

Toward this result all the agencies specified are operating on convergent lines. In the same direction I claim that such humble efforts as this book, that merely records the achievements of a small band of patriots, will be found to exert a laudable although limited influence. The attention and commendation bestowed on the exhibition of bravery in actual battle, create and define those mental ideals, which are afterwards clothed in visible deeds. In this aspect of the case, I am not reluctant in casting another waif upon the

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literary waters—satisfied as I am, that its tendency will be towards the stimulation of a firmer love of country.

I ought, perhaps, to make some apology here, for the frequent use of the pronoun I, throughout these pages. Time would not permit of a studied circumlocution, which would have avoided or mitigated this blemish. The record, moreover, is my own peculiar experience. I have been very careful, at least, not to magnify the merit of our Company's achievements, but have given only a strictly accurate account of them. Having entered the service myself as a mere private in the ranks, and endured most of the hardships of the war in this capacity, I can claim some right to be proud of what our little band accomplished. Besides, our original numbers melted away so effectually, that I am one of only a dozen of the veteran volunteers, who still survive. Upon the rank and file, after all, the great merit of our national success reposes, for in this view, both the bitter realities of war and the culture of peace are embraced.



I do not hesitate, therefore, in the following pages to utter what I know to be true, even though it may sometimes apparently smack of boasting or egotism.

THE AUTHOR.

MAUCH CHUNG, *Carbon Co., Pa.*

*December 20th, 1869.*





HISTORY  
OF A  
CAVALRY COMPANY.

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CHAPTER I.

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*EARLY SCENES IN THE WAR.*

THERE are few individuals who witnessed the rebellion in its earliest stages, and the effect produced thereby on the loyal masses of the North, who will ever forget those stirring and momentous times. A Republic, which had been the model of governments for three-quarters of a century, was about being dismembered by fratricidal hands. The spirits of patriotism and of treason were alive and impetuous for action—the one with slavery and oppression for its object, and the other with liberty, equality and all human rights to give it inspiration. Not only in the larger cities did this love of country



prevail among and animate the citizens, but it glowed with equal ardor in the hearts of townsman and rustic, from Maine to Maryland, and from Massachusetts to the Pacific Coast. From hill and valley the battle call was heard, and thousands rushed to the standard of freedom. The people of our locality were affected with like impulses. Naturally enthusiastic and patriotic, their feelings were aroused into uncontrollable fervor when the bloody tragedy of rebellion was begun by the fall of Sumter. The old and young left their homes on the quiet Sabbath following this event, and paraded the streets of Mauch Chunk, preceded by bands of music. Knots of people gathered together here and there, excitedly listening to some oratorical improvisator, as he dwelt in untaught eloquence on the madness of the South and on the folly of Northern forbearance. Political lines of demarcation were at once obliterated. All of every side mingled together, animated by the common love of country—a spectacle never witnessed before nor since to any similar degree of perfection. The leading Democrats were equally resolved with others, that “the Union must and shall be preserved,” and that treason should be crushed out of existence. It must be mentioned, however, that many of those who felt pugnacious on this occasion became very calm and docile afterwards, since they very carefully avoided the armies of both sides. Their patriotism, like the courage of some men, was a matter of tongue and not of heart—a mere sentiment and not a living and actual principle.





Prior to the war we boasted of a very efficient local militia company here, called the Anderson Grays, commanded by Capt. Eli Connor. When the first call was made by President Lincoln, we can well remember how promptly enrolments began in Mauch Chunk, and how rapidly the "Grays" were recruited and organized into three companies, and how grandly they went forth under the gallant and lamented Connor, who subsequently proved one of the most noble men of the war. Under his charge they proceeded to Harrisburg, and were organized into the Sixth Pennsylvania, under Col. Nagle, of Pottsville. Their stormy career, their hair-breadth escapes, their dangers by flood and field we have not forgotten. There is a pleasant touch of humor in the memory, when suggestive of the sterner terrors of a fiery war. It is hardly necessary to intimate that they served under Patterson in the first campaign! How proudly they came back again! How eloquently they told of the terrors of Falling Waters! of the renowned fording of the Rappahannock! of the pursuit of the enemy to Winchester! of masterly retreats! of their failure to participate in the Bull Run battle! and of all those memorable events which wound up the brilliant and bloodless campaign!

Those who returned from the three months' service, however, did not dampen the ardor of our young men. Neither tales of danger and privation nor the magnitude of the growing rebellion could quell the military impulse which now thrilled through the county, and palpitated impatiently for the con-



test. The call having been proclaimed for three years' volunteers, the enrolments began vigorously. Along with the organization of other companies in the town and vicinity, the formation of a cavalry company was commenced by W. E. Doster, Attorney at Law, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. He began by *rendez-vous-ing* at that Moravian town, and there being a discrimination in favor of certain branches of the service, and the fact becoming known that Doster was endeavoring to organize a cavalry company, large numbers flocked to his standard, and he soon obtained the necessary complement of men. The majority were from Carbon county, 55 out of 101;\* the most of whom went forth under the leadership of Joseph Andrews, of Summit Hill, and Herman Horn, of Weissport. The latter was at once appointed First Lieutenant of the company, and the former Orderly Sergeant. The organization was perfected while at Bethlehem. Thence it proceeded to Philadelphia, where it was mustered into the United States service. W. E. Doster was commissioned Captain, and Edward Tomblor, of Bethlehem, formerly an Orderly Sergeant in the three months' service, was commissioned Second Lieutenant.

After being mustered into the service the company was marched from Philadelphia to Hestonville. There they encamped during four days. Thence they were marched to Suffolk Park, near the Quaker City,

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\* A complete list of the company, organization and residences of members, with other useful information, will be found in the Appendix.



and after remaining there a few days, were transported to Washington, D. C., where they encamped on Seventh Street, about one mile from the city. They drew uniforms, and stayed at that point about four months. They were at first attached to Harlan's 11th Penna. Reg't. Cav. Vol., as Co. "A," and were initiated into the Cavalry service by a series of drills: first, without arms, dismounted, and finally mounted, armed and equipped. The Company was detached from this regiment early in October, 1861, and taken to form the basis of the 4th Penna. Cavalry, Col. David Campbell, Commanding.

On this transfer Capt. Doster was appointed a Major in the new regiment, and was duly commissioned and mustered as such, Oct. 18th, 1861. At the same time Second Lieut. Edward Tombler was elected Captain by the unanimous vote of the company, and First Sergt. Joseph Andrews was promoted to the Second Lieutenancy. They were duly commissioned from that date. Sergt. George W. Moss was also promoted to Orderly Sergeant, *vice* Andrews, promoted. Owing to the company's preference for Edward Tombler, some irritability was manifested by Horn, who finally tendered his resignation on the 21st of December. This was duly accepted. For the vacancy thus created Joseph Andrews was promptly recommended, and Orderly Sergt. George W. Moss for the Second Lieutenancy. But Governor Curtin, instead of making promotions in accordance with the customary regimental recommendations, commissioned an entire stranger to the







position of First Lieutenant. His name was Fitz Girls Noble. The company never saw him afterwards, he having been appointed an officer on the staff of Gen. Palmer, though still holding his rank in our regiment. Although he afterwards proved himself a brave and gallant officer, the unusual procedure at the time occasioned some unpleasant occurrences, and not a little disappointment. Andrews and Moss entered at once upon the duties of their new positions, but this act of Curtin's disarranged the whole affair. Andrews could still reoccupy his former place, but Moss, having had his position filled by another promotion, was left "out in the cold." Col. David Campbell, who had been transferred to the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry, in the meantime promised Moss a commission in that regiment. In this too fortune frowned upon him, for after waiting anxiously during a long time, he was doomed again to disappointment. Not long after this, the non-commissioned staff of the cavalry department was re-organized and increased to three Quartermaster's Sergeants and three Sergeant Majors, instead of one of each to a regiment, as heretofore. Moss was then offered the position of Quartermaster's Sergeant, and accepted. When the company got to Washington, they had one man over the requisite quota, according to cavalry regulations (101 men), and private John Meyer was, in consequence, transferred to Company "B."



## CHAPTER II.

*THE DANGERS OF CITY LIFE.*

OUR organization, being composed mainly of young men, gay in spirits and full of animal vigor, and who, perhaps, had not yet sown their wild oats fully, was beset by all manner of temptations, and enveloped in a perfect blaze of excitement while at the National Capital. The most of them had been accustomed, during the callow years of adolescence, to sights and sounds not more inspiring or seductive than are afforded by the simple, outward phases of country living. These indeed, to such a man as Wordsworth, may have been irresistible, especially when he had crossed over into that sober realm of existence in which he could say of former days:

“Nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendor in the grass!  
Of glory in the flower!”

or

“And yet I know  
Where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth;”

but to young men they strike the eye and ear with a degree of tameness, and the refined pleasures and



even vices of a large city are far more powerfully enticing. When without care, and free, as the sweet Southwest

“ At play,  
Flies rustling where the painted leaves are strewn  
Along the winding way,”

they could perhaps enjoy the glorious changes of autumnal woods, the bursting freshness of the vernal lawn, and the voluptuous ripeness of summer beauty. But here they had already felt the restraints of military discipline and duty, and the syren of a gay city in myriad transformations beckoned to the enjoyment of high-spiced pleasures. It was a duplicate strain, and the direction was fiercely similar. In spite of all the regulations, many of our men in this exuberance of unsophisticated animal spirits, continued to leave camp and spend much of their time in Washington City. They loitered about the halls of the Capitol, and gazed in mute and simple admiration on the works of genius which are there contained. They saw the great paintings, “Westward Ho!” being perhaps the most natural to them; saw the Rotunda, with its emblematical ornaments, the busts of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton and other worthies of a past generation, and also the very walls which reverberated the thunders of their powerful eloquence. The Patent Office, with its myriad embodiments of human ingenuity, was also replete with interest. And then there was the Washington Monument, which they silently could behold in imagination! These, with the stirring





throng of soldiers and citizens, could easily occupy the day. In the night the city was ablaze with excitement. In the Canterbury and Oxford a variety of amusement was nightly exhibited, from the sweetness and pathos of sentimental music, syllabled by the painted Cyprian, down to the grotesque grimace and patter of broad, flat feet in the essence of Ole Virginny. Then, too, the ballet-girls flaunted their charms in all the freedom of fantastic motion and of unencumbered *personnel*. But our young men, though they keenly enjoyed these occasions, were well-disposed, and comparatively free from vices. The effect of early training and of home influences was conservatively visible. Whether at Ford's or Grover's, at the Canterbury or in the camp, they seldom forgot that they were men. Beer, wines, and fiery liquors, cigars, and tobacco, had their fullest sway over the denizens of the Capital, and it was almost impossible to avoid indulging in some, more or less, if not largely in them all. In consequence of the proneness to absenteeism and its dangers a very strict system of discipline was now instituted. No intoxicating liquors of any description were allowed to be brought into or near the camp, and none of the members were permitted to leave the encampment without the proper military authority. But so great was the temptation, and so sweet had been the cup of delight from which they had already sipped, that the regulations, were they made of bars of iron and cords of steel, might not have been fully adequate to the purpose. The



boys soon learned to play "old soldier" on this score, and were often brought to grief by the administration of severe corporeal penalties. The conflict between duty and temptation was so pronounced that some changes in the non-commissioned staff of the company naturally followed. The causes were, however, venial offences, under the circumstances, and their details possess neither interest nor attractiveness to any one.

By this time another year had passed away. 1861, with all its dreary forebodings, its vicissitudes, its perils and its promises had been buried under winding sheets of snow, and had left the eye of man forever. On the first rolls of the new year appear the following promotions:—Orderly Sergt., Christian Freeby; Q. M. Sergt., Albert Karass; Duty Sergts., Albert Walton, Robert Boston, Benjamin S. Yonker, and A. G. H. Row. Christian Freeby was promoted to Duty Sergeant, *vice* Loder; Albert Karass to Quarter Master Sergeant, *vice* A. O. Fahs; Albert Walton to Sergeant, *vice* W. Siders, and B. S. Yunker to Sergeant, *vice* C. Freeby, promoted to Orderly. A. G. H. Row was reinstated as Sergeant for further trial, but was finally reduced to ranks March 17th, 1862. The following privates were appointed Corporals in place of others reduced: Thomas Connor, Nathan Brelsford, James McLaughlin, John Fidler, Wm. Schmidt and Alexander Campsie. Bugler, Miller H. Brown, was promoted to Sergeant Major of the regiment, and Wm. Oswald was appointed bugler in his stead. Cornelius Demp-



ster was appointed Company Farrier, *vice* John Guth.

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Our Company, with Company "B" of the same regiment (Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry), was temporarily detached, Dec. 28th, 1861, as escort to Brigadier Gen. Keyes, and encamped near his headquarters, under the personal surveillance of Major Doster, forming Camp Margaret, as it was afterwards named. Here the drill efficiency and discipline of the company were perfected. In this duty Major Doster took such an interest that he made these two companies the best in the regiment. They attained to great proficiency in the manual of arms for the cavalry service, and in the sabre and equestrian exercises. They became serviceable, reliable and skilled to a high degree. Their expertness and efficiency grew so apparent, that on the 25th of February, 1862, they were relieved from duty on Gen. Keyes' escort, and taken to Washington, where they were detailed as mounted Provost Guard of the city—Major Doster being appointed Provost Marshall of the Capital. This position he retained throughout the early stages of the war, during a period of nearly two years. It was a great compliment to his merits as a soldier, as a gentleman, and as an executive officer. A better disciplinarian or more diligent soldier the army could not produce, although he had just emerged from civil life. With rare rapidity he had mastered the most complicated details of the service, and had filled every position with signal ability. Gallant, courteous, vigilant and







energetic, he was idolized by his men, and received the just meed of praise for perfecting our company as a military organization. He prided himself on this accomplishment, and never allowed his energies or interest to flag where improvements were possible. His strict discipline was at first a little onerous to the men, but as the necessity for it grew more and more apparent, they manifested a corresponding gratitude.



## CHAPTER III.

*OUR DUTIES AT THE CAPITAL.*

THE experience of the company while in Washington was varied. They were obliged to check any violations of military regulations by the citizens, and often marched around, breaking up whisky saloons, and houses of ill repute. Many a night Lieut. Andrews was compelled to go at late hours and close these low grogeries, spilling their fiery fluids in the gutters. In consequence of like important and responsible duties, great efforts were made to bribe the officers and men. The company received and were entitled to much credit for resisting all these inducements. Any one who visited the Capital during the winter of 1861 and '62 will doubtless remember seeing our gay cavalry-men, conspicuously stationed about the war offices and departments, well-mounted, well-dressed, and with drawn sabres, saluting every officer who passed. During their stay here the men had free passes to the theatres and other places of amusement. Indeed all the public entertainments were open to members of the Fourth Cavalry. Many of the boys availed themselves of this privilege. Owing to the regula-



tions, however, requiring all such places to be vacated by the soldiers after nine o'clock, a great many subterfuges were resorted to in order to prolong their stay, until the dramatic or minstrel exhibition had drawn to a close. They endeavored very carefully to keep themselves out of the hands of the infantry provost, which patrolled the streets continually, and arrested every soldier found out after nine o'clock. Many of the boys attired themselves in citizens' clothes, which they could hastily don, sometimes behind the scenes of the theatre. In return for such favors, the horses of the men were occasionally used by the *attaches* of these places.

While on duty in Washington the company were quartered in a large brick mansion on Maryland Avenue, with stabling attached for horses. They changed but once while there, removing to another brick mansion, where but a transient stay was made. These quarters and duties were not materially different from what they had been before. The company was never located in a house after that, but always lived in tents, and was ever after in active service. After being relieved from duty in the Capital, the company never being on detached service again, always operated actively in front until the last days of the war. In the mean time while these companies were on provost and patrol duty in the city, the balance of the regiment moved with the Army of the Potomac to Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, being temporarily attached to Gen. McDowell's command during





the first movements of the army, in the Centreville Quaker-gun episode of the war. Some of our own men were among the first to detect the fraudulent character of these engines of war! The regiment was then under the command of Col. Childs, who was afterwards killed at Antietam, at the head of his men. We cannot go on in this desultory and hasty sketch without a passing tear to this gallant officer. He united to the sterner qualities of the military hero the more elegant traits of a true gentleman. The company remained on provost and patrol duty in Washington, until the 10th of May, 1862, when all the armies having been removed, it was deemed no longer necessary to retain a Cavalry Provost-guard in and around the city. The companies were accordingly relieved in order to rejoin the regiment in active service under Gen. McDowell at Fredericksburg. Maj. Doster still remained on duty as Provost Marshall. While the company was at Camp Margaret, the following named men were discharged for disability: Andrew Schimp, Thomas Paxton, John Broadback, and Charles Patterson. We regret to say that during provost duty in Washington, two members of the company deserted; a young man having been induced by an Englishman, an old sinner, and John Swallow by name, to abandon the ranks of the company and desert the service of the United States. In justice to the younger one, it is necessary to state that immediately afterwards he re-enlisted in another branch of the service, and served out his entire term with credit and distinction. The first



casualty that occurred at the Capital was the death of Q. M. Sergt. Albert Karass, who was killed by a fall from a vicious horse, April 28th, 1862. His body was interred in the Soldiers' Home Burial Ground, with suitable military honors, by the company. This loss of a generous and beloved brother in arms, who was likely to have made his mark in the future history of our regiment, produced a profound sense of sorrow and regret. It was our first sacrifice on the altar of our country. The company gained some recruits while on duty in Washington—the first being Wm. Kane, of Weissport, who enlisted March 1st, 1862.

About this time, also, happening to find my way to the seat of war, impelled by a sense of curiosity, and a desire to participate in some of the stirring events of the day, I was thrown into the company of my old school-mates and companions. My intention of entering the service having heretofore always been frustrated by untoward circumstances at home and by objections emanating from domestic sources, still being uppermost in my mind, and being naturally attracted by the cavalry branch of the service, in which too I found my old friends, I could not resist the temptation to join the service along with my former companions. Accordingly I enlisted in their company May 1st, 1862, and became another recruit to swell the grand army of the north; another atom of that flood-tide of power which was destined to sweep down the defences of treason, and to destroy the traitor wherever he could be found. I can yet



remember my first ludicrous efforts to play the dashing cavalry-man, loaded down with all the implements and accoutrements of "grim-visaged war," on a high-mettled charger, who possibly knew more about the service in the ranks than I did myself. Yet I was not discouraged. Not wildly ambitious either. I did not survey sabre and steed, and revert to the brilliant men of the Napoleonic wars, to the Durocs, the Poniatowskis and the Neys. I knew perfectly well that I was never born to "sway the rod of empire," or "wade through slaughter to a throne!" Indeed my aspirations, although those of a very young man, were not of this expansive nature. But I knew there was fighting to be done, in order that the country might be saved, and I knew, too, that on the military rank and file the burden of the conflict would repose. If I could not marshall armies to victory I could do a man's duty in the ranks, and when the time came for a life to be yielded in the cause of liberty, mine would be ever ready for the sacrifice. I was not afraid to brave the dangers of the fiery field, nor afraid to perish in such a cause, upon the soil of such a country. So I determined to perform my duty humbly, and to help to fight the nation's enemies wherever they might be met. The clouds of war were visibly growing darker and darker, and there was sore need of loyal hearts and loyal hands in the ranks of the army.

Shortly after my enlistment, the company being ordered to rejoin the regiment at Fredericksburg, the men were marched forth in detachments as







escorts to trains and cattle. On the 10th of May, Lieut. Joseph Andrews, with the first detachment of thirty men, marched from Washington as escort to a wagon train on its way to join the army under McDowell. On arriving there they rejoined the regiment under Col. Childs, and encamped near Falmouth. The remainder of the company was relieved from duty in Washington, May 17th, and marched to Falmouth *via* the scenes of Bull Run, Manassas Junction, and Cattle Station, where they rejoined the balance of the company. They in this way passed over ground which had been made historic. The grass was now green with its vernal freshness, and the verdurous lawns, the glades and glens, were stippled with the golden chalices of buttercup and daisy. The trees were seemingly unharmed as ever, standing rigidly out, gnarled and roughened by contact with seasons and storms, but apparently unscarred, and boughed and stemmed amid May leaflets and odorous blossoms. The peaceful plough alone had since torn up the soil, and occasionally here and there the brown fields lay in furrows, awaiting the action of sun and shower on their freightage of seeds. Since then, armies have again marched and countermarched on these hill-slopes and vallies, and dashed together with almost infinite bloodshed. The ground has been more than once torn by bursting shell and speeding ball. The sod has been soaked, with a sad frequency, in the blood of patriot and traitor. And over the carnage the loyal standards have been borne to higher and



yet more decisive contests. But the earth, here wounded and colored with human gore, has again healed up and closed, perhaps, forever. In the returning springs, now, as before, the lawns are uncut by violence, and the hills and dales are unshaken by the terrible discord. From the "leaf-tongues of the forest to the flower-lips of the sod," all is bloom and beauty, and alone the warble of the bird or voice of cheerful reaper is heard about the fields. As Byron wrote :

"Once this soft turf, this rivulet's bed,  
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,  
And fiery hearts and armed hands  
Encountered in the battle cloud !  
Ah ! never shall the land forget  
How gushed the life blood of the brave !"

But now, as in the early stages of the war, of which we have just spoken, there is nothing to disturb the quiet and serenity of the scene.

"Alone the chirp of flitting bird,  
And talk of children on the hill,  
And bell of wandering kine is heard."

We cannot indeed, avoid the still further vanity of quoting some of our own lines, on these historical arenas. We have been guilty occasionally of verse-writing, but only to please Mrs. Grundy, or to decorate the snowy pages of a lady's album.

Ay ! once the thundering voice of war  
Roared on the quiet of this scene,  
And bayonets clashing pierced the core  
Of the hearts that are dust now under the green.



And strong limbs clenching struggled long  
In the blinding, frenzying smoke of battle,  
Till anger thinned the slaughtering throng,  
With its shot and shell and musketry rattle.  
Then the red tides gushed through the matted grass,  
From the fountain hearts of the quivering dead,  
Wavelets of blood that strove to pass  
To the trembling stream with their blushing red.  
And the hoof of the charger tore the ground,  
And the hand of the gasping grasped the sod,  
Till the smoke curled sullenly round and round,  
And vanished, ashamed, in the eye of God.





## CHAPTER IV.

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*"ALAS! THE WEARY HOURS PASS SLOW."*

**A**T Falmouth we were initiated into the mysteries of active service in the field, by performing outpost duty of every description—making scouts, reconnoissances, etc., from Fredericksburg into the surrounding country. In this manner we became inured to the general duties and hardships of war. We had, however, little opportunity during these times, of meeting the enemy in force or even at all, with the exception of an occasional guerilla, numbers of whom infested the country around our lines. Being now in this species of service, however, our imagination did for us sometimes what it would have puzzled any one to find realized. We fancied that the country must be full of lurking spies and hidden enemies. Many a twilight when the day had receded far with most of its light, some shrub or tree-stump, darkly limned against the horizon, has been made to do the service of a genuine guerilla, beyond musket range, and perhaps only a little in advance of innumerable hosts of assassins. But these were the freaks of a wild conceit, which had not been tamed and directed yet by actual dangers.



We never met with any serious casualty from any of these guerilla dangers, the only occurrence being the shooting of Corp. Mickle's horse, while he with a companion was leisurely riding along outside of our picket lines. This was done by several mounted men in rebel uniform, who were found in close proximity to our lines, and with whom several shots were exchanged. Our two men were chased briskly by these guerillas, but succeeded in finally evading the hot pursuit and in returning safely to camp. While on duty here, we made many scouts up and down the Rappahannock. We continually reconnoitered on ground that afterwards became memorable, and that will be remembered for all future time. The soil on which the future battles of Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania, Fredericksburg and the Wilderness were decided, was then a quiet rural landscape, bearing the appearance of a primitive scene, here and there alone modified by the hand of civilization. How little we then dreamed of these events while scouting along the Rappahannock! how far from our thoughts was the conception, while lounging under the green maples, and smoking the pipe of idleness and revery! And yet the very spot where we slumbered away an hour of mid-summer heat, or perfumed the air with the fragrant odors of burning tobacco, is now a charnel for the corpses of patriot soldiers. The "blood-red blossom of war, with its heart of fire," has bloomed and brought its deadly fruition there. The most fatal enginery of war which the mind of man, impelled by the genius of destruction,



could contrive, has here labored with hot and fiery fury, until lives have been crushed by the thousands.

Then the soft winds murmured among the forest leaves, the sweet-voiced throstle leaped from bough to bough, breathing a simple lay, and the sun peacefully shimmered on field and river and sent its columns of golden light aslant among the forest aisles. In these still recurring bright summers the bird is yet there, the bough, bullet-pierced it may be; the grove with its horrible rents healed over, and the sun as brilliant and generous as ever—but between the times there is a chasm, an abyss, and down its awful depths thousands of lives and millions of treasure have disappeared forever. Out of the ruins, however, has grown a redeemed and regenerated nationality, and even at such a cost, God be praised for the sacrifice.

On being apprised that the enemy had been seen in the neighborhood of our camp, a force from the regiment were sent in pursuit of them, but were unable to overtake them. On arriving at Spottsylvania Court House, we discovered the party to have been a detachment of the enemy making reconnoissances. Here we captured a rebel major, whom we brought in and sent to Washington—being the first capture of a prisoner of war which we had yet made. We kept up the pursuit of the rebels until a late hour in the night, and did not return to camp until far into the next day. This was our first experience on the track of the enemy, and we felt considerable zest in the undertaking. The company continued to make





many scouts along the Rappahannock towards Culpepper, and along the Rapidan, and only ceased in this work on June 14th, 1862, when we broke camp at Falmouth, under orders to join the Army of the Potomac in front of Richmond. In consequence of obstructions in the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg, transports could not ascend the river in close proximity to our encampment. The regiment therefore marched to Belle Plaine Landing, on the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg, and encamped there temporarily, while awaiting the transports. During our stay here the regiment was paid off for the two preceding months, and Capt. Tombler, who had been on duty at Washington up to this time, was now relieved, and rejoined the company and the regiment. Two others of our men, who had been on detached duty, here rejoined us to enter active service. After being paid the regiment was forwarded in detachments on the transports, horses and all the paraphernalia of the service, to White House Landing on the Pamunkey—which was McClellan's base of operations and supplies for awhile. It was from this point that the celebrated change of base was made to Harrison's Landing. We embarked on the 16th of June, 1862, and disembarked a few days afterwards at White House Landing; near which place we at once encamped. The day before arriving there, Stuart made his dashing raid around our army, as a preliminary movement to the enemy's manœuvres on McClellan's right at Mechanicsville. On being supplied with forage, rations, etc., we took up the



line of march for the Army of the Potomac. We arrived on the evening of that day near Mechanicsville, encamped, and were joined by other portions of the regiment, which continued to arrive in detachments. For the time being it was attached to Gen. McCall's division of Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps, operating against Richmond in that vicinity, and we were daily under the fire of the enemy's guns. On this occasion, then, we were for the first time exposed to the more formidable dangers of the war. The shells of the rebels hourly fell into our camp, but fortunately did little damage. The sensation created by being under fire was quite novel and remarkable. It considerably accelerated the pulse-beat, and made the heart thump against its bony prison. It filled the breast with mingled emotions of indignation at the enemy and solicitous care for one's personal safety—the latter, however, "growing small by degrees and beautifully less," as we became accustomed to the hissing and screeching of shot and shell. It was a striking experience indeed, after having been subjected all our lives to no other batteries of danger, than are known in elegant essays, under the caption of "Death in the tea-cups," "Death in the coffee-pot," or Dyspepsia and Pulmonary Phthisis—the most of them a means of dissolution so mild and slow that the poor patient often dies of old age before they have spent their force—to find ourselves in the midst of straight or parabolic lines which bursting shells and piercing balls were describing incessantly. That a slight tinge of regard for one's longevity entered



as a factor into the experience, is a very excusable foible, in men who were not yet veterans. We remained in camp here until the evening of June 26th. The enemy having advanced on our works at Mechanicsville, under Lee and other rebel generals who subsequently became noted, orders were issued to prepare for battle. We laid in line of battle all night, in readiness to mount at a moment's notice. On the 26th the Pennsylvania Reserves had a foretaste of what was in store for them the next day. On the 27th occurred the battle of Gaines' Hill. There being no chance for cavalry demonstrations we gradually retired on that occasion. Other and abler pens have since given the details of this battle. As the enemy advanced, Fitz John Porter's struggling lines were forced to yield, which they did very reluctantly. It is a matter of written history now, what issues were involved on that fearful day and what terrible sacrifices our battling minority made against the overwhelming majority arrayed in opposition to them. This occasion being a memorable one, of this campaign in particular, and we participating in it as a company and regiment, claim our share of credit for the valor displayed and for the issues achieved. The fearful odds of the enemy were held at bay awhile, but necessarily not long enough to receive the promised but withheld reinforcements, which never came at all—those expected from the timid and indecisive George. Porter's corps being gradually forced to yield before the overwhelming forces of the enemy, it was only with the utmost diffi-







culty that we maintained ground enough to cover our retreat over Sumner's Bridge, during the ensuing night. It was not until the evening of this day that our regiment was actually brought into contact with the enemy. Our troops had been worn-out with superhuman efforts throughout the day, in order to hold the enemy in check and keep up a bold front. In consequence of this they were very much disorganized towards evening. The enemy then beginning to press, at all points, front and flank, our wearied and worn-out troops found themselves unable longer to resist the combined attacks of Lee, Longstreet, Jackson and others, and just as the shades of evening began to thicken a panic seized a portion of Porter's corps—not indeed to the extent of the Bull Run panic, but ominous-looking enough to cause the hearts of our commanders to fear for the final issues of the day. The cavalry branch of the service, which had been disengaged all day, was now called into requisition. There were three regiments of Cavalry with Porter's corps. The Fifth United States was first formed, and, under the lead of their brave officers, made a desperate charge on the enemy, with a view to check his advances. They only partially succeeded. The enemy were overwhelmingly stronger, and were composed entirely of infantry and artillery. The Fifth United States was immediately supported by the Sixth Pennsylvania, or Rush's Lancers, who also made a dashing and formidable charge. They were likewise repulsed, and effected but little. Our regiment, being the next in order,



was then advanced in line of battle, but rather with a view to covering the disorder and confusion which the retreating troops had occasioned after coming into action. We presented a stern front to the enemy until darkness ensued, and maintained our position to the last, being finally relieved, late at night, by the afterwards famous Irish Brigade of Sumner's corps. During the night, all our troops on the north of the Chickahominy retired across Sumner's Bridge. Then began the series of movements known in history as the "Great Change of Base," including the first seven days' battles of the war. In this, as in most of McClellan's so-called master operations, we might detect, if we chose to examine the details now, a blind submissiveness to the inexorable logic of events, and by no means that powerful exhibition of genius for strategy which the war so frequently invited, and which the commanding general had such unlimited resources to make successful.



## CHAPTER V.

*BATTLES ON THE PENINSULA.*

THERE is little doubt in my mind that the battle of Gaines' Hill will occupy one of the most brilliant pages of history, as one of the most desperate and stubbornly-contested battles of the war. It was fought, too, by troops new to the service, the hostile armies having, in any considerable force, met each other for the first time. It demonstrates the fact that Americans are warriors by nature; that the qualities which make the free, enterprising and independent citizen, are those which make the reliable and efficient soldier. We doubt, indeed, if as many men new in the service from any other nationality on the earth, could have so firmly held themselves, in the face of such dangers, and so creditably parried the blows of such an overwhelming army. Owing to the darkness of the evening and the random firing of the enemy, who were likewise fatigued with the fierce efforts of the day, our loss was comparatively trifling. The total regimental loss was twelve men wounded, and a number of horses killed and disabled. In the company we lost no men,





but two of our horses were shot. On the morning of the 28th, we made a reconnoissance down the Chickahominy to Bottom's Bridge, where we found some of our troops slightly engaged in skirmishing with the enemy. After reconnoitering the country below Bottom's Bridge a short distance, we returned to Gen. McClellan's headquarters, and encamped there during the night. Here we drew rations and forage for three days, on which we were compelled to subsist, until the army was safely quartered at Harrison's Landing six days afterwards. On the 19th we marched as rear-guard to the Army of the Potomac, taking part in several of the skirmishes which occurred during that day. During the entire retreat, or change of base movement, we participated in most of the engagements it occasioned. We were present at the battles of White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hills, and Peach Orchard. Our casualties, however, continued fortunately few. One of our men was accidentally injured, while retiring from a skirmish charge, and was discharged in consequence. His name was Frederick Wunder. On the evening of July 1st, after the famous encounter on Malvern Hills, we found ourselves in a rather disorganized, hungry and fatigued condition, being entirely destitute of rations and forage of every description, with an army all around us in exactly the same circumstances. The worst of the fighting was over, however, for the enemy had suffered a terrible defeat that day; and it was the opinion of most of our prominent generals, although not concurred in by the General-in-chief,



that had the advantage here been promptly followed up, Richmond would have fallen an easy prey to our victorious armies. During the battle of Malvern Hills we were acting as escort to Gen. Fitz-John Porter, and were with him in the morning when the position of the battle was chosen, and before any of the troops had arrived. On the night of July 1st, we marched to Harrison's Landing, on the James River, and encamped in one of the most beautiful fields of grain the eye of man ever beheld. It was ripe for the sickle, yellow-hued, and swayed and seethed in the summer zephyrs as though it were a lake of gold or sapphire. It was a gem, so to speak, set here for the gratification of the human appetite for both the beautiful and the edible—a rare and lovely symbol of the peaceful and happy pursuits of life, when the genius of war and death has folded her wings, and passed into profoundest slumber. But during the night the clouds gathered over the heavens, and the rain shot down in thick and constant streams. The whole army moved along here in the darkness, and encamped in these very fields. On the next day hardly a vestige of the wheat was to be seen. Every thing had been ground by feet and trampled into the mud. The whole scene was transformed into one of filthy clay, sticky mud, and loathsome mire. So great are the changes of war! So rapidly do the features of peace disappear before the brusque movements of the martial purpose! Here we received our first rations from steamers loaded with hard-tack, etc. We found at this place some of



the Sixth Pennsylvania Reserves that had come down on transports, and also some troops that had been relieved from Gen. Shields' command at Winchester. These were reinforcements for our army. It needed them. For several days after it continued to remain in an almost perfectly disorganized condition. The men were hungry and worn-out, the regiments and companies were scattered, and at some regimental headquarters not over one-fourth of the men were to be found. It was completely muddled, confused, and disorganized, and floundered in the dirt—*under the protection of the gunboats!* This afterwards became quite an army-phrase, especially among the newsboys. While passing through the camps, during the stay of the army at Harrison's Landing, and selling the daily papers, they would cry, "Here you are! *New York Herald, Tribune, Times, Press and Chronicle*—while you are under the protection of the gunboats!!!" This they would then say seriously. The expression afterwards, however, always evoked laughter. But this indeed was protection enough. In a great measure we owe the demoralization of the rebel army to the fact that our gunboats took an active part in that battle, throwing their huge missiles of war entirely over our troops, and lodging them into the rebel ranks with a fatal certainty. Sometimes, as the shot and shell would strike the earth, they would scoop out great cart-loads of soil and make excavations large enough for the burial of a horse and his rider. In this manner they were of



The first of these was the discovery of gold in California in 1848. This discovery led to a great influx of people into California, and the state became a great center of population. The second was the discovery of gold in Nevada in 1859. This discovery led to a great influx of people into Nevada, and the state became a great center of population. The third was the discovery of gold in Colorado in 1858. This discovery led to a great influx of people into Colorado, and the state became a great center of population. The fourth was the discovery of gold in Idaho in 1860. This discovery led to a great influx of people into Idaho, and the state became a great center of population. The fifth was the discovery of gold in Montana in 1862. This discovery led to a great influx of people into Montana, and the state became a great center of population. The sixth was the discovery of gold in Wyoming in 1863. This discovery led to a great influx of people into Wyoming, and the state became a great center of population. The seventh was the discovery of gold in Utah in 1864. This discovery led to a great influx of people into Utah, and the state became a great center of population. The eighth was the discovery of gold in Arizona in 1865. This discovery led to a great influx of people into Arizona, and the state became a great center of population. The ninth was the discovery of gold in New Mexico in 1866. This discovery led to a great influx of people into New Mexico, and the state became a great center of population. The tenth was the discovery of gold in Texas in 1867. This discovery led to a great influx of people into Texas, and the state became a great center of population.



use, both in furnishing the corpse, and in helping to do the rite of sepulture.

Here then was an agreeable change in the routine of the past few days. Though still exposed to the inclemency of the weather and to the mud and mire, there was the necessary and grateful consolation which rations and rest invariably afford. The days which now followed were days of feasting and repose—until the exhaustion had been entirely relieved. With several of my companions, I made it my business to look round for some of the companies and regiments in which our old comrades had participated. We found a portion of the Eighty-first huddled round two or three fuming fires, and scarcely to be recognized on account of their smoke and mud-begrimed condition. What few were left, however, had sad tales of casualties to relate. The afterwards famous Billy Barlow, being personally in command of that brigade, was not distinguishable from any of his men as they lay huddled together on about an acre of ground, although he then held the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Some of the boys pointed him out to us, as he stood among the men around the fire, and spoke enthusiastically of his conduct in the battle. We could scarcely realize the fact that such an able officer might be found beyond so much mud and confusion. After hearing the tales of suffering, and of the terrible casualties which had occurred in the other commands where we had friends and companions, the remembrance of our own hardships was completely whelmed in a sympathy for theirs, and in



an admiration for the fortitude and courage they had displayed.

We returned to our own company with sorrowful tidings of the lamented Connor, and of numerous other late citizens of our native valley. And yet the sufferings in our own regiment are not to be passed over in silence. At the battle of Malvern Hills, Adj. Biddle received a severe wound, with several other officers and men of the regiment—all of whom were captured by the enemy, as the engagement had taken place in an advanced and greatly exposed position. The enemy captured also the medical staff of the regiment. On the night of the 2d, and during the 3d of July, we reconnoitered and scouted in the vicinity of Charles City Court House, where a portion of the regiment had had quite a brisk skirmish a few days before, losing two men killed and six wounded. We remained here on picket duty a little while longer. On the 4th of July, the first anniversary of our National Independence spent in the field, according to orders from Gen. McClellan, a ration of whisky was issued to each and all of the troops. By the time he had concluded that the potion must have taken effect, he personally reviewed the army, and had his famous complimentary order read, claiming the movement of the last seven days as one of the finest on record in the history of all wars. Indeed such an order as this needed the admixture of much good whisky, in order to make it gullible by a few of the discerning men of his command. But we afterwards regarded it, as we would have received in



Manch Chunk or Philadelphia, a Fourth of July oration or a pyrotechnic exhibition. It was indeed a mere intellectual scintillation, a chaser or pin-wheel of the imagination, which did well enough for a momentary entertainment. Indeed we were altogether in this vein ourselves, for was it possible for a soldier of the Republic, on such a day and in such a situation, to forget the dangers and battles of their revolutionary sires? Did we not one and all look lovingly back on the pure, peaceful and happy career which characterized the Union for awhile, after our independence had been achieved, and the "Cincinnatus of the West," the Father of his country had been called to the high post of Chief Magistrate? Indeed our hearts would have ardently glowed with such memories without the aid of either whisky or rhetoric from our genial General-in-chief.





## CHAPTER VI.

*CHECKING REBEL RAIDS.*

WE continued to do picket and scout duty, in the vicinity of our outposts, around Harrison's Landing, during the month of July and a portion of August, encamping on the bank of James River at Westover Landing, a short distance below. The regiment was here brigaded for the first time, under command of Col. Averill, of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, being composed of the Third and Fourth Pennsylvania and Fifth Regular Cavalry. During the time we were encamped here, the weather being very warm, and the men not inured to the Southern climate, much sickness prevailed. The sun poured down an intense and sultry heat, steaming out of river and marsh, miasmæ of the most destructive influence on health. The river was dotted with sloops and schooners loaded with hay, and the shores were covered with the dead carcasses of horses, which festered and putrified there, half on land and half in the water. On the surface of the river was a scum of refuse hay, and the oily and bilgy fragments of the decomposing animal matters on the banks. Couple with these, the still, hot,



searching heats of an almost tropical sun, the cool, drenching dews of summer nights in the South, and a naturally unhealthy locality, and you have ample cause for surprise that some ghastly epidemic did not arise from this putrid sepulchre of vapors, and spread disease and death, far and wide into the country. As it was, the health of the troops suffered essentially, and many died of low fevers. Our army was well supplied during the encampment at Harrison's Landing, sutlers from the North flocking about us on all sides. Almost every luxury could be purchased, but unfortunately the means for buying were generally limited, if not altogether wanting. Still the presentation to the troops of such varied stores was a great appetizer, and sometimes a fatal one to the worldly prospects of the enterprising merchant. It was not unusual to hear of a sutler's establishment being "cleaned out"—as by the magician's wand, for it was all accomplished in the twinkle of an eye. The men of two or three regiments would connive together, and, suddenly surrounding one of these magazines of luxury, would at a given signal crack the shell, and distribute the good stuff, with a marvellous rapidity and a satisfactory division of spoils. In a moment scarcely a vestige of the stock would be found, the men, by scores, moving off and secreting what could not be devoured at once. The very numerical grandeur of the depredators saved them from arrest; and the bankrupt sutler would be allowed to curse, whistle, violently gesticulate, or sharply designate any pre-



vailing quality he might have, under sudden and heavy misfortune. During the encampment here the army was in a measure re-organized. All the companies and regiments underwent this process. Vacancies having been created during the late campaign, promotions were in order, and became quite numerous. On this occasion I was promoted Corporal, a position then esteemed an honor, and John Slaven was appointed to Quartermaster's Sergeant, *vice* McLaughlin, reduced at his own request. We lost one man here by desertion—a fact which was little regretted except so far as it reflected on the general character of the company.

On the night of July 31st, the enemy got several pieces of artillery in position, on the opposite side of the James River, and sent us their compliments in the shape of shot and shell. They continued this for some time, until our gunboats got the range of them and drove them off. Many of the shot and shell entered our camp, wounding several men and killing or injuring several horses. Joseph Snyder, a member of the company, was very severely wounded, during the night, while lying in his tent. A solid shot struck him, and from the injuries it inflicted, he was afterwards discharged. It was a notable fact that during the same firing, his horse was apparently singled out from among hundreds, and killed on the picket line. He was the first member of the company wounded by a missile from the enemy. On account of the sickness that prevailed in camp, large numbers were sent to hospitals in the North—three





members of our company being included —Sergt. Nathan Brelsford, Corp. Thomas Connor and private Michael Cochlin.

About this time, too, we were surrounded by an enemy whose powers of petty annoyance were greater than his skill in outright killing. Myriads of sharp-teethed, lantern-jawed, empty-mouthed and pertinacious flies came among us, to add to our discomforts. They seemed to prefer individual warfare, guerilla attacks, to assaults *en masse*, and darted down on the nose, and clung and stung that inoffensive member, until the tears rolled over from the peepers above. They would fight and bite the hand, nip the eye-lid, flutter and buzz in the ear, scooping up a mouthful of the flesh on their way out, and fairly revel in their dashing advances on the enemy, who all the time struck out darkly, but never quelled the foe, although his better nature was fully suppressed in the endeavor. There was no rest among these saucy and impudent fellows. They were probably rebel-flies, who left their exhausted hills and vallies on a raid among the enemy's possessions. They were especially annoying to the horses, who now had no comfort night or day. At all hours you could hear them stamping on the hard dry clay, and snapping and switching their caudal appendages—in vain efforts to repel the pestering swarms.

The entire campaign and movement by the route chosen by McClellan for the assault on Richmond having proved a failure, and Jackson with a large force having defeated Pope near Culpepper, the



enemy were supposed to be following up their advantage, and to be advancing on Washington from that direction. McClellan was, therefore, ordered to vacate Harrison's Landing. Accordingly, on the 16th of August, 1862, the army having already mainly embarked, we also broke camp at Westover Landing, and marched as rear guard to a portion of the army, towards Yorktown, Virginia, at which place we arrived August 18th, 1862. We encamped below the city in a large peach orchard, from which point we did picket duty until the 25th of August, when with Company K we were taken across the York River on a ferry boat, where we made a reconnoissance of the country for a distance of twenty miles. But we did not discover the enemy, and returned to camp the next day. The regiment was mustered for pay on the 31st inst., by Col. Childs. A few days afterwards our little band embarked on board of transports, and sailed for Washington. We arrived in Washington on the 4th, having been delayed for one day by being aground in the river. I learned here, with much sorrow, of the casualties in the old Eleventh Pennsylvania, and especially of the loss of my cousin and cherished friend, Lieut. James Hyndman, who had been killed at the second battle of Bull Run, and whose body was never recovered. He fell while leading on his men, and gave up, in the face of the foe, a truly patriotic, noble and courageous life. May the sod press lightly on his manly breast! We here for the first time discovered that a series of battles had been fought, and that



through some mismanagement or succession of reverses, our forces had been pressed back to the fortifications around Washington once more. For disobedience of orders, or some dereliction of duty, Gen. Fitz-John Porter was court-martialled and cashiered, for having been criminally concerned in the causes of these disasters. It may not be inappropriate to remark here, incidentally, that this decision of a military tribunal has been virtually confirmed since that event—so far as the character of the man is concerned. Having resided since that time in the Territory of Colorado, I well remember how a New York Gold Mining Company suffered a parallel experience with the United States Government, by entrusting this man, Porter, with the responsible duties of managing their business there. Large sums of their money were squandered, injudiciously, to say the least, and without adequate benefit to their interests. I observed that his official functions with this company were suddenly brought to a close.

To return to our narrative; the enemy, instead of attacking Washington, made their demonstrations further North, by crossing into Maryland. Gen. Burnside's command was organized to meet the rebel army immediately, and at once it marched forth from the Capital, our regiment acting as escort to the commanding general and staff. We first met the enemy on the night of Sept. 11th, when our battalion, commanded by Capt. Young, entered Rockville, Maryland, in advance of Burnside's column, on a reconnoissance, drove their advance back, and





returning reported to headquarters. The next day we entered Frederick City, Maryland, capturing 450 rebels, most of whom were sick, and routing and driving out the force who were occupying the city. On the 14th, the successful action at South Mountain took place, in which, however, we did not participate any more than as escorts to staff officers. We had, though, opportunities of viewing the action from all the different points—from Franklin on the extreme left, to Reno on the right. Here we saw the victorious Federal army defeat and pursue the enemies of our country—steadily driving them from the soil of Maryland. The gallant Reno, however, was killed in this action. After the battle, the enemy retiring to the vicinity of Sharpsburg, we followed close on their trail. They took up a strong position on Antietam Creek, and on the 17th day of September was fought the memorable battle of Antietam, where the mettle of both armies was tried to the utmost. The rebels were forced to yield, but succeeded in retiring to the soil of the Old Dominion. This could have been prevented by McClellan, if he had followed up his victory, and not failed to turn his successes to better advantage. The enemy escaped during the night—having been allowed to depart in peace. Their plan for the occupation of Maryland having proved a failure, they returned crest-fallen to Virginia—a decidedly more debilitated if not enlightened band of traitors. In this engagement our brigade had supported a number of batteries—Col. Childs of our own regi-



ment commanding the brigade. While in the act of selecting a position for a battery, this gallant officer and accomplished gentleman was struck with a solid shot from the enemy's guns. He died almost instantly, but not until he had requested that his organization should ever remember his fall, and avenge his death on the enemy. We fortunately lost none in this encounter, but the regimental loss besides that of the colonel, was 3 men killed, and 5 wounded—all by shells from the rebel guns. After this battle our brigade was marched to the vicinity of Fair Play, Maryland, where they remained in camp a short time, doing provost and patrol duty, temporarily, in behalf of the citizens of a friendly State. Our soldiers, being now in the midst of plenty, and having been used to foraging to an unlimited extent in the enemy's country, had now to be restrained in this spirit of depredation among friends. We were on this duty a few days only. Our little force then marched to St. James' College, six miles from Hagerstown, Maryland, and there formed a permanent camp. Capt. Edward Tombler, becoming sick, left the command and went to Washington to place himself under medical treatment. Many members of our company, from the fatigues of the late campaign and from exposure, grew sick also, and were sent to the hospitals. Among these, were Corporal Thomas Connor, Martin Bloss, and privates, Driesbach, Miller, Kane, and Galligher. Several of our members were retained in Washington on detached service, while passing through there.



Altogether, our numbers were considerably reduced for present duties. About this time Martzel Naftz was appointed saddler, *vice* Edward Petzel, discharged for disability. While in camp in St. James' College, the company had some very arduous scouting duty to perform, through western Maryland, in the vicinity of Hancock, south into Virginia, around Springfield and towards Romney, suspicions being generally entertained that the enemy would attempt another raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania. Finally, with a small cavalry force, they did cross the river near Clear Springs, Maryland, and marching thence to Chambersburg, Gen. Stuart, who was in command of the rebels, succeeded in taking possession of that city, and in plundering and destroying much public and private property. After receiving intelligence of the actual fact, our brigade, under the command of Col. Averill, of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, marched from camp at St. James' College in pursuit of Stuart, or rather marched to intercept him if he attempted to pursue a westerly course from Chambersburg.

Leaving camp Oct. 6th, 1862, we marched to Springfield, Virginia, thence, on information that Stuart was still advancing into Pennsylvania, back to Hancock, Md., and directly North into Pennsylvania, moving through M'Connellsburg, Mercersburg, and other smaller towns, and returning to camp at St. James' College on the 16th, after a remarkably long and fatiguing march. We did not meet the enemy, they having passed out of Pennsylvania and





Maryland, in a more easterly direction, by way of Monocacy Creek. They had been only slightly intercepted by a force under Gen. Pleasanton. This was the first invasion of Pennsylvania by an armed force of rebels. Their conduct not having been very amiable or attractive, the people were not inclined to invite them again. When we arrived at M'Connellsburg, Pa., our command was entirely destitute of supplies and forage of every description. But, upon this fact becoming known to the citizens of the place, every family at once seemed to interest itself in remedying the evil. Bread was baked and brought into camp; hay, corn and oats were hauled for the horses; hams, meat of all kinds, and cider were brought to us in abundance, often by bright-eyed and rosy-lipped country lassies, whose smiles lent an additional relish to their gifts. The citizens seemed to vie with each other in doing acts of kindness. This was a grateful relief after the hard fare of the few days past—a happy change, a burst of sunlight between the storm-rifts of war. The people had been scared by the rebel Stuart, and relied upon us to protect them. It was pleasant once more to be in our own country, and among friends. This region was strikingly populous and prosperous, after having just returned from the dreary wastes of Virginia. An air of cheerfulness and of comfort reposed upon the quiet scene—each house seemingly the home of intelligence, refinement and happiness, as the smoke curled softly from the chimney tops, and vanished in the still, autumnal atmosphere. The



fields were regularly laid out and fenced in, and were shocked with corn, and bristling with stubble. The woods, encircling the scene, were now gloriously variegated in color, for the maple had lately turned to crimson and the sassafras to gold. The wild-flower and the violet had already perished, but the grass was yet almost as green as when the orchis and the brier-rose, drank in the summer sunlight. The jay and crow alone, of all the delightful little rustic songsters, were left, and this cawed lustily from a tall and naked tree top, while that plaintively seemed to chirp out the memory of happy hours departed. In the forest, strange bars of light came down through the thinning boughs, and the acorns dropped and the chestnut burs opened. The air was calm and still, lit up in all the weirdly mellow and sweet lustre of autumnal noontide, with only now and then the sound of thumping flail, whistle of quail or drumming of partridge. In this delightful aspect of nature, so suddenly brought to our notice amid the tender offices of friendship, is it strange that the battle-worn soldier should have turned aside to indulge in the human emotions it awakened? Might he not have re-echoed the sentiments of the poet, Bayard Taylor, when he sings:—

“Through the rustling woods I wander,  
Through the jewels of the year,  
From the yellow uplands calling,  
Seeking her that still is dear:  
She is near me in the autumn,  
She, the beautiful, is near.



“Through the smoke of burning summer,  
When the weary winds are still,  
I can see her in the valley,  
I can hear her on the hill,—  
In the splendor of the woodlands,  
In the whisper of the rill.

“For the shores of Earth and Heaven  
Meet and mingle in the blue:  
She can wander down the glory  
To the places that she knew,  
Where the happy lovers wandered  
In the days when life was true.

“So I think when days are sweetest,  
And the world is wholly fair,  
She may sometimes steal upon me  
Through the dimness of the air,  
With the cross upon her bosom  
And the amaranth in her hair.

“Once to meet her, ah! to meet her,  
And to hold her gently fast,  
Till I blessed her, till she blessed me,—  
That were happiness, at last;  
That were bliss beyond our meetings  
In the autumns of the Past.”

But we only quote this poem, because of its embodiment of the pleasing yet sad sensations created by October, in a land of plenty and of happiness. It would be a random shot if it hit the experience of any of our boys, the most of whom were jovial and blithe-hearted fellows, yet susceptible, too, to the genial and pathetic in life and nature.





## CHAPTER VII.

*THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.*

WE will, however, return now, and relate a circumstance that took place about the 1st of October. Our battalion, under command of Capt. Duncan, being on duty in the vicinity of Clear Springs, Maryland, attached to Gen. Newton's command on the Potomac, he, desirous of information regarding the enemy's movements in the Shenandoah Valley, of their outposts on North Mountain and of their strength in numbers and position, requested Capt. Duncan to detail several competent scouts to reconnoiter in the night and pass inside the enemy's lines. For this perilous duty, Capt. Duncan detailed Corporal George Wilson, and Private Samuel King of Co. L, and George W. Moss and myself of Co. A. We received all the necessary instructions, and as the shades of evening began to fall, started on our dangerous and adventurous trip. We were to proceed on foot from our lines to the enemy's—a distance supposed to be about nine miles. We were to ascertain the information designated, and be back to Newton's Headquarters by daylight. With carbines we moved along, entered the rebel lines success-



fully, and began our observations. We crossed his lines without the enemy's knowledge, by taking circuitous routes through the woods, and up the mountain-side. Proceeding to the top of North Mountain we beheld the camp-fires of Gen. A. P. Hill's rebel army in the valley, between Martinsburg and Hedgesville. Being about the hour of *taps*, we were enabled to form a very good idea from the camp-fires of the force actually in the valley. We discovered also, by a close scout, that the town of Hedgesville was held by a very small force of cavalry. We then began our homeward march. On our return we were sorely tempted to make the capture of a picket or two, to take back with us, but having had no such instructions, and believing that the object of the scout was to have been kept quiet, we resisted the temptation. Accordingly, about daylight, we arrived in camp, reported to Capt. Duncan all we had seen and heard, and also to Gen. Newton, who immediately ordered our battalion to make a reconnoissance to Hedgesville. We at once marched thither, charged on the town and captured all of the enemy's force, numbering 3 commissioned officers and 18 men, with all their horses, equipments, arms, and accoutrements—returning to camp at Clear Springs without having lost anything, whatever, or having fired a single shot. This was considered a very brilliant affair for the times, the cavalry branch of the service not having yet been brought up to a creditable standard.

Up to this period the rebel cavalry had always



carried off the laurels in their own particular engagements. In fact it became a by-word in our own army, that a reward would be paid for a *dead cavalry-man*! It was also considered a brilliant dash by the general commanding, who issued a very complimentary order to our battalion in particular. It was unfortunately, immediately after having withdrawn from this point, that Stuart effected his crossing there, while on his raid into Pennsylvania. On about the 20th of October, 1862, we broke camp at St. James' College, and marched in advance of the Army of the Potomac into Virginia, crossing the Potomac at Harper's Ferry. Entering the Old Dominion, we encountered the rebels, in the gaps of the Blue Ridge—first at Snicker's Gap in force, where a brisk fight ensued, and the enemy were handsomely repulsed, with a loss of several prisoners. During also the latter part of October and early in November, we were engaged in numerous skirmishes, while moving South towards Fredericksburg. On the 3d of November we had a sharp fight at Upperville, Virginia, on the 4th, another at Markham Station; and on the 7th, one at Jefferson and Little Washington, this day being memorable on account of the removal of Gen. McClellan. He was superseded by Gen. Burnside, in the command of the Army of the Potomac. This series of skirmishes reflected great credit on our branch of the service—hovering as we did continually along the lines of the enemy, and finally discovering his positions, and assisting greatly in the steady, forward movement of the army.





The removal of McClellan, it might here be mentioned, did not create much of a sensation among our little force, although it might have done so some time previously, and particularly before the Battle of Antietam. Since, then, however, our men had been educated by palpable events, into regarding him with little interest, and occasionally even with distrust, on account of his evident want of confidence in either his own, or the abilities of the army. Our own company was complimented several times by the various officers, and some of them were afterwards remembered in benefits, such as choice details from regimental headquarters. Sergt. Robert Boston, from credit gained, was favored with a detail on recruiting service at home, and was never afterwards present with the company. While absent, he subsequently received promotion to the rank of captain in another command. At the time the brigade left St. James' College, the horses generally were in a bad condition, being afflicted with various diseases. Many of the men and several of the officers were left behind in consequence of this calamity. Perhaps more than one-fourth were left in camp at this time. Capt. Tomblor, shortly after becoming convalescent, rejoined the balance of the company left at St. James' College. He brought with him a commission for Orderly Sergt. Christian Freeby, as Second Lieutenant of the company, *vice* Joseph Andrews, who was promoted as First Lieutenant, *vice* Fitz Girls Noble, who had been discharged on account of



wounds and disabilities received at Fair Oaks, Virginia, while *aide-de-camp* to Gen. Palmer. He had been terribly wounded, and had proved himself to be, as we stated before, a very gallant and daring officer. The company pay and muster rolls were now made out under the direction of Capt. Tombler, for the months of September and October, at St. James' College. On them we find the following promotions: Alfred Walton, promoted to Orderly Sergeant; James McLaughlin, promoted to Duty Sergeant; private Wm. E. Thomas, promoted to Quartermaster's Sergeant, *vice* John Slaven, reduced at his own request; Corporal Wm. Smith, promoted to Duty Sergeant, and Corporal James Gaumer, promoted to Duty Sergeant. Most of these changes were made, in compliance with an order from the War Department, increasing the non-commissioned staff of cavalry companies from 6 Corporals to 8, and ditto Sergeants. Privates Wm. J. Boyd, Miller H. Brown and John B. Yost were promoted to Corporals. Private Wm. Kane, Sr., and I. Merkle, were discharged for disability, as was also Merrit A. Brown, for the same reason. Private Frederick Grinder was discharged for the same cause. Richard Tiful was appointed bugler, *vice* Brown, discharged. For the dates of these promotions and discharges see tables in the appendix. Immediately after the rolls were made out, the balance of the command broke camp at St. James' College, and marched under Capt. Tombler to rejoin the regiment at or near Warrenton, Virginia, where after doing duty



a few days, until the army became located around Falmouth, Virginia, we marched to Potomac Creek Station, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Acquia Creek Railroad. Here we went into permanent encampment, building winter quarters, doing picket and scouting duty in the vicinity of Hartwood Church, Montour's Cross Roads, and the outposts of the army generally, from the Rappahannock around to Acquia Creek. During our encampment here, Lieut. Col. James K. Kerr, was promoted to Colonel, and Maj. W. E. Doster, to Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, he being still absent in Washington as Provost Marshall.

On the 11th of December 1862, orders were received to be ready to march with all supplies, and to break camp at a moment's notice. On the morning of the 12th on marching to the vicinity of Falmouth, we found the army in motion and crossing the river. On the day following the terrible battle of Fredericksburg was fought. On this point it is useless to dilate here. History records the fact that the traitor legions under Lee, well-secured by position, defied the almost superhuman efforts of our troops, on the Heights of Fredericksburg. Witnesses of this engagement and of others which preceded it, we were this day amazed at the vast armies engaged and the fearlessness of the Federal assaults. The slaughter perpetrated was something terrible to behold, and awful to contemplate. Great gaps were cut into our ranks by the enemy's guns, and whole lines were swept down, and disordered, only to be refilled by men, who

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marched boldly forth over mounds of their dead companions and into the very lines of the rebel fire. As far as eye could reach, from East to West, were dense columns of men, marching dauntlessly forward to the fruitless struggle. Black clouds of fiery smoke darkened the heavens, and now and then leaned down, enveloping the men in their sulphurous embrace, only to melt away again and disclose heaps of mangled troops, dead or dying, and the ground red and slippery with a deluge of blood. The list of casualties among natives of our own valley in other regiments, was peculiarly extensive and unfortunate. Our home representation from the valley was here almost decimated by rebel bullets. The facts, however, being only too palpable, and generally well known, it is not necessary to enlarge upon them now. It being seen that to longer continue the assault on the rebel works, were mere useless slaughter, our forces were withdrawn, recrossing the Rappahannock on the night of the 15th and morning of the 16th of December, and returning to their old camps in and around Falmouth. As a cavalry command, we had not crossed the river at all, remaining on the heights of Falmouth, in full view of the whole action. Numerous details, however, were made from our regimental organization, as orderlies, and dispatch-bearers to the different generals and officers in command. Several were made from our own company, which we filled voluntarily. Among the losses of that day, we were called upon to mourn the death of one of our own members—the young, ambitious and



dashing boy—Miller H. Brown, who was killed by a ball through the head, while carrying dispatches for Gen. Butterfield. Previous to this battle, along with private George W. Moss, Miller H. Brown had been on scouting duty, with the party organized by Gen. Averill. This being the first death which had occurred in actual battle, and including the loss of a cherished friend whose remains even, were not recovered, the event acquired a peculiar significance. After the engagement we returned to our old camp at Potomac Creek Station. While here, furloughs were granted for ten days to five (5) per cent. of the men, and twenty (20) per cent. of the officers at a time. In consequence of this arrangement many of the men and most of the officers got home during the winter. Corp. Martin Bloss died while at home on furlough, and the company had occasion to mourn again the loss of another faithful comrade. During the winter we received three recruits from Mauch Chunk and vicinity, named respectively Charles Keck, Stephen Zeigenfuss and George Schoenberger, who enlisted Sept. 29th, 1862.

All the long, cold winter of 1862 and '63, we did picket duty, almost continually, in the vicinity of Hartwood Church, a distance of eight miles from camp. We were generally three days out and three in, in the meantime making scouts and reconnoissances. Each was seldom in camp more than a day at a time. We had a long and exposed line to guard, and had to scout the country in the vicinity of our forces, in order to guard against raids and surprises by any large body of the enemy.



## CHAPTER VIII.

*GUARDING AGAINST SURPRISES.*

WHILE performing this duty on the picket line, which was in many respects a perilous one, we were exposed to the inclemencies of a long, dreary and bitterly cold winter, in a country, which displayed only far stretches of dense pine forests, and bleak, open glades and fields, almost uninhabited and unclaimed. Here lonely and alone, we paced the frozen ground with no companionship but that of our carbine, sabre and pipe—the latter being required to yield its utmost of comfort and delight. How often then, as the sombre, leaden pall of clouds would move up the skies, darkening the chill, though pleasant sunlight from the scene, and letting fall the first, light sprinkles of the snow, to be thickened and whirled in icy mists about the face and over the whitening woods and meadows, have our thoughts reverted to the happy hearth at home, at which the loved ones were gathered and, perhaps, reflecting in turn upon our own trials and perils on the field of battle. It seemed that by contrast, we were softened to more than usual sensibility of heart, and as the winds came fluttering from the skies, struggling with





the pine trees, and moaning and sobbing by snowy branch and moorish fen, we could not always repress the tear of affection, for the cherished friends so far away, and whom the thick dangers of war might not permit us to behold again. Indeed these lonely hours of picket duty were always occasions rife with reminiscences of the past, and with natural yearnings for more sympathetic companionship. With "Miles O'Reilly," in the "Mystic Countersign," we could well exclaim :

"Alas! the weary hours pass slow!  
The night is very dark and drear!"

Often have we thought of that exquisite incarnation of sensibility, so to speak, which Tennyson wrote, and which with a slight alteration is very *apropos* of our emotional phases, at times, while on guard along the picket line. It runs as follows :

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair,  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the dreary winter-fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark Summer dawns,  
The earliest pipe of half awakened birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.



“Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned,  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.”

Sometimes in these solitary vigils, with only the cold, blue welkin above us, “studded with stars unutterably bright,” and with the dark, sombre shadows of the forest encircling the horizon, we have had thoughts defined upon the disc of consciousness, more clearly than we had yet remarked at any time of our lives. For then, the passions of the past were dead, and our former hatreds and affections were traced in thought with a truly clear and abstract distinctness.

Occasionally we would clear the snow off a portion of the ground and try to make a fire. But this sappy, frozen pine wood would only splutter and hiss in the flames, and would not at all answer the purpose. In a few moments, where we expected a blazing fire, we only had a small circle of mud and slush. We have often thought of the sufferings endured by the troops at Valley Forge during the Revolutionary war, how they were beset by a keen, sharp winter; by deep snows, icy blasts and faithless friends, and how inadequate, often, were their rations and quarters. Fortunately we had abundance to subsist on, and moreover were engaged in a struggle, in which we were all but certain to succeed. We regard the following poem, from a distinguished son of the Keystone State, as appropriately descriptive of the scene near Hartwood Church:—



"The beech is bare, and bare the ash,  
The thickets white below;  
The fir-tree scowls with hoar moustache,  
He cannot sing for snow.

"The body-guard of veteran pines,  
A grim battalion, stands;  
They ground their arms, in ordered lines,  
For winter so commands.

"The waves are dumb along the shore,  
The rivers' pulse is still;  
The north-wind's bugle blows no more  
Reveill  from the hill.

"The rustling sift of falling snow,  
The muffled crush of leaves,  
These are the sounds suppressed, that show  
How much the forest grieves;

"But as the blind and vacant day  
Crawls to his ashy bed,  
I hear dull echoes far away,  
Like drums above the dead.

"Sigh with me, Pine, that never changed!  
Thou wear'st the Summer's hue;  
Her other loves are all estranged,  
But thou and I art true!"

Notwithstanding our earnest endeavors to guard against surprises from the enemy, they did occasionally pounce unexpectedly upon our outposts, as we also did upon theirs. On one occasion, the 25th of February, 1863, they suddenly dashed on our cavalry pickets at Hartwood Church, with a mounted force

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under the afterwards renowned Fitz Hugh Lee. Driving in our guards quickly, they almost instantaneously appeared at picket reserves' head quarters, which was got out in good order. The enemy did not succeed in accomplishing their designs, which were to capture our entire picket force around Hartwood. But we lost a considerable number of prisoners. Private Galligher of the company was captured, and was, after a short term of imprisonment in Richmond, paroled. The command deserved credit for their promptness in rallying for such a sudden emergency, and their conduct was favorably noticed in orders from Hooker.

It might be here stated that since the memorable "stick-in-the-mud" movement, Gen. Hooker had superseded Burnside in the command of the Army of the Potomac.

We will now revert a little to that occasion. On the 19th of January, 1863, being ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to march with bag and baggage, Gen. Burnside issued a flaming order, informing us, in the Old Bony style, that we were once more about to meet the enemies of our country, etc.

But we did not sweep down upon them this time with any undue suddenness, nor in fact meet them at all. About the moment we were put in motion a severe rain-storm set in, and turned the sacred soil of Virginia, into a bottomless morass, a vast stretch of mire and mud, through which it was impossible to drag artillery and heavy caissons, except by monstrous and exhausting efforts. It was almost impos-

The first of these was the discovery of gold in California in 1848. This led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The second was the discovery of gold in Nevada in 1859. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The third was the discovery of gold in Colorado in 1858. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The fourth was the discovery of gold in Idaho in 1860. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The fifth was the discovery of gold in Montana in 1862. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The sixth was the discovery of gold in Wyoming in 1869. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The seventh was the discovery of gold in Utah in 1871. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The eighth was the discovery of gold in Arizona in 1873. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The ninth was the discovery of gold in New Mexico in 1875. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The tenth was the discovery of gold in Texas in 1877. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly.

The discovery of gold in California in 1848 was the first of a series of discoveries that led to the rapid growth of the western states. The discovery of gold in Nevada in 1859 was the second of these discoveries. The discovery of gold in Colorado in 1858 was the third of these discoveries. The discovery of gold in Idaho in 1860 was the fourth of these discoveries. The discovery of gold in Montana in 1862 was the fifth of these discoveries. The discovery of gold in Wyoming in 1869 was the sixth of these discoveries. The discovery of gold in Utah in 1871 was the seventh of these discoveries. The discovery of gold in Arizona in 1873 was the eighth of these discoveries. The discovery of gold in New Mexico in 1875 was the ninth of these discoveries. The discovery of gold in Texas in 1877 was the tenth of these discoveries.

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sible too, to move the ponderous wagons. In fact the army became so rigidly imbedded in mud, along the whole line of march, extending as it did nearly from Falmouth to United States' Ford, that it was a most novel spectacle to behold—exhibiting, indeed, less of the Napoleonic excellencies than any yet recorded—less adroitness of movement and celerity of action. In fact the cavalry had to be called into requisition to carry rations, and distribute them to the army along the line of march! This created much merriment and not a little profanity. In due course of time, the original movement becoming known to the enemy, it was abandoned, and the army returned, discomfited and discouraged, to their encampments, almost completely encased in mud, like the mail-clad knights of the olden time. They had not had even a taste of war. It was a laughable sequel to the pompous and ominous order of Burnside's, whose patriotism and fidelity to the cause, however, no one can doubt. Throughout the war he yielded modest yet important aid to the Federal arms. On the army being safely quartered again, Gen. Burnside tendered his resignation. It was accepted, and "fighting Joe" succeeded to the command. He immediately went to work to re-organize the army. By the time the roads had become passable, he had a splendidly-armed and equipped army in the field—in fact the largest and best-drilled and disciplined force that had ever marched and countermarched on the American continent. The cavalry had never even approached to so perfect an organization, having been formed into a



cavalry corps, with brigades and divisions, the whole under the command of Maj. Gen. Stoneman. A grand review transpired shortly before the army moved in the spring, at which President Lincoln was present. The scene was imposing, impressive, sublime!!! It took one entire day to review the cavalry, two or three days to review the infantry, and a day for the artillery. Miles and acres of polished steel bayonet blades glittered in the sunlight, held bristling by ranks, as regular and firm, as if the whole army had been possessed of but one spirit, and moving and manœuvering in the drill and discipline, as though it were an individual, and not a vast mass of separate men. The orders of the commander moved down along the line and developed into action with rare promptness and perfection. President Lincoln's appearance on horseback, riding in citizen's dress and under a high, silk hat, among so many uniformed soldiers, was a very conspicuous figure, and elicited much good-natured raillery and comment. Yet he was nowhere more beloved than by the army, who appreciated his humanity of heart, and his honest endeavors to restore the Union. He was regarded as a truly great and good man.

On the 28th of February, 1863, we were mustered for pay for the months of January and February. On these rolls appear a few more changes. Private Tilghman Ash, promoted to corporal, *vice* Bloss, deceased, Nicholas Garvy, promoted corporal, *vice* Miller H. Brown, killed, Private Joseph Snyder, discharged for disabilities occasioned by wounds re-





ceived at Harrison's Landing. In the spring, Col. Kerr resigning his position in our regiment, Lieut. Col. Doster was called from Washington to take command.

This was his first appearance with the regiment in the field. On the 16th of March, the division was hurried out in light marching order, and proceeded to Morrisville, Va., and encamped there for the night. They then started early the next morning, and marched to the Rappahannock, at Kelley's Ford. Here we found the enemy opposite ready to dispute our passage of the river and the ford. Below the surface of the water they had placed wires, fallen trees, etc., to obstruct our progress. But, after a short fight and most gallant charge, by the First Rhode Island Cavalry, under Col. Chamberlin, of the First Maine Cavalry, the enemy were routed, the crossing effected, and all the rebels in the works on the opposite side captured—consisting of 75 prisoners. This was not accomplished, though, without considerable loss to the charging party, as they advanced under very adverse circumstances, the ford being small and narrow. Col. Chamberlin was very seriously wounded, and his life was despaired of for a long time. The division then crossed the river 1800 strong, Gen. Averill in command. They were soon met by Gen. Stuart's and Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee's rebel cavalry. We fought very desperately all day, making several fierce charges, one of which our regiment made singly, routing the enemy and driving him in the direction of Culpepper. This engagement



called into play only the cavalry forces of the two armies. It was the first collision, on a large scale, of the mounted forces of the two armies in Virginia, and the first time in which the rebel cavalry had been successfully met and defeated by inferior numbers. This reconnoissance in force was made under orders from Gen. Hooker, to discover what movements the enemy were about making. The regiment suffered pretty severely in this engagement, the company losing Corp. Thomas Connor, his father, a fellow-soldier, also being present at the time. We condoled with him on our common loss. As a cavalry-man he was wild and daring. After this encounter we returned to camp at Potomac Creek, and there did the necessary picket duty until April, 1863, when camp was again broken, and the cavalry corps was marched to, and concentrated at, Bealton Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, under Gen. Stoneman. After concentrating the corps here, he took two divisions, and started off on a raid into the enemy's country, in the rear of the rebel army, leaving our division under Gen. Averill in the vicinity of Bealton, where we remained until the 29th of April.

The Army of the Potomac was again put in motion by Maj. Gen. Hooker, and crossing the Rappahannock at United States Ford, Kelley's Ford, and other fords along the river, all concentrated in the vicinity of Chancellorsville. Our cavalry division under Averill crossed at Kelley's Ford on the night of the 29th, and on the 30th of March, in regular line of battle, on Culpepper Court House, making demon-



strations in the direction of Gordonsville. From Kelley's Ford to Culpepper Court House, a beautiful open country lies before you, and our advance along this, was one one of the grandest sights I have ever beheld in the army. For miles over the face of a perfectly level country, stretched our line of mounted skirmishers, steadily advancing in most excellent order, and driving back the enemy's skirmishers. Immediately behind them marched their support of squadrons, in place, about one-eighth of a mile apart. Then came the main body of the division, proceeding in columns of regiments with squadrons in front—the batteries of light artillery moving on between the regiments. It was a really grand and imposing spectacle. The enemy did not appear in sufficient force to break the order of march.

“With rushing winds and gloomy skies  
The dark and stubborn winter dies.  
Far off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,  
Bidding her earliest child arise:  
March!

“By streams still held in icy snare,  
On southern hillsides, melting bare,  
O'er fields that motley colors wear,  
That summons fills the changeful air:  
March!

“What though conflicting seasons make  
Thy days their field, they woo or shake  
The sleeping lids of Life awake,  
And hope is stronger for thy sake.  
March!





“Then from thy mountains ribbed with snow,  
Once more thy rousing bugle blow,  
And East and West and to and fro,  
Announce thy coming to the foe,  
March!

“Say to the picket, chilled and numb;  
Say to the camp’s impatient hum;  
Say to the trumpet and the drum;  
‘Lift up your hearts, I come! I come!’  
March!

“Then down the long Potomac’s line  
Shout like a storm on hills of pine,  
Till ramrods ring and bayonets shine;  
‘Advance! The chieftain’s call is mine,—  
March!’”



## CHAPTER IX.

*A MIDNIGHT SURPRISE.*

WE advanced on Culpepper in the order specified, drove out Fitz Hugh Lee's and Wm. H. Lee's brigades of regular cavalry, and pursued them to Rapidan Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Here they were re-enforced by infantry, and took up a strong position on the south bank of the Rapidan. We found it then impossible to dislodge them, our intention being, however, only to make demonstrations, as if an army movement were about to be made in that direction. We captured at Culpepper a large quantity of flour, meat, etc., belonging to the rebel government. This we destroyed, not having any means of transporting it away. We remained in the vicinity of Rapidan Station until May 2d, when we marched from there *via* Ely's Ford, on the Rapidan, encamping over night on the banks of the Rapidan. Here through some neglect on the part of those having this duty in charge, no pickets were thrown out on the opposite side of the river, and, as may be well surmised, a rather panic-stricken surprise seized our forces about midnight, on heavy volleys of musketry being poured



into our camps from the opposite side of the river. This caused terrible confusion and consternation in our command. Finally, however, a few squadrons were mounted under Capt. Duncan of our regiment, and ordered to cross the river. They at once attacked the enemy, and soon found them retiring. Capturing several of them, it was discovered that the force was a brigade of Stonewall Jackson's rebel army corps. It is, however, a wonderful and nevertheless true fact, that only one man was killed in our whole division, by the terrific series of musketry volleys. This was probably attributable to the darkness of the night, and to the rebels not having a correct idea of the ground on which we lay—they evidently supposing the bank of the river to be as high on our side as on theirs. This was not the case, luckily for us. On the morning of the 3d of May, we all crossed the Rapidan, and marched to United States Ford on the Rappahannock, where we again rejoined the Army of the Potomac—striking it at a point, where important issues had been lately contested, between Stonewall Jackson's troops and the 11th and 12th corps of our army. In fact the principal movement of Jackson had been made that very night, when a brigade of his troops fired on our camp. This demonstration on his part was a flank movement on our army. History, however, bears the record of this advance, and of the repulse and confusion of the 11th corps, and of the timely aid rendered by the 12th. It almost caused a complete defeat of the army. Suffice it to remark, that it





was, after this action, deemed necessary by the General commanding our army, to again recross the Potomac River, which now was fast rising from the effects of recent rain storms, and placing our pontoon bridges in a precarious condition. Accordingly on the night of the 4th, our army was again withdrawn from contested ground on the south of the Rappahannock. We were forced to leave all of our dead, and many of our wounded on the field, to the tender mercies of the enemy and of the raging elements. The latter were especially formidable at this time. The woods had taken fire from shot and shell during the engagement, and there being much dry timber and underbrush in the forest of Chancellorsville and of the Wilderness, dense flames shot up on all sides and spread with fearful rapidity. From the green timbers and the charred remains of the trees, a thick fummy smoke arose in columns, and whirled about the scene, at the caprice of the winds. On this a rain falling, dampening the coals of fire and the still unburnt wood, the fumes became black and heavy, rolling down along the ground with sooty thickness, almost suffocating the wounded and those who were forced to remain behind. Day and night these shafts of smoke rose and fell on the field of carnage, and like a wand which death might wield, each time it lowered and lingered among the wounded and dying some life was destroyed by its fatal touch. But they were heroes who had fought for liberty, and whose dust is consecrated forever. Even from out the ashes and



silence of death, their noble spirits call by the trumpet-voice of dangers braved and victories accomplished.

"And hail once more to the banner of battle unrolled!  
Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep,  
For those that are crushed in the clash of jarring claims,  
Yet God's just wrath shall be wreaked" *on the Southern Traitors,*

"And many a darkness into the light shall leap,  
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names  
And noble thought be freer under the sun,  
And the heart of a people beat with one desire.  
Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,  
We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still,  
And myself have awaked as it seems, to a better mind;  
It is better to fight for the good, than to rail at the ill;  
I have felt with my native land I am one with my kind,  
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assigned."

Our loss in these battles was supposed to have been in the neighborhood of 15,000, and that of the enemy a like number. It was well known that here Stonewall Jackson received his death wounds. His single loss was the greatest, perhaps, the rebels had suffered—his personal presence alone on the field of battle being considered equivalent to 10,000 rebels.

Our native valley had mournful occasion to bear this memorable battle in mind. It was here that Col. Chapman, along with many of our private soldiers, fell, while leading a charge. Thus perished a true patriot, a most noble life—yielded willingly as a sacrifice to the Union cause. At home and in the ranks, there was no offering on the altar of freedom, no demand by the grand holocaust of war, which,



however just, wrung the hearts with more poignant grief, or claimed a fuller tribute of our tears. His elegant *personnel*, and noble bearing are still fresh and clear in the remembrance of our citizens, and his grave within the borders of our own Cemetery, will be garlanded and wreathed with flowers, with violets, begonias and *immortelles*, each "Decoration Day," of countless Springs to come. The grand exertions of such a man a grateful country will never forget, and his name, perpetuated by the historian, will stand resplendent among the list of our country's martyrs. While rapt in thought, beside the grave of such a gallant soldier, and amid the tombs of so many of our dead patriots, how opportune are the sentiments which Collins has embodied in immortal verse:—

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest!  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,  
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To deck the turf that wraps their clay,  
And freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

Immediately after recrossing the Rappahannock, to return now to our narrative, the army re-occupied their old camps again, in the vicinity of Falmouth. We also went to our encampment, at Potomac Creek





Station, having been absent twenty-four days. Most of this time we had been in disputed territory, and without any rations or forage except what we had levied on the enemy. When we left here, at Potomac Station, April 16th, a portion of the regiment and company were left in camp on account of sickness, want of horses, etc. These were placed under the command of Lieut. Freeby. During our absence and the battle of Chancellorsville they were sent to Dumfries, Virginia, one of the oldest settlements in the United States. Here they did picket duty for their own protection, and guarded the approaches to Acquia Creek landing—the base of our army's supplies. On the 17th of May, the afterwards notorious Moseby, with his then small band of guerillas, was discovered to be in the vicinity of the pickets of these men. A small force was at once organized to go out and engage these guerillas. They were met, and a short fight ensued. A scouting party of our troops fell into an ambuscade of the wily Moseby, and were repulsed in a dashing little sabre charge, with a loss of several men. Among these was George Miller, from Summit Hill, who was killed on the spot. A faithful little soldier, and son of a widowed mother, his death was much regretted. Henry Miller, also of our force, was wounded. He, being a recent recruit, had only seen service for a few days. Moseby's men took him prisoner, and sent him to Richmond, Va., from which place he was soon afterwards paroled. On the 8th of May, Gen. Stoneman, with the main body of the cavalry corps returned to



the Army of the Potomac, having made a most complete and destructive raid on the enemy's lines of communication, between his army and Richmond. These and similar facts, however, have become the staple of history, and they afford no distinctive interest for a work of this nature.

On or about the 25th of May, 1863, our camp at Potomac Creek Station, becoming unhealthy from long occupation, by reason of the accumulated offal, refuse and excrement from horses, etc., was moved off a short distance, to new ground, under the instructions of Col. Doster. While here the rolls were made out, and we were mustered for pay for the months of March and April, 1863. On these we find the following changes. Richard Tiful, bugler, died while encamped at Dumfries, Va., and Cornelius Dempster, discharged for disability. The other killed and wounded we have already noticed.

Early in May, our cavalry corps broke camp, and entered the field for the Summer campaign. We first concentrated again at Bealton's Station. Gen. Averill, having been removed from the command of our division and given a command in Western Virginia, Col. Duffyer, of the First Rhode Island Cavalry, succeeded to the post. Our brigade was commanded by J. Irvin Gregg, Colonel of the 16th Pennsylvania Cavalry, under whom the brigade continued to gain fresh laurels until the close of the war.

On the 9th of June, our cavalry corps, Gen. Pleasanton in command, crossed the Rappahannock, between Beverly's and Kelley's Fords, 9000 strong,



meeting the cavalry forces of the enemy under Stuart, Fitz Hugh Lee, Hampton and others. After fighting all day we succeeded in forcing back their immense horde of cavalry, numbering as it did 12,000 horsemen. By the capture, too, of important dispatches, and discovering certain demonstrations, we became aware of their progressing plan, of their contemplated second northward movement, or invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania. Several terrific sabre charges were made during the day, mostly by Buford's division of Cavalry, whose loss was very heavy. Our division being on the left, and rather in reserve during the height of the contest, was not brought into action until the close of the day, when we had our turn at the enemy. In the evening the corps was withdrawn to the north side of the Rappahannock, and during the next few days it marched in advance, and on the flanks of the Army of the Potomac, north, on the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to Manassas Junction. Our division was here detached, and re-organized under Gen. D. Gregg, formerly Colonel of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry. The division, as re-organized, was composed of two brigades, and each brigade, of five regiments. Ours was denominated the Second Brigade, under command of J. Irvin Gregg—the division being denominated the Second Cavalry Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac. The following regiments composed our brigade: Fourth, Eighth, and Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, Tenth New York and First Maine. On the 18th of June,





having completed the re-organization and necessary movements, the army being under way, we marched in the direction of Aldie, Va., where General Kilpatrick was found, with his division, hotly engaged with the enemy's cavalry. After a successful charge he succeeded in routing and driving them in confusion from the town. The First Maine, on advance of our brigade, also became engaged, and Col. Dougherty, of this regiment, was killed. We here captured 100 prisoners from the enemy's cavalry, and many small arms—the rebels making a panic-stricken retreat, and throwing everything away in their flight. Our company, having been detailed in the evening, to gather up the arms and material left on the field, learned exactly what appearance the ground presented everywhere. It was filled with old tattered arms of all descriptions, home-made haversacks, such as the rebels began to carry at that time, and the loose *debris* generally which was detachable from the person, in a state of rapid ambulation from the enemy. These were so characteristic, that they gave reliable indices of the exhausted condition to which the South had been reduced, and to what straits it was driven in order to accoutre and equip its armies—the cavalry branch in particular.



## CHAPTER X.

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*"THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC! BY THUNDER!"*

IN the morning, we proceeded on the line of march, our brigade in advance, through Aldie on to Middleburg, our regiment charging into that town, and driving from it the advance force of the rebel cavalry. We then retired to a more secure position, between Aldie and Middleburg, in the evening, and the next day advanced again, but found that the enemy, having been re-enforced, had taken up a very good position about one mile from Middleburg. Attacking him again, a skirmish ensued, which lasted all day, on the 20th. Lying in line of battle throughout the night, on the morning of the 21st, we again began the attack. On this occasion we succeeded, by the most desperate and gallant fighting of our whole cavalry corps, in forcing the enemy's numbers back through Upperville and Ashby Gap, a distance of eight miles, capturing from him in a very decisive charge, two pieces of artillery, four caissons and many prisoners. By this movement we obtained a more definite idea of the rebels' intentions. We had struck his army in the flank.

## CHAPTER

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

We found that he had no heavy force, east of the Blue Ridge, as yet. On the night of the 21st, we encamped in Upperville. In the last engagement our regiment suffered considerably, having made a severe charge, in column of four, up the road into Upperville, with stone fences along both sides, behind which the enemy awaited us. Col. Doster leading, we charged and routed their forces, driving them from the town, and re-capturing many of our own men, whom they had taken the day previous at Middleburg. I was here slightly wounded in the hand, but not severely enough to throw me off duty. Some of the members of our own regiment, whom we re-captured, had been fearfully wounded. One of them, Corp. Alexander Welton, of Company K, had a sabre gash, extending from the centre of the upper lip to his right ear, laying the cheek open, severing his upper gum from the jaw, and cleaving his tongue in two. It was a frightful wound. This young man afterwards highly distinguished himself on several occasions during the war, while connected with our organization—and conspicuously at one of these times, while in company with myself. I shall have further opportunity of speaking of him hereafter. On the 22d of June we marched back to Aldie, and going into camp remained there until the 24th inst., when we marched to and crossed the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry on a pontoon bridge—forming then the rear of the Army of the Potomac, which during the few days previous had crossed into Maryland. Marching thence to Frederick City, Maryland, we





encamped near that place, June 27th, and found the Army of the Potomac in and around the city. Gen. Hooker had about then been removed from the command, and Gen. Meade had succeeded to the same.

All was uproar and confusion. The enemy, with untold numbers, were invading Pennsylvania. Already his forces occupied Chambersburg, York and Mercersburg, and were actually threatening Harrisburg, with a "mildly villainous" eye even on Philadelphia and Baltimore. The loyal governors on the border, had issued their proclamations, calling out the emergency men. Farmers from Maryland and Pennsylvania were hurrying their movable stock away into more distant counties, and every patriotic son of the Union hastened to the aid of the general government. Consternation and dismay were pictured on every countenance, for it was well known that unless the innumerable rebel hordes were checked in their progress and hurled back in disorder, the war, with all its devastations and horrors, would be transferred to our own soil. The plough and the sickle were hastily abandoned for the broad-sword and the bayonet-blade. The desk, with its papers in confusion, the counting-house, the school-room and the church even, were deserted abruptly for the field. A nervous activity trembled in every lineament of the state. It was while this excitement and chaos existed that the Army of the Potomac appeared on the scene of action—the army that had so often before, hotly contested for the boon of victory with that same rebel horde, who were the very flower of Southern



chivalry. Elated with success, it had now come to transfer the horrors of battle from the soil of Virginia to that of the Keystone State. Their advance had so far been victorious, and laden with the spoils of the rich sections of Maryland and Pennsylvania through which they were marching, they were literally gorged with plenty and triumph. The disorganized Army of the Potomac, on the other hand, had lately met with their series of reverses at Chancellorsville. They had just accomplished a long and fatiguing march, and, it were indeed surprising, if they had not been a little discouraged. With its new commander, however, they never halted to consider much, but continued the forward movement, to head off the enemy in Pennsylvania. With our cavalry corps on its flanks, advance and rear, the old army moved boldly forward, determined to drive the invader from loyal territory. Our division, being on the right flank, marched *via* New Windsor, Manchester, and Hanover Junction, at which latter place on the 30th of June, we met a force of the enemy's cavalry, for the first time on our free soil, and after a stubbornly-contested fight, forced him to retire.

On the evening previous to this day, with several other scouts, I was detailed by orders from Army Headquarters, to proceed on secret service inside of the rebel lines, accompany them on their line of march, and convey information to division Headquarters whenever practicable. In the guise of citizens of the State, the three of us proceeded to where Gen. Ewell had his corps, which was mostly in Cham-



bersburg, a great majority of it being stationed in the main square of that town. We were present, and heard a portion of Ewell's fiery harangue to his troops as he stood up in his carriage in the square. He told them in effect, that they had nothing in their advance to meet, but the raw militia, and emergency men of Pennsylvania and New York State, and that the Army of the Potomac was yet many days' march in their rear. All they had now to do, he remarked, was to march forward to spoils and victory, and Harrisburg would in a day or two fall their prey. This created much enthusiasm among his troops. It was turned to blank dismay, however, when on the heights of Seminary Ridge, after the fearful rebel charge, which proved unavailing, they turned to one another with faces awry, and ejaculated, with blank amazement: "The Army of the Potomac! by thunder!" I heard that very remark from one of the rebels, and similar expressions were quite general. One of the rebel officers afterwards, on being captured, came in and said, evidently with astonishment: "Why! what troops were those?" He was answered by one of our men, that "they are old troops, and I guess you've met them before!" when he at once exclaimed, "The Army of the Potomac! by —." He was utterly astounded. He could not realize the fact, that the army had reached there by rapid and forced marches. On the 2d of July, we were again with our own commands, having discovered the actual fact that the whole army under Lee was entering Pennsylvania, as had also many other scouts.





Our reports were only confirmatory of those of many others. On the 2d of July our division arrived at the Army of the Potomac, now posted in a strong position in front of Gettysburg. We were ordered to take position, on the extreme right of the army, which was accordingly done. During the day we were attacked by Stuart, fighting steadily until night, several charges being made on both sides. He was forced back from our front until evening, when we kept up our line of battle all night, with strong picket lines posted in advance. Very heavy attacks by the enemy had been made along the entire lines during the day, but our army maintained its position at all points. It was fighting on the defensive, on our own soil. Every man was now a hero. The army formed a wall of granite, a mountain of fire, a bulwark of steel between their own loved ones and beloved homes, and the traitorous legions who strove to desecrate them. The spirit of Bozzaris was general:

"Strike! till the last armed foe expires!  
Strike!! for your altars and your fires!!  
Strike!!! for the green graves of your sires,  
God and your native land!!!"

On this field of battle our armies dealt death and destruction to their foes for three long and weary days—finally forcing them to abandon their plan for carrying the war into free soil—among the more bounteous fields and comfortable homesteads of the North.



The third day of the battle of Gettysburg must be forever memorable. It is one of the most brilliant in American History. Its memory will be cherished by every advocate of freedom, in the whole civilized world, as a terrible and decisive encounter. From this time, the rebellion began to perish. Step by step it now receded to final defeat. Treason's backbone was broken on the heights of Seminary and Cemetery Ridges. The rebel forces grew weaker and weaker from this day, although they still managed to keep up the struggle, and to maintain a bold front. But their cause was palpably lost, their fate inevitable, their doom already sealed—both by Meade at Gettysburg, and Grant at Vicksburg, on this same, doubly immortal day. On the 3d of July we were again operating on the right, and although not very hotly engaged, we had skirmishing all day. On the morning of the 4th, our division moved towards the right of Gettysburg on a reconnoissance, but meeting no enemy entered the town. Finding it deserted by all but stragglers and wounded, we discovered that the enemy were in full retreat, towards the "Mother of Statesmen," the sacred soil of Virginia. Our army was also in motion, and marching by Frederick City, to intercept the flying enemy. The cavalry division was ordered to follow up the enemy, on the same road on which they were retreating, it being the only Federal force in their close pursuit. Passing through Gettysburg, and along over the field that the 1st and the 11th corps had stubbornly maintained on the 1st of July, we there



beheld a sight horrible and revolting in the extreme. All of our men, who had been killed on the 1st inst., were still lying in the same position, in which they had fallen, with the exception that they had been stripped of all the clothing they had had on, by the rebels, who were in need of almost everything they had worn. There they had lain during those four scorching, sultry days of midsummer, exposed to the broiling and blistering sun by day, and to the heavy dews at night. Imagination can scarcely reproduce their shocking condition, and language is far less adequate to the purpose. They were bloated up, puffed out, purple with putrefaction, and in a rapid state of decomposition—the maggot and worm already battenning on their ghastly remains. The air for miles around was infected with the fœtid miasm of dissolution. Such was the condition of our dead patriots! They, the heroes, in fact of Gettysburg, who had contested every inch of ground with the whole rebel army, and by whose strenuous exertions our forces had been enabled to secure that position, whence they had hurled back the tide of treason, conquered and dismayed, to their own distant strongholds. Having friends among the number, and barely recognizing their mangled and decomposing remains, I could not repress the silent tear of affection and regard, when I remembered the happy days we had once passed together, and their tragic but heroic end.

The moral effect of this battle was enormous in its inspiring power on the North, in its discourag-





ing effects on the rebels, and its lesson to the world at large. Parties that had not been entirely welded as one, after the fall of Sumter, were now united in the State against a common foe, a common invader. All forbearance trenchantly disappeared here, even from the mildest of Unionists, and the determination became fixed and settled once more, and finally, to follow up the victory until the last traitor would be sent reeling and reeking to the dust. The spirit of the clarion call to the American people, became doubly assured, as the North re-organized and recruited its shattered ranks, for the remainder of the conflict.

"That late in half despair I said :  
The nation's ancient life is dead ;  
Her arm is weak, her blood is cold ;  
She hugs the peace that gives her gold,—  
The shameful peace that sees expire  
Each beacon light of patriot fire,  
And makes her court a traitor's den,  
Forgive me this, my countrymen!

"O, in your long forbearance grand,  
Slow to suspect the treason planned,  
Enduring wrong, yet hoping good  
For sake of olden brotherhood,  
How grander, how sublimer far  
At the roused Eagle's call ye are,  
Leaping from slumber to the fight,  
For freedom and for Chartered Right!

"Throughout the land there goes a cry ;  
A sudden splendor fills the sky :  
From every hill the banners burst ;  
Like buds by April breezes nurst ;

the first of these is the fact that the  
 British Empire was not a single  
 entity but a collection of many  
 different states and territories  
 which were not always united  
 under a single ruler. The second  
 fact is that the British Empire  
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In every hamlet, home and mart,  
The fire-beat of a single heart  
Keeps time to strains whose pulses mix  
Our blood with that of Seventy-Six.

"The shot whereby the old flag fell  
From Sumter's battered citadel,  
Struck down the lines of party creed,  
And made ye one in soul and deed,—  
One mighty People, stern and strong,  
To crush the consummated wrong:  
Indignant with the wrath whose rod  
Smites as the awful sword of God!

"The cup is full! They thought ye blind:  
The props of state they undermined,  
Abused your trust, your strength defied,  
And stained the nation's name of pride.  
Now lift to heaven your loyal brows,  
Swear once again your father's vows,  
And cut through traitor hearts a track,  
To nobler fame and freedom back!

"Draw forth your million blades as one;  
Complete the battle then begun!  
God fights with ye, and overhead  
Floats the dear banner of your dead.  
They and the glories of the past,  
The future, dawning dim and vast,  
And all the holiest hopes of man  
Are beaming triumph in your van!

"Slow to resolve, be swift to do!  
Teach ye the false, how fight the true!  
How bucklered perfidy shall feel  
In her black heart the patriot's steel;  
How sure the bolt that Justice wings;  
How weak the arm a traitor brings;  
How mighty they, who steadfast stand  
For Freedom's Flag and Freedom's Land!"



Passing through Gettysburg we came upon a continuous encampment of rebel wounded, disabled and stragglers. They were found in such vast numbers, that we could hardly realize that so enormous had been the results of the late three days' battle. Miserable indeed did they appear. Only a few attendants had been left them—such as usually straggle after an army. The country between Gettysburg and Cashtown, a distance of twelve miles, was literally covered with the rebelsick and wounded. Most of the elegant homes on the way had been vacated by their tenants, and were now full of these dejected and miserable wretches. What had been once a beautiful farming district, smiling with plenty and contentment, a most flourishing section of our beloved state; now presented a sad picture of desolation. It seemed as if the world had actually changed hands, as if a Paradise had been suddenly transformed into a Pandemonium.

“Strange! that where nature loved to trace  
As if for gods a dwelling-place,  
There, man enamored of distress,  
Should mar it into wilderness.”

The fences had all been broken down; the houses were filled with wounded rebels, who sat on the window sills with their legs dangling out, and wretches crowded the door-ways: the fields of grain were all trampled into dust, the garden despoiled into bare commons, and the trees were the centre of gangs who lay under the shade and recklessly condoled on their late reverses.





## CHAPTER XI.

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*THE REBEL WATERLOO.*

ON the 5th, after a close pursuit, we came up with the Rebel rearguard, near Thaddeus Stevens' Furnace, between Cashtown and Fayetteville, in the mountains. Being for a short time, in advance of the division, we engaged with the enemy's rear, losing several men killed, but capturing many prisoners. We completely routed them. We then went into camp, near Thaddeus Stevens' Furnace, which, as might very reasonably have been expected, the rebels very carefully destroyed. They had always had a bitter grudge against the stern old Commoner, which was ever reciprocated by the old man with "a theologic hatred." On the following morning we resumed the line of march, passing through Fayetteville to Franklin, our regiment being again in the advance. I had charge of a portion of the advance guard in person. On entering the small town of Franklin, with only one companion, we captured, from time to time, many straggling rebels, who being well equipped but worn-out with fatigue, surrendered to us on demand. They were armed



with beautiful Enfield Rifles, which they had probably stolen. On occupying these towns, a halt was ordered, and picket stations were placed around town. We had captured, since leaving Gettysburg, 2500 able-bodied prisoners, who were straggling in the rear of Lee's army. These did not of course include those encamped between Gettysburg and Cash-town, who suffered from the effects of the battle. We found many caissons, several pieces of artillery, and many army wagons, broken down and abandoned by the enemy on their retreat. During the halt at Franklin we received orders to proceed to Chambersburg, which we did, along with the brigade, entering that town in the evening, and bringing the first intelligence to the inhabitants, that the enemy were retreating. They were overwhelmed with joy at this information, and as we were the first Union troops to enter the town since the rebel army passed through there under Ewell, we were received with most marked demonstrations of delight. We marched through Chambersburg, encamping in the suburbs of the borough, being out of rations. But the people soon came to the rescue. If there was shortly afterwards any hunger among the men of our command, it was their own fault, for the people supplied with alacrity, all the demands from the wearied troops of Gregg's Cavalry Brigade—although the enemy had robbed them by the wholesale. We did not again have the pleasure of visiting Chambersburg, but we were much chagrined and incensed at McCausland's needless



burning of the town afterwards, out of a pure spirit of revenge.

On the morning of the 7th of July, we again took up a line of march, for the Army of the Potomac, and encamped during the night at Quincy. Thence we marched over the mountains to Boonsboro', by the way of Wolfeville and Middletown, near which place we again encamped for the night. On the 10th of July, arriving at Boonsboro', we again rejoined the Army of the Potomac. Lee's rebel forces still occupied Williamsport, Md., and held a strong position in that vicinity. It was not at this time, however, deemed practicable or prudent by Gen. Meade, to attack the enemy. He called a council of war of his corps commanders, but it was finally concluded not to risk a battle by resuming the offensive on our part, since the chances of defeat were great, and less than victory would again place the enemy on a footing to continue his efforts at carrying the war into the North—when, too, we might not be so able to cope with him as heretofore. While our commanding officers were hesitating and consulting, Lee was making good his escape, as during the year before he had done at Antietam, which he finally succeeded in effecting, transferring his army back to the sacred soil, with the loss of about one-third of it in the recent campaign.

It is not within our power to add anything that is new or interesting to the details of the general movements of this battle and campaign, both of which are already recorded in the pages of history. Nor can





we add one ray of glory to the crown, which encircles the cold brows of such heroes as Reynolds and his immortal *confreres*. Of him, and of each individual hero, who perished in this battle, we can apply the lines of Edward Everett, on a Revolutionary patriot, the noble Warren:—

“Can you not see him, not cold and pale and motionless, the blood of his gallant heart streaming out of his ghastly wounds, but riding resplendent over the field of battle, with the fire of liberty in his eye, and the rose of heaven on his cheek ?

Cold in the dust, the perished heart may lie,  
But that which warmed it once can never die.”

In the multiplicity of literature which the battle of Gettysburg evoked, we find much that is admirable ; but not the least interesting, is a poem by the Quaker Poet, John G. Whittier, which explains itself, on “The Hive at Gettysburg.” It reads as follows:—

“In the old Hebrew myth the lion’s frame,  
So terrible alive,  
Bleached by the desert’s sun and wind, became  
The wandering wild bee’s hive ;  
And he who lone and naked-handed, tore  
Those jaws of death apart,  
In after time drew forth their honeyed store  
To strengthen his strong heart.

“Dead seemed the legend ; but it only slept  
To wake beneath our sky.  
Just on the spot whence ravening Treason crept  
Back to its lair to die.



Bleeding and torn from Freedom's mountain bounds,  
A stained and shattered drum  
Is now the hive, where, on their flowery rounds,  
The wild bees go and come.

"Unchallenged by a ghostly sentinel,  
They wander wide and far,  
Along green hillsides, sown with shot and shell,  
Through vales once choked with war.  
The low reveillé of their battle drum  
Disturbs no morning prayer;  
With deeper peace in Summer noons their hum  
Fills all the drowsy air.

"And Samson's riddle is our own to-day,  
Of sweetness from the strong,  
Of union, peace, and freedom plucked away  
From the rent jaws of wrong.  
From treason's death he drew a purer life,  
As, from the beast he slew,  
A sweetness sweeter for his bitter strife  
The old-time athlete drew!"

The Union loss in the battle was upwards of 30,000 killed and wounded. How this compares with the loss sustained, at some of the other great battles of the world's history, may be observed by the following paragraph:—

"At Konniggratz the Prussians lost in killed, wounded and missing, 359 officers and 8,794 men, and the Austrians 1,147 officers and 30,224 men. The proportion of losses to the total force engaged on each side was one in twenty-three for the Prussians, and one in seven for the Austrians, and for both armies one in eleven. In the battle of Mal-



plaquet, fought in 1709, the proportion of losses to the forces engaged was one in five; at Rossbach, fought in 1757, one in twenty-five; at Leuthen, fought in 1758, one in eleven; at Zoundorff, in 1758, three in eight. During the wars of Napoleon I, the losses at Austerlitz and at Eylau, were one in four; at Wagram, one in eight; at Borodino and at Waterloo, one in three, and at Leipsic, one in five. At Solferino, during the Italian war of 1859, the losses were one in eight. The total number of troops engaged at Leipsic was 400,000; at Konniggratz 430,000, and at Wagram 330,000. At Leipsic the number of men lost was 90,000, at Borodino 74,000, and at Waterloo 61,000."

By the above statement, it will be seen that the Battle of Gettysburg resembled Waterloo, in the number of men lost, number of troops, engaged and proportion of loss, as well as in being the death-blow to the enemy, whose aggressions had made the conflict necessary.

On the 14th of July, it was discovered that Lee had recrossed the river. Our cavalry division was then ordered to proceed to Harper's Ferry, cross there, and hover about his flank. Accordingly we went over at Harper's Ferry on the 15th inst., and encamped on Bolivar Heights. On the 16th of July, we marched to Sharps town, Va., met a few of the enemy west of that town, and proceeding only a short distance, encamped. In the morning, we were attacked bright and early by the enemy under Fitz Hugh Lee. He made several dashing and desperate





attacks upon our lines during the day, assisted by a body of Infantry, and nearly forced us from our position. We, however, maintained our position until evening, when the enemy having been re-enforced, rather began to close in on our forces. Night coming on, we were enabled by the darkness to withdraw on Bolivar Heights. It so happened that the rebels, during the night, did the same thing—their killed and wounded, along with ours, being all that was left on the field the next morning. In this engagement our regiment suffered more severely than they had done in any previous action—many of the men and several of the officers having been killed or wounded. After the battle of Sheppardstown, we went into camp on Bolivar Heights, and remained there for several days. While here we mustered for pay for the months of May and June, 1863. No changes of any description appear on these rolls; there, however, being quite a number of absentees, comprising many that were sick in hospitals, on detached service, in dismounted camp, etc. There were only forty-four present at muster, out of eighty-one still belonging to the company. On the 20th of July, we broke camp at Bolivar, marching to Lovettsville, and encamped for the night. On the following day we resumed our march to Bull Run, encamping for the night where, just two years previous, great issues had been staked on this immortal ground. We marched thence *via* Manassas, Bristow and Cattlett's Station to Bealton Station, where for several days we remained in camp. In the latter part of July we proceeded to



Amissville, Va., and went into camp, doing picket and scout duty, reconnoitering the country in the vicinity of Little Washington. On or about the 15th of August, we moved camp to Cattlett's Station, where the regiment was paid off. We then had a kind of release from duty for a couple of weeks. We encamped in a beautiful grove, where we enjoyed the luxuriance and comforts of the season. We remained there until the last of August—in the immediate vicinity of roads over which the armies had marched and countermarched so frequently during the past two years. On the 30th of this month, we broke camp, and advanced to Sulphur Springs, Va., crossing the Rappahannock at that point, and encamping for a time on the south side of the river. Here we formed good summer quarters, and remained until the middle of September. The regiment was now daily drilled, and a very efficient system of discipline was inaugurated by Lieut. Col. Doster, commanding. Our time was quite agreeably occupied while we stayed at this point. Our colonel instituted a system of sports, in competition for prizes, which were keenly relished by us all. There was wrestling, racing, jumping, climbing, etc., in abundance. It tended to relieve *ennui*, and to make the time pass away more agreeably. While we were here in camp, the pay and muster rolls were also made out. On them we find the following promotions, changes, etc.:—Corp. Mickle and myself had been promoted to sergeants in the company, and privates Moyer, McClure and Kain, promoted to corporals. We also received here



a number of recruits, which had been forwarded by Sergt. Boston, who was on recruiting service at Pittsburg. Their names will be found in the index of recruits. Two of these, shortly after arriving, being apparently men of no principle, deserted, and were never afterwards seen by us again. James G. Loder, having been sick for some time previous, in the United States General Hospital in Baltimore, died on the 9th of August. At this time Lieut. Freeby was in command of the company, Capt. Tombler having been absent on account of sickness since the 18th of June, and Lieut. Andrews being on recruiting service at Camp Copeland, Pittsburg. Sergt. Robert Boston was discharged by orders from the War Department, to accept promotion in a six months' Pennsylvania regiment—he being chosen Captain. After the expiration of their term of service, he became clerk in the Quartermaster's Department at Washington. Very many more were absent on detached service, and sick in the hospitals, so that the force of the company present for duty was now reduced to only forty.





## CHAPTER XII.

*THE BATTLE OF SULPHUR SPRINGS.*

ON the very ground where the delightful days of summer had passed so pleasantly, a very severe battle transpired shortly afterwards, in which most of the men in our command were either killed or captured. Such is the history of war, and such its vivid, various, and uncertain incidents. It seems as if in a military campaign, especially where there are earnest impulses on both sides to urge on the conflict, all the ills of humanity, as normally associated in society, are condensed and sharpened, the events of a whole lifetime being crowded into months instead of years. Its contrasts, sometimes, are startling, and its vagaries and freaks wonderfully remarkable. On the 13th of September, we broke camp and marched through Jefferson, crossing the Hazel River, near Oak Shade Church, where meeting the enemy's pickets we drove them in, and steadily pushed forward, our regiment being in advance of the brigade. We met the rebels in force at Muddy Run, our other divisions having crossed at points further down the river. We discovered that we were all



making a simultaneous advance, and that the enemy was likewise in motion. We pursued the rebels to the Rapidan. In the evening our squadron was detached from the regiment, to guard prisoners in the Court House at Culpepper—those whom we had captured during the day. It is a remarkable coincidence that a month after this time the majority of us were being guarded ourselves by rebels in this same building. At Muddy Run, it might be still further remarked, the enemy had made preparations for a vigorous defence. They were firmly posted to dispute our passage at this point. We routed them, however, in quick style. Maj. Young, of our regiment, made a dashing charge, crossing the Run at the head of our Company and of Company B., and, breaking their lines, advanced, and drove them before us into and through Culpepper Court House. Here we found the other divisions of the cavalry corps, engaged with Stuart, Fitz Hugh Lee and Hampton—they having crossed to meet the rebels at points further down the river. We had a number of casualties in our Company. Private Michael Cochlin was mortally wounded, and died the same day. Corporal Kain was severely wounded, and was sent to hospital in the North. Cochlin was buried in Culpepper. On the morning of September 14th, we were relieved by infantry—the Army of the Potomac having come up, and entering now into camp in and around Culpepper. We consequently again rejoined the regiment, which we found near Rapidan Station, and after remaining here two days marched



under orders to Fox Mountain, and there encamped. We did picket duty here, on the right of the army, in the vicinity of James' City, scouting as far as Madison Court House. In Virginia, every town or city of considerable size is called a Court House—for the reason that it is generally the county seat, and the only town or city. The principal part of southern counties are mere stretches of dense wilderness, with here and there vast farms or plantations. We remained on this duty until the 1st of October, when we were relieved by a brigade of Kilpatrick's Division. We then proceeded to Rappahannock Station, and there encamped, fixing up very comfortable quarters, and expecting to remain for some time. About this time Governor Curtin's re-election took place, and as we had no vote then as soldiers, the regiment was called together by Col. Covode, with a view to obtaining an expression of its judgment on the result. It unanimously endorsed the decision, which had already been made by the ballot-box. Covode succeeded to the colonelcy of the regiment, by a little wire-pulling and political chicanery. He afterwards fell at the head of his regiment, and, throughout, had proved himself a very reliable and efficient officer. He was not, however, rightfully entitled to the position at that time. His father, Hon. John Covode, of Pennsylvania, having considerable political influence, succeeded in ousting Lieut. Col. Doster, in his just claims to the post. As an offset, Col. Doster was tendered the colonelcy of another regiment, which, with a proper manly

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation, and that its history is a history of growth and development. The second is the fact that the United States is a nation of immigrants, and that its history is a history of the struggle for a better life. The third is the fact that the United States is a nation of free men, and that its history is a history of the struggle for freedom. The fourth is the fact that the United States is a nation of peace, and that its history is a history of the struggle for peace. The fifth is the fact that the United States is a nation of progress, and that its history is a history of the struggle for progress. The sixth is the fact that the United States is a nation of justice, and that its history is a history of the struggle for justice. The seventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of love, and that its history is a history of the struggle for love. The eighth is the fact that the United States is a nation of hope, and that its history is a history of the struggle for hope. The ninth is the fact that the United States is a nation of faith, and that its history is a history of the struggle for faith. The tenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of courage, and that its history is a history of the struggle for courage. The eleventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of strength, and that its history is a history of the struggle for strength. The twelfth is the fact that the United States is a nation of wisdom, and that its history is a history of the struggle for wisdom. The thirteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of power, and that its history is a history of the struggle for power. The fourteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of glory, and that its history is a history of the struggle for glory. The fifteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of honor, and that its history is a history of the struggle for honor. The sixteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of respect, and that its history is a history of the struggle for respect. The seventeenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of dignity, and that its history is a history of the struggle for dignity. The eighteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of pride, and that its history is a history of the struggle for pride. The nineteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of joy, and that its history is a history of the struggle for joy. The twentieth is the fact that the United States is a nation of happiness, and that its history is a history of the struggle for happiness. The twenty-first is the fact that the United States is a nation of peace, and that its history is a history of the struggle for peace. The twenty-second is the fact that the United States is a nation of love, and that its history is a history of the struggle for love. The twenty-third is the fact that the United States is a nation of hope, and that its history is a history of the struggle for hope. The twenty-four is the fact that the United States is a nation of faith, and that its history is a history of the struggle for faith. The twenty-fifth is the fact that the United States is a nation of courage, and that its history is a history of the struggle for courage. The twenty-six is the fact that the United States is a nation of strength, and that its history is a history of the struggle for strength. The twenty-seventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of wisdom, and that its history is a history of the struggle for wisdom. The twenty-eighth is the fact that the United States is a nation of power, and that its history is a history of the struggle for power. The twenty-ninth is the fact that the United States is a nation of glory, and that its history is a history of the struggle for glory. The thirtieth is the fact that the United States is a nation of honor, and that its history is a history of the struggle for honor. The thirty-first is the fact that the United States is a nation of respect, and that its history is a history of the struggle for respect. The thirty-second is the fact that the United States is a nation of dignity, and that its history is a history of the struggle for dignity. The thirty-third is the fact that the United States is a nation of pride, and that its history is a history of the struggle for pride. The thirty-four is the fact that the United States is a nation of joy, and that its history is a history of the struggle for joy. The thirty-fifth is the fact that the United States is a nation of happiness, and that its history is a history of the struggle for happiness. The thirty-six is the fact that the United States is a nation of peace, and that its history is a history of the struggle for peace. The thirty-seventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of love, and that its history is a history of the struggle for love. The thirty-eighth is the fact that the United States is a nation of hope, and that its history is a history of the struggle for hope. The thirty-ninth is the fact that the United States is a nation of faith, and that its history is a history of the struggle for faith. The fortieth is the fact that the United States is a nation of courage, and that its history is a history of the struggle for courage. The forty-first is the fact that the United States is a nation of strength, and that its history is a history of the struggle for strength. The forty-second is the fact that the United States is a nation of wisdom, and that its history is a history of the struggle for wisdom. The forty-third is the fact that the United States is a nation of power, and that its history is a history of the struggle for power. The forty-four is the fact that the United States is a nation of glory, and that its history is a history of the struggle for glory. The forty-fifth is the fact that the United States is a nation of honor, and that its history is a history of the struggle for honor. The forty-six is the fact that the United States is a nation of respect, and that its history is a history of the struggle for respect. The forty-seventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of dignity, and that its history is a history of the struggle for dignity. The forty-eighth is the fact that the United States is a nation of pride, and that its history is a history of the struggle for pride. The forty-ninth is the fact that the United States is a nation of joy, and that its history is a history of the struggle for joy. The fiftieth is the fact that the United States is a nation of happiness, and that its history is a history of the struggle for happiness.



spirit, he scornfully refused. He at once retired from the service. He had borne himself, throughout, with that firm bravery and fine sense of honor which so richly adorn the soldier and gentleman. There was no stroke of misfortune, to which the regiment had been subjected for a long time, which was so keenly felt as this. But "Republics are ungrateful," and their ingratitude ramifies, and extends far down into the service, both civil and military. Probably, however, this was again one of those inscrutable designs of Providence, which, while visiting roughly for the time, are intended as a reward to the faithful and the just. Certain it is, that if Col. Doster had fought at the head of the regiment on an after occasion, he would have taken the chances of Covode, and very likely have perished. The company regretted the change particularly, because they were now isolated. They were the only little force from the Eastern portion of the State, and now had no advocate in the staff, whose local pride and interests were identical with their own. They were, as it were, placed under the command and guidance of utter strangers, and some of the vacancies thereafter occurring were not filled from its own ranks, but from other companies, on account of this foreign weight against them. On the 8th of October, we broke camp at Rappahannock Station, and marched to Bealton. Here we encamped on the morning of the 10th, and marched to James' City, where we found Kilpatrick heavily engaged with the enemy, who were advancing. We lay in line of battle all night, holding our



horses by the head, ready to mount at a moment's notice. In the morning early we fell back before the enemy, through Culpepper, and in the direction of our old encampment at Sulphur Springs. The enemy followed, and the whole Army of the Potomac retired in the direction of Washington. It was discovered that the rebel forces were making a flank movement on the Capital—hence the manoeuvre of our army without endeavoring to check the enemy's advance.

We encamped for the night on October 11th, on our old grounds at Sulphur Springs, where, on the eventful morning of October 12th, 1863, a truly memorable day for some of us, we crossed to the north side of the Rappahannock, halting between Sulphur Springs and Warrenton. We were just preparing to go into camp in the afternoon, and in fact had already erected some of our tents, when we received orders to pack up immediately—the familiar “toot of boots and saddles,” being sounded. We were soon on the march back to Sulphur Springs, and crossing the river proceeded to Jefferson, two miles south of the river, where we found the Thirteenth Pennsylvania, of our brigade, engaged lightly with the enemy. We supposed they were making reconnoissances, at the time, in force. The different squadrons of our regiment were soon deployed on the line, and engaged with the enemy, who not appearing in our front very strongly did not alarm us any. But towards evening they closed in on us, on all sides, infantry and cavalry, the whole of Ewell's



Corps being present. They had been forming their plans all day, and simultaneously came rushing upon us from all sides, in front and on both flanks. They came charging and yelling down in every direction, their batteries opening on us from all imaginable points. We had no artillery with which to respond, having no force but our own two regiments, the Fourth and Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, the remainder of our brigade being on the north side of the river. As an unavoidable and inexorable consequence, we were driven back and hemmed in on nearly all sides. But I am proud to record the fact, that our small force fought with desperate resistance against such tremendous and overwhelming numbers. Ewell's whole corps, as we soon afterwards discovered, by being captured, had been present on this occasion, along with Stuart's Cavalry and Gen. Lee in person. We stubbornly disputed every inch of ground, retreating, like the lion, with bristling mane and defiant eye; were broken and reformed many times, under very heavy fires, and made the most desperate series of charges after charges. We were all at first mounted, but before long, very few were on horseback. The enemy made desperate efforts to cut us off from the river, towards which we were gradually retiring, but they effected this only partially. A large portion of our force succeeded in reaching the river, in dashing into the water, and crossing at different points. Many more of us, however, were not so fortunate. In order to keep the road open to the river, those of us who were mounted, had to make







successive and repeated charges along its banks. While in the act of making the last of these, I was severely wounded, being shot in the head with a rifle ball, which entered my right ear, and, as I afterwards learned, came out at the back of my head. I dropped insensible from my horse, and was left there for dead by the few of our own men, who happened to be present at the moment. I did not awake into consciousness again, until the enemy an hour or two afterwards began to rifle my person. They took my boots and hat, all that was in my pockets, and relieved me of my arms. During this operation I began to regain my senses. With the assistance of a little water that the rebels gave me, and a little rough handling which they were more ready-handed in yielding, I was raised to my feet and dragged back a short distance, where I found nearly 300 of our men whom the enemy had captured. Thirteen of these were comrades of my own Company. A few of the wounded were there, but the killed were lying scattered all over the field. They were, unfortunately, left there.

When I came to consciousness at first, I felt so extremely exhausted that I was sure my last hours were at hand. I thought the ball was still lodged in the head. I remained in this condition for three days, and could not secure any attention. I would have given a fortune then for the prompt services of a surgeon, for an hour's attention by a Gross or Pancoast, or one dressing of the wound, from an elegant and cultivated manipulator of the scalpel and lancet, like Charles E. Cady, Potteiger, Krebs



or Kerchner, and of which our noble army at the time, could proudly boast even more than these faithful representatives of the healing art. I felt that mine was a fatal case if the ball were not removed in good time, and that it was as certainly curable if the foreign substance were promptly extracted. Under this impression I was naturally a little solicitous and apprehensive. Out of all that small band of captured soldiers, I am almost the only one alive to-day—the rest having all died at Libby or Andersonville. Several of the Company who were wounded were not taken by the rebels. Among these were Sergt. Gaumer and Corp. Garvy.



## CHAPTER XIII.

*CAPTURED AND ON OUR WAY TO LIBBY.*

WE will now leave our regiment and Company in their movements and adventures for a short time, and proceed to narrate the events which occurred to us as prisoners. After being collected together we were marched under guard to Jefferson, near which place we were huddled together for the night. My wound after a time became very painful. Nothing, however, had been done for it yet, except what our own boys performed, with rough bandages. The members of our Company who were captured on that day were as follows: — Orderly Sergt. Welton; Commissary Sergt. McLaughlin; Privates Boyd, Fritz, Schultz, Moyer, Stahler, Ward, Smith, and myself. On the 13th of October, we marched in the rear of Ewell's Army Corps, across the Rappahannock, at Sulphur Springs, and onward to Warrenton, Va., where we saw along the road some of the bodies of our comrades who had fallen the day before. They lay where they had fallen, but were entirely naked, the enemy, from the impulses of avarice or necessity, having stripped them. Ewell's Corps being massed





between Warrenton and Sulphur Springs, we were moved along in the direction of the former place. We halted for awhile, under guard, alongside the road. During this time, the corps was again put in motion, and we, thus, had an opportunity of viewing the whole rebel corps, cavalry, artillery and infantry, as they marched by in the direction of Warrenton. It was an awful sight—a dusty, tattered-looking gang of wretches, more like the accumulated outpourings of penitentiaries and poor-houses, than like soldiers in a civilized country, supposed to be fighting for their liberties and their homes. As far as the eye could reach, was the same innumerable array of dust-like hordes, sweeping onward to yet further contests, and

“thick as autumnal leaves,  
That strew the vales of Vallambrosa.”

It was to us a truly novel and interesting spectacle. We had never witnessed anything of the kind before on quite so extensive a scale. Personally, though, I had had the pleasure before, while performing secret scouting services—having seen this very corps when it invaded the Keystone State. At the head of their columns the stars and bars, yellowed with dust and battle-pierced, were carried proudly and victoriously, while all the other paraphernalia of war was equally characteristic, making a *tout-en-semble* very different from what we had been accustomed to regarding. There was a prevalent look of terse determination, and of sinewy endurance, about the *personnel* of the rebel troops—and a general air on this occasion of



stern cheerfulness and of deep-seated confidence in their own strength and valor. As they passed, the more decided scoundrels of the gang made insulting remarks about us, and exclaimed offensively, to which, however, we replied in appropriate style. They would cry out, "Halloo! Yanks! you are out of luck now!" Much army slang was used by both. We would call back, "Don't crow! Johnny! you will be brought back this way before many days!" The worst of them, however, acted with good humor. Neither party became much incensed by the remarks made, except some of our guards. Sometimes a whole regiment would give a yell and cheer as they saw us. There was visible a slight jealousy against us; and behind all their fierceness and treason, there appeared to be a lurking sense of respect for the old stars and stripes, and for the soldiers who were arrayed under its ample folds. This, of course, did not amount to anything practical, but it was there, and had been planted there by the teachings of years gone by, in the happier days of the Republic. We could discover a difference on this score, in the various regiments. There was much less antipathy among some state troops, than among others. What we had always supposed to have been the bitterest rebels, the most inveterate foes to the Union cause, seemed to evince the most sympathy and regard. On the night previous, when we were hungry and weary, some of our prisoners from sheer necessity, actually condescended to beg the hard-tack from the rebel soldiers that were passing. Very few responded, but



when a South Carolina battalion came along, composed entirely of South Carolinians, who if they were rebels, proved themselves to be also men, they literally threw their whole supply of rations to us, cutting the sacks of hard-tack off the tops of their caissons, and throwing them wholesale into our midst, alongside the road. We thus had plenty for the time being. There were so many of us, though, that it did not last long. We received no more during the next two days.

This act of the South Carolinians, was prompted by a pure spirit of humanity and generosity. The evening previous, too, while I lay with several others, who were wounded, and while I could scarcely move, a Lieutenant of rebel infantry came and offered religious consolation. He actually knelt in prayer, and asked Divine mercy and aid for us all. This was a beautiful trait in the stern soldier, behind whose weather-beaten features, were the pulsations of a warm and Christian heart. It was the fruit of religious training in pleasanter times—the moving power of those gentle words which fell from Him who spake as never man spake, and who wore the scars the thorns had made. The remarks of this Christian Southerner were not at all insulting to the cause, but only tended purely to our spiritual welfare. Incidents such as this prove, that there were those in the rebel armies that were actuated by higher motives than demoniac revenge; that in their onslaughts on the Union ranks they were impelled by convictions of right, deluded undoubtedly, and by beliefs growing





out of the question of state rights. During our stay here, a rebel surgeon, seeing my condition, kindly volunteered to look at my wound. A practitioner, of the Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, having been captured, now joined us, and examined it likewise. Both pronounced it very serious. The rebel surgeon, being provided with instruments, lint, and bandages, carefully dressed my wound, and told me that I would have to attend to it, as it was in dangerous proximity to some of the delicate organs of the ear. In the evening we were marched under a detail of dismounted rebel cavalry-men to Sulphur Springs, and were quartered and guarded in the old hotel buildings there. On the 14th we were marched to Culpepper, and were quartered and guarded in the Court House, in the identical place where just one month before to a day, we had ourselves been in charge of rebel prisoners. We had not, as yet, received anything to eat. No rations had been issued to us by the rebels since our capture. We were, about this time therefore, as ravenously hungry as could well be imagined. Here our names and rank were all recorded, and small rations were doled out to each man. They consisted of condemned hard-tack and spoiled bacon. We were soon placed on board of freight cars, and conveyed to Richmond by way of Gordonsville. Arriving in the rebel capital on the 15th, we were confined in a large tobacco ware-house on Main street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth Sts., denominated "Libby Prison No. 4"—a name which will be remembered for all time as a reproach, an ineffaceable stain on the



character of so-called Southern Chivalry. Here we first experienced prison life. We did not fancy it much from the start. The bill of fare was very poor. It consisted of half a pound of corn bread a day to each man, and very seldom any meat, and then only very little, and of inferior quality. Of course every man began to fail in strength on this low and insufficient diet, until this crib of wretches was more like Charon's bark of spectres, than an accumulation of soldiers. Occasionally the diet was varied with a small handful of boiled rice, but this change was at last entirely neglected, and we were confined exclusively to corn-bread, and that of the very roughest quality, for the meal had been ground along with the cobs. This was very irritating to the intestines, and, in consequence, a species of diarrhoea became general. The frequent alvine evacuations, thus occasioned, added greatly to the growing debility of the men. There were 800 of us confined in our prison at this time—the lower story of a large tobacco ware-house, with only two windows in front, strongly barred, and with only a dim light pervading its awful space. The walls were black and grimy with accumulated filth and exhalations, and were infested with swarms of body vermin, which had been generated in the gathered filth. It was no uncommon occurrence for these creeping things to drop from the ceiling into the tin-cup, while we were in the act of obtaining a drink of water. The prisoners were alive with them. They swarmed in every seam and crack of the floor, and there was no rest for them, day or night.



Many became too debilitated to stand or sit, and on several mornings I have seen them stiff and cold in death, their upturned faces rigid with an expression of intense suffering and mortal torture. What a condition for human beings of the nineteenth century to be placed in by creatures who called themselves human! What black-hearted villainy to silently and passively allow such horrors to transpire!

Is it strange that the great God of battles, who shapes the destiny of nations, and who marks even the fall of a sparrow to the ground, wrenched forever from their hands the means of victory? Is it not, rather a matter for surprise, that the thunderbolts of heaven did not fall in justice on the rebel leaders, and transfix them into statues of death? Verily, verily! the Dispenser of all things is a merciful God! Verily! verily! did the thunderbolts at last fall! There has been ample justice meted out to these men, and to their inheritance in the South! Their vacant hearths, their desolated homes, their wasted fields, and their hills and vallies, covering the very flower of their nation, are ample testimony to the just vengeance of an all-powerful Ruler. May God stay further penalty on this late rebellious people, and let us hope that they have been purged of the traiterous element!

The prison regulations were stringent. They did not permit any unnecessary noise, nor allow hooting or calling out from the windows into the street. They did not permit any conversation with the officers, or with the guards around the prison. In consequence





of some of these orders having been slightly violated, very severe punishment was inflicted on a number of the prisoners. The rebel guard-room adjoined the prison, and was separated by a door, which was nailed shut. In this room the penalties were generally inflicted. The still sterner chastisements, however, were meted out in Castle Thunder, in underground cells and dungeons. I have often stood, peering through the crack of this door into the guard-room, and witnessing the infliction of agonizing punishments on some of my companions, for very trivial offences, such as merely answering back any insulting remark from the guard, or requesting a favor from some officer. I have seen one of our prisoners forced to mark time for six long hours continuously, for no greater offence than one of those specified, and an additional hour added, for every step that was missed. If any one will try this for only half an hour, he will have an adequate idea of what suffering this entailed. Then I have seen another prisoner, "bucked and gagged." In this punishment a long round stick is placed under a man's legs, near the knees, and the arms are then put through under the stick, with the wrists tied together. A gag is then introduced into the mouth. The poor men were often compelled to sit that way for hours at a time. It is almost impossible to remain in that posture for fifteen minutes, without being terribly cramped and agonized. If they would accidentally fall over on their nose, and try to make a noise, or complain with the gag still in their mouths, one of the coarse and brutal officers



would come up and kick them, and call them by insulting names. Such were the diabolical means resorted to, seemingly to murder these prisoners, one by one, by the most heart-rending and prolonged tortures. What fearful sacrifices for the preservation of the Union were made! and how that dear-bought boon should be cherished and prized by all coming generations!



## CHAPTER XIV.

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*PLANS OF ESCAPE.*

I MYSELF got into a slight difficulty on one occasion, which came near to aggravating my sufferings. I made a slight remark one day, while some rebel soldiers were standing outside, on the pavement, near the front window. Our rations of meat had been sent in, and were being divided. My piece, as usual, did not amount to much more than the size of a walnut, and even this amount of meat, during my five weeks' imprisonment, I do not think we had four times. On this occasion, while dividing the flesh on the window sill, I held up a piece to a rebel soldier, and asked him what he thought of that for a man's weekly rations. He at once called me a "d——d Yankee s——n of a b——h!" and said, "It is good enough for you!" Growing then a little ashamed, he said still further, "It is as much as we get ourselves!" I told him that I did not believe it, when he asked me if I meant to call him a l——r. I told him that he could take it just as he pleased, whereupon he picked up a piece of brick, and, dashing it through the window between the bars,





struck me on the forehead. I was then quickly dragged back by some of my companions. A few moments after, a guard came in, under a corporal, hunting me out. They found me to be wounded, besides the recent contusion from the brick-bat, and the corporal, being rather more humane than any of the other guards that I had met, overlooked my heinous offence, and allowed me to go, with a smart reprimand. My companions dressed my wound, from time to time, tearing the lining out of their jacket sleeves to make bandages for my head. With no other treatment, whatever, but this and the application of cold water, I grew rapidly convalescent.

Becoming impatient at such horrible durance vile, I naturally, along with others, meditated escape. Many plans were conceived, canvassed on all sides, and finally abandoned as impracticable, after a mature deliberation. The prisoners, who had heretofore attempted to release themselves, and who were caught in the act, were still more closely confined, in such places as Castle Thunder, and the more secure dungeons of similar imprisonment. They were even punished severely in addition. Some in fact suffered death, through actual castigation, for nothing more than endeavoring to release themselves from these prison horrors. Several in our own jail had in various ways attempted to escape, but none had as yet succeeded—every one having been checked in the act, or at any rate re-arrested. One man, in an upper story of our building, had made the attempt during night, and had succeeded in pressing through the



window, and hanging on by one of the iron bars, just ready to let himself drop to the pavement below, when the guard outside of the prison discovered him and fired, shooting him dead while he hung by his hands.

We grew accustomed to the night duties of the guard, whose familiar call of the hour, and "all is well!" from post to post, became very common to us. "All is well!" What a sarcasm on hundreds of poor wretches, who were hourly dying, inch by inch, through privation, disease, and untold horrors! "All is well!" Yes, all was well, but only to those poor souls, who escaped the sufferings and terrors of a living death, by yielding up their lives, and falling calmly asleep in the embrace of a victorious love. "All is well!" Ay! but not in the sense these brutal men intended, but in the sense that for a Union preserved, a nation reclaimed, a liberty revived and invigorated, and a freedom forever firmly established, even all these tortures, and groans, and tears, were not too costly a sacrifice. You would hear the cry of "all is well," sounded regularly all along, no sooner having been called afar off, than it seemed to resume the round.

Every plan for escape having been abandoned, as heretofore, only made us the more desperate in our efforts to effect, a deliverance from our sorrows. Every night now, deaths, gradually increasing in numbers, began to occur among our men. We knew, too well, the fate of the bodies. They were dragged to the rebel dead house, stripped entirely



naked, and left there until a cart-load accumulated, when they were carried to Potter's Fields, in the vicinity of the city, and buried, stranger and friend, in one common sepulchre. Obligated to carry our own rations, such as we received, every day to the prison, we occasionally got a fresh breath of the outside air in the city. A detail of 40 or 50 was generally made from among the prisoners every day, who, with an old piece of blanket, or anything that they could pick up, would proceed under a rebel escort to the Bake House or Commissary on 19th Street, where the rations were issued, and where they were thrown into blankets, and conveyed by this detail back again to the prison to be divided. The dead house was adjacent to the Commissary Department. Thus, we passed the ghastly charnel of our dead comrades every day, and glanced at it with drooping heads, heavy hearts, and sorrow-laden sighs, in gloomy forebodings of our own imminent doom. We were convinced that ere long our own wretched and emaciated bodies would be numbered among its corpses. As regards, my wound, however, beginning to convalesce about this time, I requested to be detailed to go after rations with the others. Heretofore I had not been called upon, on account of my wounds, but as all the prisoners were anxious to be on this detail, and as it was considered a mark of favor if the Sergeant would make the detail, I endeavored to share the honor! I, being naturally a subject for whatever little sympathy existed there, when I made the request, it went





in under favorable auspices. My coveted favor was granted. Every day I was permitted to go on this duty. Luckily for this detail, I now began to entertain brighter hopes of effecting my escape. The subject was ever present to my mind, both at night in dreams, and during the day in fertile plans of operation. I discovered by conversing occasionally with a more affable rebel, and especially the corporal in question, who had spared me once before, that the so-called Confederate soldiery, who were encamped in the vicinity of Richmond, did not require any passes in order to visit the city. They required no written authority of any description, other than the mere favor of a granted request to be absent from their commands.

In walking by a certain residence on Main street, being a shoemaker's house with a shop adjacent, I frequently noticed what I considered to be sympathizing looks from some of the ladies, who generally stood in the door-way, while we passed to and fro. I took a notion to appeal to their sympathies. Accordingly I wrote on a little scrap of paper, an inquiry, in effect, that as we were passing by, if I could suddenly dart into the house and not be observed by any of the guard, if they would assist me in any way, to try to conceal me until night, and aid me in making my escape. If they consented, a given signal was concluded on. The next day, in passing there, having prepared the note, I threw it into the door-way, and looking round saw it picked up. On my return I watched for the signal, but was dis-



appointed. It was not honored with favor. They afterwards handed me occasionally a little piece of soap, and other slight gifts, but I could obtain no more favorable demonstrations. The great risk to their own personal safety, was apparently the reason which controlled them. Finding I could not accomplish anything in this way, I determined to endeavor to effect my escape directly on the street, while in ranks. I proposed my plan to all of my own companions, the whole thirteen members of my particular company separately, but none of them thought it feasible. They were afraid of the after consequences which might result from a failure. Besides this they were lulled and lured on by continual promises, which were being held out, that we would soon be paroled or exchanged. Many had faith in these promises. But how cruelly were they disappointed! They almost all to a man, eventually perished, after twenty months of indescribable suffering and misery. They endured the agonies of the lost in pandemonium, their worst wretchedness having been experienced afterwards at Andersonville, where the most of them yielded one by one to the unbearable burden of grief and pain, and where their remains now repose. Canvassing among the prisoners for some daring and enterprising spirit, I at last struck upon the right man. I did not care to have more than one companion in the perilous undertaking, because in such an episode of war, as in matters of love, two are company and more is not. I finally found my man in Corporal Alexander Welton, of whom I spoke



heretofore as having been severely wounded at Middleburg, by a sabre gash. I found him eager to make the attempt with me, and knowing him to be discreet, and just as brave as prudent, I took him into my confidence at once, and together we matured the plan by which we finally made good our escape. We each succeeded in securing a rebel cap, and I already had an old tattered grey jacket, as had also a great many of our prisoners, some of them having traded off their good clothing for a Confederate jacket or cap, in consideration of a little piece of bread, or something to boot. As a consequence, it was not unusual to see the prisoners, as detailed, going for their rations, looking of the same ilk with their guard. Generally having worn a bandage around my head, I could the more effectually disguise myself, by removing it and substituting a rebel cap quickly on the street, than by any other means. Having matured our plans at last, and feeling ready to risk the effort, we both got detailed together on one day. Taking our positions about the centre of the column, as it moved out of prison, and up the street in a file of two abreast, we each had a piece of blanket around our shoulders, with our rebel caps under our arms. The column, as it moved out Main street, was protected as follows:—one rebel guard in advance of the column, one in the rear, and the corporal generally somewhere in the centre, but sometimes in advance, which fortunately for us was the case this very day. When we had entered the ranks, and the column had started in motion, we told





the parties in our rear to immediately close the gap in case we stepped out at any point, and also to quickly take the blankets off our hands. The point decided on for the venture, we were now rapidly nearing, and our hearts beat with loud, spasmodic pulsations of nervousness. When we reached the corner of Nineteenth street, as the head of the column turned to march up that thoroughfare, we were in stern and desperate readiness.

Just as the centre got round, so that the guard in the rear could not see us, leaving the ranks quickly—the corporal and the other guard still in advance, and not looking round—we suddenly slipped off our blankets, handed them to the prisoners directly in the rear of us, donned our Confederate caps, started directly down Main street again, and passed the rebel guard in the rear very nervously, whistling the Bonnie Blue Flag, and trying to assume rebel airs. The guard luckily did not notice us, but there were numerous soldiers passing along the pavements. What we were principally afraid of, was, that people on the opposite sides of the streets might have witnessed the movement. We walked hastily on our way, trembling like aspen leaves, or as if afflicted with a tertian ague. Quickening our pace, so as to turn round a corner, we finally and luckily accomplished this feat unobserved by any one, or if seen, we were not informed on in time. So much had been already achieved, that we felt like shouting with the sense of such sweet and sudden freedom. But we were still in the Capital of Treason, and in



the midst of most fearful dangers. The prison, not being far from the corner of the street where we had executed this dexterous and lucky flank movement, and no streets intervening, we were compelled to pass its foreboding walls again—under imminent peril of being recognized there by the guards, or of being thoughtlessly hailed by some of our own friends inside, who, not aware of our contemplated attempt, might inadvertently draw attention to us. Fortunately, however, we were noticed by no one, and passed on down Main street, turning a corner and proceeding to the river as rapidly as practicable. We soon found ourselves in the vicinity of the navy-yard, at 12 o'clock, on the 16th of November, 1863. Partially secure now, we appreciated the dangers we had passed, and the success thus far achieved. It was like emerging from darkness into light again; like an unexpected withdrawal from the jaws of death; an offer of reprieve to the innocent condemned, whose neck already feels the noose, and whose sinking heart momentarily expects the fatal signal. We hardly dared trust ourselves to speak to each other. We were distrustful of every body and every thing. The wonder is that our nervous and restless solicitude did not betray us into the very dreaded recapture. Having been, however, almost similarly situated heretofore on scouting duty within the enemy's lines, we gradually tempered down from the undue excitement which had agitated us, and felt more confident. I became again, to some extent, at home in these dangers, and soon perfectly regained my



composure. I was a little sure of being equal to the task of eventually removing ourselves from the enemy's lines, and of re-entering our own. It was necessary first to secure as much information as possible. We skulked around the navy-yard quite a while, and discovered there that two heavy vessels were under way—one of them being plated with railroad iron. Picking up all the intelligence we could, or considered of any possible value, we began to make our way towards the suburbs of the city. All our hunger we now forgot in our desperate endeavors to escape the surrounding dangers. Being posted, as I stated before, on our chances of passing out by assuming rebel habits, and knowing that no passes or papers were necessary to reach the encampments outside the city, we started for this point confidently, and reached it without molestation. We sauntered directly through the rebel camps, saluted officers, and even accosted rebels that we met on the street. Saluting and passing the guard on duty, we would make some very common remark, such as "It's about time we were back in camp! We will get extra duty or the guard-house! We ought to have been back by noon!" In this way we allayed any possible suspicions that might have arisen. We proceeded until we began to emerge from the camps, in the vicinity of the suburbs of the city. We scarcely spoke except as stated, to each other until we struck a little ravine, about five miles from the town limits.





## CHAPTER XV.

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*AWAITING DARKNESS.*

**H**ERE we seated, and secluded ourselves behind some piles of cord wood. We then for the first time ventured to open our hearts to each other, and to congratulate ourselves on the success, thus far, of the perilous undertaking. We both came to the conclusion here, that the best thing we could do was, to approach as nearly as possible to the more outside or advanced lines of the city, and remain there until night-fall, running our chances of passing through them after dark. Totally in ignorance, however, of where the lines were located, we felt loth to proceed any further, and in fact were a little cowardly about again displaying ourselves in public. We finally resolved on making the effort, and effecting progress while we could. We determined to face whatever dangers were in store for us, and so emerged from our secure nook in the wood pile, and proceeded on our way. No one was in view, and no camps were in close proximity to us at the time. On the road, shortly afterwards, we espied a negro coming, with an old horse and a cart-load of



wood. I proposed to Welton, that we should interrogate him with reference to the army lines of the country, and where the road led that we were traveling. He objected for prudential reasons. I then told him to proceed at his leisure, and that I would risk the consequences myself, of stopping the colored man, and making the necessary inquiries. This I accordingly did. Assuming him to be a rebel in sympathy, I asked him where *our* lines were. I told him that we had been in Richmond on a spree for the past few days, and did not know now, just where the lines were posted. I made the most presentable excuse possible for asking the questions. I gradually drew him out, and found that we were on the direct route to Harrison's Landing, where the enemy's advanced lines or cavalry outposts were located. After asking a few leading questions, the old colored individual turned his eyes suddenly down upon me, with a sort of quizzical gaze, and a slight twinkle of humor, saying, with some seriousness, however, "Well, by Golly! you all is not rebel sojers!" Surprised at his acuteness, I remarked firmly, "Oh, yes! you are mistaken!" "No!" says he, looking at me with deep earnestness. "You'se either prisoners escaping, or you'se Yankee scouts!" "But," continued he, "if you *is*, you must not be afraid of dis here darkey, I kin tell you! I would not tell on you for all dat de city dar of Richmond am worth!" at the same time raising his hand in evident sincerity, and pointing where the tall, sharp spires were yet gleaming in the sunset. He spoke so honestly, and his voice was



cadenced by emotions which welled forth so sympathetically from his heart that, I at once confided in him, and made a clean breast of it, telling him who and what we were, and trusting to his friendliness. He gave me all the information he could, and almost all that we could desire—far more than I had expected. He told us that the whole population along the road that we were traveling were leagued together in a sort of detective system, to not only discover escaping prisoners and spies, but their own deserters, and to arrest all persons found loitering or passing in that vicinity, day or night. We were now outside of the free limits. He accordingly advised us to secrete ourselves, somewhere, without delay, and to wait until night-fall, proceeding then very cautiously, and allowing nobody to take us, soldier or citizen. He advised us to hold no conversation with any white man, but that we need not be afraid of any of the colored people anywhere, as they were all devoted and reliable friends, and would help us and do anything they could for our benefit. He felt sure that they would aid us, to the utmost extent of their ability, if we could only satisfy them who and what we were. After giving all the information he could, and promising to maintain the strictest silence, we parted, myself with feelings of gratitude that cannot be described at thus finding, amid deadly foes, a warm and reliable friend. I will never forget the occasion, the scene, the incident. Here was a bleak and barren stretch of country, a city teeming with treason and sorrow close at hand, a





dusky twilight tinging the clouds and making objects softly visible about us, and before our peering eyes hundreds of miles, beset with a multitude of dangers. There is no friendship so sweet as that which we find when the heart has been made heavy and desolate by long-continued suffering, when the smile, that once flashed upon the features, has gradually flickered and faded from time to time, until it has disappeared in sodden sternness and grief, seemingly forever. The pulsations of pleasure and delight, on such an occasion, are unable to make their way above the steady flow of sorrow, and joy is too apt to sparkle in the hot tear-drops, or the tremulous sigh. We will never forget the simple, touching testimony of sincerity, which the old negro gave, even after we had parted with him, and the old horse was trudging along the dusty road, toward the rebel city. Turning around and raising his hand above his head, with the fingers open, he reassured us of his friendship: "God bress you, massa!" said he, "I would not tell on you, for all dat de city am worth, no, not if dey would cut me to pieces!!" The voice was singularly mellow and sympathetic, and I left him without a shadow of mistrust. He knew he had just done an act which, in tendency, redounded to the benefit of his own race, for even the ignorant colored man already knew, that above all the carnage of war, above all the din and turmoil of battle, the sorrows, dangers, toils, and privations it entailed, there shone the form and features of a mercy and justice, to which they had been as yet strangers, but to which they were, providen-



tially, being led, with the fetters and shackles broken at their feet, and their faces dried of accustomed yet unavailing tears.

Parting with my colored friend, I proceeded on my way, and soon overtook Welton. We concluded to desist from further risks until night-fall. Accordingly, we concealed ourselves in a little underbrush on the road-side, until it became quite dark. The skies had by this time suddenly darkened, the winds had freshened, and a storm began to set in, by sheets of soft and whirling mist at first, and then by torrents of rain. Such a night as that of the 16th of November! Such a morning as that of Sabbath, the 17th! I shall never forget them.

Darkness setting in early, the rain came down at first in cold and misty whirls, the perspective of the landscape disappearing in grey veils of vaporous rain. The winds freshening and the skies blackening, torrents began to pour down from the clouds, dashing against us at the caprices of the sharp, chill breezes, and converting the road into muddy pools, soft mire, and streams of madly rushing water. I never before saw such profuse and steady showers, nor heard such terrific peals of thunder, as even then, in a late, cold November night shook the very heavens, and awoke the dismal echoes of the surrounding country. The woods were grappled by fierce storm-gales, which, struggling and groaning together in the sheets of rain, the almost cataracts of water, let fall, ever and anon, some mighty branch, or towering pine, to crush and splinter on the aisles below. Oc-



asionally a solitary crow, disturbed in his perch, flew up, and after making sundry sharp, and sudden gyratory movements in the air, would descend straightway to almost the very limb he had just vacated. At last all was pitchy darkness, save now and then, when the lurid lightnings zigzagged in the clouds, and cast a bright, transient lustre on the fields and forests.

Onward we sped together, through all this driving storm, impelled by the very love of life itself, and the very dread of a disgraceful death. Welton grasped my wrist, and, both drenched in the rain-torrents, we hurried along with drooping heads, yet with faintly hopeful hearts. O, the doubts that came to depress us, from time to time, but which we dispersed by manly determination! O, the dark despair, that came on the wings of the night-wind, and moaned in our ears, and moaningly called to us again from behind every straggling fence, and solitary tree, in the neighboring fields! O, the swift, far-reaching flights of memory into the past—the delightful past, the happy hours of sunny affections and of calm contents! O, the dismal forebodings, the rapid canvassing of dangers, the marshalling of chances, the fertile evolution of plan after plan, over which hope would occasionally flash, vividly, like the lightning, but fade as suddenly into darkness and almost despair. Hand in hand we yet sped on, our minds intent on thought, and our tongues speechless. Not a word even was scarcely exchanged, and in this way the entire night went by, our feet weary



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and sore, having crossed leagues of storm and darkness, since the sun last set, and our feelings having traversed as far toward a final faith in security and success. With all its terrors, such a storm, however, was an almost providential necessity to us, for dry roads and bright moonlight, might have revealed us to eyes ever on the watch in this country. A clear, calm, and starry night might have been fatal to our hopes. We were not afraid of the elements—they in their nakedness having been our constant companions on the march, and even in our dreams, since the Company had entered active service. Well knowing this fact, while trudging along, side by side, through all these weary, dreary miles, we bore both the tempest and the dangers cheerfully. Through the darkness, into the distance, and the future, over the miry road far, far away, the eye of faith and of hope beheld the benignant hand of Providence shifting the frowning storm-clouds, guiding the thunders and the fiery lightnings, and so disposing of obstacles, as to permit even us, poor wretches as we were, and scarcely daring to expect the boon, to wend the devious course that should terminate in complete safety, beneath the amplest splendor of unclouded skies.

At last, in the eastern heavens a grayish light unveiled so gradually, that the day dawn was fully before us, ere we anticipated. Through the fierce, wild disorder of the storm, the rain still descending in torrents, we began to have a wider scope of vision, fences, trees, fields even, and at last forests and the curved crowns of hills on hills, defining themselves on



the far horizon. Pushing still onward, with heavy yet rapid strides, for the light nerved us with renewed vigor, awakening as it did sharper fears of re-capture, we soon found ourselves entering the advanced line of works, which McClellan had thrown up around Harrison's Landing, in 1862. With these I had already become familiar. The locality, with all its bearings, I at once recognized. From this point we immediately took the road to Westover Landing, knowing that if I could meet some of my old colored friends and acquaintances in the neighborhood, that we would be taken care of for the time being. I had made many friendships among these, during the first campaign of the war. Shortly after day-light we reached the Landing. Here we concealed ourselves in an old, deserted house on the river bank. It was the identical building which had been occupied by negresses, when we were in camp there. These women did the washing for the officers of our command two years before, and were familiar acquaintances of all our troops. We found the house partly filled with corn tops, a crop of corn having since been raised from the ground we had encamped upon. We immediately secreted ourselves in holes made deep down in the corn-fodder, and being very tired, to say nothing of our famishing hunger, we slept soundly until late in the afternoon. We were awakened by hearing a peculiar noise on the river—a regular, steady, wheezing, puffing sound as if issuing from some steam pipe. On peeping out we discovered it to be the flag of truce boat, *City of New York*, toiling its way from City Point to Fortress Monroe,



which had been carrying up supplies to be distributed to our prisoners in Richmond. These, however, never reached them, having doubtless been gobbled up by the rebel troops. Frantically throwing aside all caution, we rushed out and down the bank to the waters' edge, where we made signals and every demonstration imaginable, calling out lustily at the top of our voices. To our utter dismay and keen disappointment, the steam puffed out with unaltered regularity, and the boat passed on down the river, leaving us to our own fate, and to a most poignant sense of desolation. Through the aid of this boat, we might have been safely quartered in Fortress Monroe that very night. So debilitated had we grown by long suffering in prison, excessive exertion, and this bright hope, which so suddenly appeared, and which was so suddenly blasted, that we could have wept like children. We then gave vent to some bold Saxon epithets against the Captain of the boat. After some deliberation, though, and considering the matter a little, we could not find fault with him, because, sailing under a flag of truce, he had no right to stop anywhere in the enemy's territory. Furthermore, how did he know who and what we were? If, when he saw us on the shore, and heard the faint sounds of our voices at that distance, he turned his glass toward us, he would have seen, in our dress, the rebel gray, and disdained to aid even deserters, as he might have imagined us to be under the circumstances. Still more, he was a mile or more out in the river, and might not have had his attention drawn to us at all.





## CHAPTER XVI.

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*NEW TRIALS AND DANGERS.*

**B**UT now a new danger was apprehended. We had exposed ourselves, and some one might have seen us or been attracted by the noise. So, we cautiously crawled up the bank again, where I had sat many a day during the summer of 1862, brushing flies away, and meditating on the events then transpiring. While sitting here, we discovered not far off a boat fastened to a pier—an old, dilapidated projection in the river. We concluded, during the night, to make this our means of escape down the river. Our hunger now began to disclose itself. We were famishing for food, and were fearfully pestered with body-vermin, which still lingered about us from the prison. Having nothing more pressing to do during the remaining hours of daylight, we endeavored to release ourselves from some of these annoyances. Darkness coming on at last, we concluded to secure something to eat, if possible. We, therefore, crawled up to one of the plantation houses, very close even to the main building, and discovered, fortunately, a darkey in the yard. I immediately recognized him,



as one whom I had met during the encampment of the army at Harrison's Landing. He at once took us inside, closed the doors, and listened eagerly while we related our recent adventures. He promptly did all that could be done for us, gave us everything he had to eat, consisting of a week's rations of corn meal, and a portion of the bristly shank of a shoulder of bacon. He baked the corn bread for us in the shape of cakes on the ashy hearth. I did not think I had ever enjoyed a meal so keenly, or partook of one so heartily in all my life—never having been so hungry before. The two of us managed to eat his whole week's ration of corn bread and meat, before we could prevail upon ourselves to stop. Making inquiries, we discovered that the boat belonged to him and his wife. He said that he and she had been eighteen years in saving up the odd pence that they would get, in order to buy that boat. His wife, he said, lived twelve miles further down the river, on another plantation, and that they never saw each other, except when he got away on Sabbath to make a call on her. That very Sabbath, she had given him a demijohn of persimmon beer to bring home with him, while he was there. In the fulness of his kindly heart, he produced it for our delectation. It is hardly necessary to allude to the fact, that we made frequent and copious draughts upon its enlivening contents, or that it did not leave us entirely empty itself, by virtue of its own prodigious proportions, and not of our delicacy. Edibles and bibibles stand a poor show before prisoners from Libby, when they



have not been completely broken down by want and disease. When he told us the story, simple and pathetic, of his boat on the bank, we still wanted it badly, but felt great reluctance, in stealing it. The beer too, which had been transferred to us, as really a compliment and kindness from his wife, was another sadly eloquent reason, which knocked at our hearts, and begged of us not to steal the boat. It was hard indeed, and I shall not tell the reader just yet, whether we stole it or not. Stealing is bad at any time, and ought to be eschewed from good society. It ought to need in bar no tearful tales of half-pence saved from slowly rolling year to year, through eighteen summers and winters, by two fond hearts, united by God, but severed by the infernal vicissitudes of slavery. It ought to need no persimmon beer, even, by way of stimulus to the conscience. But, dear reader, you must pardon us, if we tell you that there are occasions in this world, in the military world especially, where life is dear, doubly-dear on account of dangers endured to save it, and that compared to its value then, large numbers of boats and half-pence and even demijohns of persimmon beer are as—not exactly nothing, but an insufficiency. Suffice it to say, we inwardly resolved in our hearts that our safety demanded the little craft, and that we would borrow the boat. We did not wish to inform him of our determination, on account either of regard for his feelings or else because our certainty in obtaining it, might be in this way enhanced. Wishing to secure the oars, also, which we saw standing





in the house, we found it necessary to get rid of him for a few moments. Having informed us that his daughter lived at the plantation residence, and that he could go there and obtain a little milk if we desired it, we concluded, although having refused him before, to send him on this errand. As soon as he was gone, Welton took the oars and carried them out, throwing them down the bank, and returning before our colored benefactor was back again. We drank the milk, thanked him, and bade him a grateful adieu. We requested him for his own personal safety, in case we were captured, to retire at once, and not remember anything of our presence around there. We led him to believe that we were going to take the Charles City Court House Road, down the Peninsula towards Williamsburg.

After a little circuitous movement, however, we returned like foxes to our point of departure—to the boat. We regretted the necessity, but the dangers pressing around us were so great, and we were so fearful of again being incarcerated in that living sepulture at Richmond, that we determined to accept the much better chances which water transit would present. Our poignant scruples of conscience and of honor, were accordingly smothered. We found the boat locked, and experienced much difficulty in loosening the chain. Welton took a large stone, and proceeded to break the lock, while I stood up, shivering with fear and cold, with my head above the edge of the bank, watching lest the noise might startle its owner, or somebody else. A rather noisy dog at the



house, having scented burglary amid the falling dews, or smelt piracy from the door step, made a great fuss, yelling and barking furiously. It would have been at that moment very nice for us, but very bad for the car, if he had been near enough. Welton, stone in hand, declared that he could break the lock, with one tremendous blow, or two at the farthest. I told him to proceed, while I stood shivering between doubt and fear, hearing seventeen distinct and heavy blows. I counted them with a sensitive nervousness. Every one cut into the quick, trampled on a corn, scorched like a hot iron, or knocked at the heart dolefully, like the funeral knell of a cherished friend. But the last blow was now dealt, and when Welton, with an exultant and whispered screech, sang out "all right !" we were not long in shoving out and gaining the centre of the river. We soon found that not only were our oars mis-mated, but that the handles were too long. The row-locks being opposite each other, we were continually peeling off the skin and making bruises on our knuckles. We found out, furthermore, when we had rowed well out into the river, that the boat leaked very badly. We regretted that we had not had the precaution to pick up an old tin oyster-can, among the many which lay on the shore, army *debris*, that we might have used for a scuttle. But, having nothing else, we were compelled to resort to our caps, in order to remove the water. This, though, was good enough duty for a rebel cap. It, however, left our heads exposed to the heavy, chill dews, and cutting winds



of November, on the broad surface of the James River. Thus, with our feet drenched in water, our heads dishevelled by the sharp winds, and sparsely dressed, we wielded the ponderous oars with weary regularity, and silently pursued our course. We were seeking a liberty, which we had once lost, but now had only partially regained. We were yet in the stern thralldom of impending dangers. We proceeded cautiously down the James River, occasionally observing the camp-fires of the enemy, faintly glowing in the distance—the river here being two miles wide. The water, not having any current whatever, and the night being very dark, it was impossible for us to tell in which direction we were going, most of the time. It only appeared to us, that we were in a lake, surrounded on all sides by land. This was caused by the bends in the river. But Providence guided us in this, as He seemed to have done, when other and worse dangers were imminent. Through all this long and dreary night, we kept our course towards the ocean—the water faintly echoing the steady, heavy sound of our row-locks, or now and then plashing and seething in the winds, while we shipped oar, and lay back for breath and rest. Becoming fearfully fatigued and worn-out, towards morning we approached the bank, feeling satisfied that we must, by this time, have passed the most of our dangers, and must be near our own outposts. We went ashore at a point near the mouth of the Chickahominy, as we afterwards discovered, having made about forty miles during the night. Af-







ter floundering around in swamps and morasses, and over a great expanse of country, we failed to find a residence of any description, and were reluctantly compelled to return to our boat. We had failed to secure it when we left, having merely pulled it up on the strand. The tide, having risen, had carried it off, and to our sore disappointment, it was gone. It was yet dark, and we could see nothing of its presence along the bank. We had nought else to do, however, but to sit down and wait for daylight. The waves were rolling up wildly, and dashing against the swampy beach with a mild but ceaseless roar, and the winds, keen and chill, came moaning and wailing over the crested waters, as if the very spirit of desolation possessed them, and sent them to breathe despair into our ears. We sat down on the cold damp shore, and huddling together, shivered as if we had both been seized with congestive chills. Our thin attire, no shoes, wet feet, soaking caps, the spray-covered banks, miry river slope, bitter winds, long, wide stretch of dingy river, with the dark grey clouds above, the leafless trees, and stunted brush on shore; our past sorrows and trials, our present dilemma, and the pall-like curtain on the future—all conspired to weigh down the heart with profound and indescribable grief. We still sat and shivered, while the faintest token of returning dawn, gleamed low down in the eastern horizon. We thought the very teeth would drop from our heads, as the cold tremor agitated every bone in our bodies. Encircling each other with a deeply fraternal feeling, which only



such mutual dangers and terrors can create, we lay down close to the roots of a tree, in still increasing misery and suffering. We could not check or palliate the chill, but still shook as if its terminus were certain death. Through fatigue and untold exertions, however, slumber came upon us, and with the enchanter's balmiest wand, bid all our sorrows depart. They silently left. Deep sleep seized the heart, and held its pulsations in happiest trance. We were wafted into sunnier regions—into the realm of dreams. We were at home among loving friends again, with abundance at our command—luxury all around about us. The summer skies bent over us in their serenest and most beautiful azure. The fields were ripe with grain, and the reaper was cheerily singing while he swept the glittering scythe in the sunlight. The forests were vocal with the minstrelsy of wren and throstle, and flocks of happy school children played and shouted on the green and flowery swards. There was no war in the land, no battle-fields, no loathsome dungeons, for fraternal love reigned among all the people, North and South, and prosperity smiled on every peaceful and happy home. But the sleep was not refreshing, and our dreams were idle phantasies. We awoke to a yet keener sense of our sufferings and dilemma. It had been a painful slumber, from which we soon afterwards awoke to find the sun, bright and clear, shining down full upon us. On attempting to resume the erect posture, we found it almost impossible, we had become so stiffened and benumbed. I could not even relax my hands, which were still in the



position of grasping an oar. I was forced to open them finger by finger, slowly and painfully. In this condition we almost despaired of regaining our lines. Upon looking in the direction of the river, we were suddenly thrilled with delight, by beholding our boat, floating close to the shore, against which the winds and waves had been urging it all night, for our benefit, practically, if not intentionally. It seemed to be offering itself to our service; and to be adding another proof to the truth of that axiom, by which the celebrated author, whoever he may have been, of "life is short," and "circumstances alter cases," immortalized himself and pedigree, when he wrote:—"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good!" We were not slow in availing ourselves of the invitation, although we had to wade into deep water in order to reach it. I myself went out until the waves ruffled my neck, bareheaded and barefooted, but succeeded at last in drawing it to the bank.

"My boat is on the shore,  
Our lines are toward the sea,  
But I'd row the ocean o'er,  
Before I'd yield to thee"—

that is to the vigilant and inveterate rebel, whom we think we showed some disposition to avoid on occasions like the present. On the battle-field, however, we did not fear the sight of rebel bayonets or legions, as we believe our record bears us out in saying, but in his own country and with all the advantages on his side, he proved himself to be a most brutal and inhuman master.







## CHAPTER XVII.

*SHOT AT BY REBEL PURSUERS.*

WE again entered the boat, and concluded to follow the course of the river until the first residence we came to, when we decided we would run our risks and pull ashore. We gradually approached the middle of the stream, rowing lustily, until turning round a bend which opened a new vista, we discovered a fine large white mansion, embowered by trees, and with all the accessories of wealth and refinement. It was located on the north bank. Fear at once seized us, and, instead of carrying out our programme, our greatest anxiety now was to get safely past the house, rather than to run ashore. Before passing it, however, and while almost directly opposite, we saw parties on the roof of the mansion, signalling to us. We could distinctly see them, and observed that they were dressed as private citizens—and not in the familiar garb of Union soldiers. Not understanding their signals, but feeling satisfied that they were the regularly agreed upon and preconcerted signs of rebels, we concluded that the only secure plan was to move away as fast as possible. To this task we bent



our little remaining energies, keeping steadily on down the river as rapidly as practicable. The parties, however, having divined our object, came down from the house, took a little boat from a cove on the shore, and four men entering, gave us a quick chase. We were by this time quite a distance below the house, and observing that our pursuers gained upon us, we were hurriedly making toward the shore—which appeared to be heavily timbered. They followed us at a lively rate, and the sun now shining brightly on the bosom of the river, we could see the quick flash of their oar-blades as they rose and fell in the sunlight. This looked very brilliant, but very formidable to us, in our exhausted condition. Knowing that our strength could not hold out long, our only chances for escape, if any there were, lay in running ashore. We accordingly pulled frantically for the bank of the stream, and only reached it as they began to pour whistling rifle-balls close about us, calling us deserters, as they no doubt supposed we were. As soon as we reached shore, some unknown and latent strength appeared to possess us, and to nerve our wasted bodies to renewed exertions. We hastily clambered up an almost perpendicular bank thirty feet high, and dashing frantically forward in through the timber, took as much of a zigzag course as possible. We crossed every slough and morass and bayou we could find, seeking the most difficult and objectionable places in order to debar pursuit and cover our tracks. In this manner we evaded our pursuers, until nature giving out, we both literally dropped at the same moment,



and lost all consciousness. We had lain down, as luckily happened, in a rather secure hiding-place, among a net-work of wild-vines and amid thick clusters of underbrush. Having fallen immediately asleep, we did not awaken until the sun was setting in the evening. But on arousing from our deep slumbers we discovered ourselves to be in a most pitiable condition. Having just before lying down, waded through some deep sloughs of black mire, and in one instance having been submerged to our arm-pits in dingy, fever-making mud, and having lain all through an unusually hot day, exposed to the sun, we found this clay fairly baked on our bodies all over, which were also blistered in many places. The stains on our persons from this mud and mire were not effectually effaced, for several months. We were also terribly swollen, parched with thirst and weak from hunger. We were in a truly sorrowful plight—feverish, restless, and tortured with pain. On endeavoring to rise we found it almost impossible—we were so stiff and ached so sorely. But we knew our only security lay in reaching and entering our own lines that night, so we arose and started, looking about for some road. Taking a direction by the setting sun, that we thought would lead down the peninsula towards Williamsburg, we soon struck an old road, that wound sinuously out through the woods into an open country. In a large clearing hard-by we found a towering butternut tree. Immediately, from sheer hunger, we set to work and ate many of these nuts, which refreshed us very considerably. Night gather-





ing around us her protecting mantle, we proceeded slowly and painfully on our way. On emerging from the field, we struck a good road, shortly came to where it forked, and found a mile-post at the forks, one side of which pointed in the direction of Williamsburg, five miles distant. This was very agreeable intelligence to us, as we supposed our troops holding Williamsburg; their pickets were posted in the vicinity of Burnt Ordinary, about twelve miles from the town. We accordingly came to the conclusion, that we were certainly inside of our own picket lines already. Our feet were by this time so sore and swollen, and we were so stiff and worn-out, that it took us five long hours of agony to travel these five miles! We did not meet any of our pickets until approaching close to the town, but met several citizens, the first of whom apprised us, that our line of outposts was only in the suburbs of the town, and that we were yet five miles within the rebel territory. These citizens informed us, that they were taking no part whatever in the war. Supposing us to be deserters from the rebel army, they told us we had nothing to fear from them, as they had been living more under the rule of the Union armies, than under that of the rebel forces. They really interested themselves on neither side, they said. We were, however, a little alarmed, and were inclined to make them go back with us, but they gave us such reiterated and positive assurances that they would not molest us, and we being, at any rate, in their power from absolute exhaustion, we concluded to let them pass on, and



risk the danger. We had no arms with us, but had our pockets filled with stones, and grasped in our hands formidable cudgels, with which we had limped along. We proceeded but very slowly, and in most excruciating torture. I seemed to be the most fatigued and debilitated, being, in particular, compelled at short intervals to sit down and rest. I often descended on hands and knees, and crawled along the road! My wound, too, had been so irritated and inflamed, that it was now a running sore, sloughing off matter continually. On the way to Williamsburg, we found several bridges burned across little streams, and experienced much difficulty in managing to cross them. Finally, after a long-to-be remembered journey, and most intense sufferings, we found ourselves in the vicinity of the town. When we came close to the suburbs, we were suddenly startled with the old familiar "Halt! who goes there?" Our answer being, "friends!" the guard replied, "Advance one!" Welton, being in rather the best condition, walked towards the picket, and told him who we were. He then permitted me to advance also, and held us there until the relief came around. A genial glow of joy thrilled through our worn-out bodies, and lingered and fluttered warmly at the heart, as the sense of safety became realized. We were secure at last! O the feelings of that moment! O the "recoil of the o'erstrained spirit!" Vague and swift impulses agitated our weary minds, the sharp rebound of exultation tempered by almost mortal debility. The long, long-deferred hope, crowned at last with complete fulfil-



ment! The measure of despair contrasting with the happy reality, which unseated and usurped its place in a frenzied joy! The wild and bewildering remembrance of past sorrows and forecastings, which came thronging back, as the tempest-billows rush on rocks which bear the wrecked mariner in safety! The release from the dungeon, to the brightest liberty on the footstool of heaven! The crown of all our hopes and prayers—the goal of all our weary, perilous struggles at last secured!

These conflicting emotions over, we gazed with proud admiration on our surroundings. We were indeed, then, among our friends at last. A sense of most profound and holy serenity came upon us, and made every pulse-beat thrill softly with a tender enjoyment.

But nature had been overdone, and a physical reaction was rapidly developing. We wilted under the unusual sunlight. Our strength palpably left us. We sank exhausted to the ground. The powerful mental and emotional stimulus, had dragged our wasted bodies, long after their inherent energies had been paralyzed.

When the relief came around, they being cavalry pickets, it was found that we were unable to proceed further. The Sergeant of this force, himself, then kindly dismounted, and also ordered one of his men to give Welton his horse. Placing us on these, we were conducted into the city to the Provost Marshall's headquarters. Arriving there we were questioned and cross-questioned. The Captain, being







an officer in the 1st N. Y. Mounted Rifles, and somewhat familiar with our own regiment, soon satisfied himself that our story was correct. He then proceeded to do everything he could, to refresh us, and relieve our sufferings. There was no hard-tack or army fare for us that night! He kindly had hot biscuits and boiled eggs ordered from his own mess, together with strong, warm coffee, the first that we had tasted since our capture. Besides this we had abundance of spirits, from canteens of the famous commissary, all of which tended to relieve our sorrows and revive our drooping energies.

Being provided with pleasant quarters, we slept with fearful soundness. Never did slumber wrap the faculties of exhausted nature, with more balmy wings, or more assiduously accomplish that secret and mysterious alchemy, which from the wretched dross of tired brain, aching limb and relaxed nerve, brings out the better than refined gold of renewed strength and cheerfulness. In the morning, whether actually or by contrast, we curiously enough felt quite well. But, on account of sore limbs, Welton could not rise and move about. On the following day, we were conveyed in an old army ambulance to Fort McGruder—the headquarters of the post. There we received every attention and care that our cases demanded. We would have been supplied there at once with fresh supplies of clothing, had it been desirable, but we and the officers commanding, thought it better to wait another day, until we arrived at Fortress Monroe, and made our report to the Gen-



eral Officers, and were supplied from the United States Quartermaster's Department at that place. After remaining at Fort McGruder a couple of days, and rapidly recuperating through excellent care, abundant rations, and refreshing sleep—prominent among our luxuries and comforts, receiving a large supply of fresh oysters—we were conveyed to Yorktown. Taking a steamer here, we proceeded on our way, under the direction of the Provost Marshall's Department, to Fortress Monroe, where, on arriving in the evening, we were at once taken to Gen. Meredith's headquarters, to whom we reported in person. All that we had seen, and heard, and endured, we related to him in detail, a story which he listened to with deep interest. We also gave him all the information that we had picked up on the way. He told us we had brought in some very valuable intelligence, and that we would be remembered from the war department. He said it was one of the best escapes, under the circumstances, which the war had yet brought to light. He supplied us with everything necessary from the Quartermaster's Department at Fortress Monroe, in the line of clothing and army supplies generally, giving us an entire new outfit of uniform *gratis*—with the other needful accessories of a soldier. After the benefit of a thorough bath and scrubbing, we ventured to don the new garb, and appear once more outwardly, as we had always been inwardly, unmistakable Union cavalry-men. We not only made a more presentable appearance, but we appeared more *singly* (?) than



we had done for weeks before, there having been all along too *many* of us for the comfort of any *one*. We were then quartered in camp at Hampton, until Gen. Meredith was ready to send us North. This he did on the following day, when we took the regular daily steamer for Baltimore. On arriving in the beautiful Monumental City, not having any papers with us on account of some neglect in the Provost Marshall's Office at Fortress Monroe, we were not recognized in the character which belonged to us, and were forwarded to a Camp of Distribution, composed in a great measure of skulkers from the army, bounty-jumpers, recaptured deserters, etc. The following day we applied for a leave of absence, to either proceed to our homes on a short furlough, or to be forwarded at once to our regiment. Receiving no satisfactory answer, and being refused an audience even with the Colonel commanding, we determined to waylay him, or force an interview as he entered camp. We wished to learn what this treatment meant. Accordingly on the subsequent day, we met him as he was coming into camp—boldly accosting him, and relating, briefly, our story. He seemed to discredit it, and think it was some subterfuge, such as the class of men under his charge would resort to, but said he would inquire into the facts. This he did, and the next day came up to camp, with a furlough for each of us for twenty days. Welton, however, refused to accept this furlough, preferring to rejoin the regiment at once. He had been home just before having been captured, at the







time he had received his severe wounds. But I had not been home since leaving when the war began, and was naturally anxious to make a visit there. Besides, I was still in sorry plight, and wished to see my friends for a short time. I did not know whether my family knew where I was at the time or not. As I afterwards discovered, they had considered me dead all along, until they had received a few lines scrawled on the leaf of a diary, which I had written while in prison at Richmond, and enclosed in a rebel envelope, directing through the care of the commissioners for the exchange of prisoners. Wonderful to relate, it had found its way to Mauch Chunk, and there gave a clue to my whereabouts, my condition, and prospects, which at that time were gloomy enough. I had, before, been reported killed in action. Capt. Tombler, of the company, had even gone so far as to call at my father's house, while on leave of absence from the army, and give the details of my supposed death. He related that parties had seen me fall dead from my horse, from a wound through the head, and that my horse had returned riderless to the Company's ranks. Some of the men had seen me while motionless, on the ground, with the blood streaming from a wound, where a rifle ball had apparently passed through my brain. I was considered dead, and mourned as such. My obituary was published in the papers at Mauch Chunk. I had the rare and peculiar pleasure of reading it on my visit home. It was couched in the usual vocabulary of eulogy on the death of a soldier. On receiving my



leave of absence, I went to the Quartermaster's Department in Baltimore by direction, and was furnished with transportation as far as Philadelphia, which was charged to me on the pay-rolls. On arriving there, I again applied to the Quartermaster's Department, but was informed that transportation could not be furnished, since troops going home were not entitled to it by the regulations, they allowing it only to troops returning to the army. This again placed me in a rather bad predicament, as I was totally destitute of means at the time. But after working on the sympathies of the Lieut. Colonel and Quartermaster of the department, I managed to induce him to grant me transportation home on furlough. I had nothing, of course, but my own story as a basis on which to claim the privilege, which it was optional with them to believe or not. I immediately started for the depot, but before reaching there I met many former friends, any one of whom would have cheerfully rendered the necessary assistance. I arrived in Mauch Chunk at 10 o'clock that night, which was the evening before Thanksgiving day, according to Presidential and Gubernatorial proclamations. My appearance greatly surprised my relatives. They looked on me as if I had just arisen from the grave. It was the occasion of great rejoicing, even at that late hour of night. The "fatted calf" was brought forth, without further ceremony, and over its slaughtered remains hilarious enjoyment reigned supreme. They had, it is true,



received a letter, which proved that I had not perished in battle, but knowing that I was incarcerated in Libby Prison, and having learned to what privations and sufferings the prisoners were there subjected, they had reasonably concluded that I had perished.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

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*BATTLE-FIELDS BY MOONLIGHT.*

I FOUND my native town at this time the headquarters of a regiment, which had been sent into the mining regions of Eastern Pennsylvania, to suppress riots, and enforce drafts. On the following day, Thanksgiving, a dinner was tendered this command by the citizens of Mauch Chunk. Upon learning that I had arrived the night before, I was visited by several committees, and urgently requested to be present. Feeling still very miserable, however, from the effects of my late trials, and also on account of my wound, which now needed all possible care and attention, I declined the invitation, and remained at home. I continued under the best of care, until my furlough expired, and still further during an extension of my leave of absence.

The time having at last expired, I again proceeded to rejoin my Company and regiment, which was then encamped at Bull Run Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, guarding the bridge at that point. This road was then used, as one of the military avenues, for the conveyance of troops and sup-



plies to the army. On January 25th, 1864, I rejoined the Company and regiment, at Bull Run Bridge, where they were still guarding the railroad and station. About the time I reached the Company, they had been acting under an order from the War Department in reference to veteran re-enlistments.

On reaching my old comrades, they were surprised and delighted to see me, but they had been already apprised of my escape from the rebel dungeons. Most of the remaining members of the Company were still present, they having re-enlisted for three years longer, or during the war, from January 1st, 1864. My first duty then was to go and do likewise, which I accordingly did, and was duly enrolled and mustered in as a veteran volunteer, of Company A, Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, now commanded by Capt. Joseph Andrews, Capt. Tombler having been transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps.

But we must now return to the time I was last with the Company, and endeavor to trace up its history during my absence from its ranks. On the 13th of October, 1863, the day after our fight at Sulphur Springs, our little band was engaged with the enemy near Bristow Station, where Warren, with portions of the 2d and 5th Army Corps, succeeded in defeating the enemy, and really in dealing him the blow, that caused him to abandon his intentions, whatever they were—in his flank movement on Washington. To take Washington by surprise, they found out was a



rather more difficult task than they had imagined. General Meade, having penetrated their designs, was ready for them at all points. The enemy, finding their plans baffled, at once retired, and moved back gradually to their old position on the Rapidan. Gen. Meade followed them closely, and in fact forced them to some extent. By a dexterous movement on the 7th of November, he succeeded in capturing a large number of prisoners, with several officers of high rank, at Rappahannock Station and Kelley's Ford, on the Rappahannock. The enemy immediately afterwards beat a hasty retreat, and by the 8th of November was safely in their works at the Rapidan. After our army had been located again in their camps, north of the Rapidan and around Culpepper, our regiment was divided, and detachments of companies and squadrons were placed along the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, to protect that line of communication with the enemy. Our Company was detailed with Company F, and sent to Bull Run Bridge, our regimental headquarters being at Bristow Station. While the enemy were retiring, the regiment had been in camp a few days at Fayetteville, Va., where the pay and muster rolls were made out, and the Company was mustered for the months of September and October, 1863. All the changes that appear on these rolls, we have detailed in the course of our narrative. Our men, recently absent on recruiting service, had now returned with Capt. Andrews.

On account of the preponderance of western in-





fluence in our regiment, no First Lieutenant was commissioned for upwards of a year after Capt. Andrews had been promoted, although several had been recommended from our regimental headquarters. The company had used all the influence they could command to counteract these recommendations, and succeeded in staying them until members from our own ranks had been recommended. We remained quietly in camp at Bull Run Bridge, making occasional scouts towards Gainesville and Aldie, until the latter part of January, 1864.

I can remember often riding over Bull Run Battle Field, on moonlight nights, and hearing the horse's feet kicking the skulls of soldiers who had fallen there, during the memorable battles of two years before. Here and there human bones, singly and in heaps, lay white and glistening in the dew and moonlight—a ghastly memorial of struggles, on the fiery front of war. Yet all was calm and still now, the skies deeply azure, starry, and unclouded, the trees stark and bare, lifting their skeleton forms against the horizon, and no sound save the trample, on stone or skull, of horse-hoofs, and occasionally the light skirr and clatter of fantastic icicles or crisp leaves, hurried along the frozen pools, as frosty winds arose and whirled a moment, subsiding then into utter calmness. Here and there on forest limbs a single leaf lingered, attached by the spiral of a dry and brittle stem. There was not tumult enough now, to even shake this frail thing from its parent hold—a very “metaphor of peace.” Yet beneath this hallowed ground were



thousands upon thousands of heroic dead—the remains of a patriotism and valor, which were prompt and foremost at the nation's call of danger. Their blood has soaked this soil, and their bones lie under its frozen sod, where “they will remain forever!” Peace and honor, through all time, to their heroic ashes.

Although a very serious and inappropriate subject for humor, I will mention here a circumstance, which is certainly very novel. One night, while returning from a guerilla scouting tour, we were crossing these historic grounds, when a rather eccentric comrade in our command, gathered a number of these skulls, strung them together on a wire, and threw them across his saddle. They knocked and clattered together, making a doleful chime, as he galloped along.

On the 25th of November, occurred the memorable movement of the Army of the Potomac—the crossing of the Rapidan and attack of the enemy's lines at Oak Woods and other places. On the 27th, pretty heavy fighting ensued. The enemy were found in strong position at Mine Run. After feeling the rebel condition, and satisfying himself, that his post could not be taken without great slaughter, Gen. Meade, on the 28th inst., concluded to withdraw his army from before the enemy's works, which he accordingly did, recrossing to the north side of the Rapidan, and moving into camp for the winter, in and around Culpepper, Va. This movement of Gen. Meade's has been strongly criticized by a great many, but it is sanctioned, too, by large numbers.



On the whole it was probably better to risk the chances of censure, than to attempt the re-enactment of the terrible scenes of Fredericksburg, under Burnside.

On the 31st of December, 1863, the company had been mustered for pay on the November and December rolls. On these we find the following promotions, changes, etc.: Private John Fiddler, promoted to Quartermaster's Sergeant, vice Wm. E. Thomas, deceased. This soldier, having been greatly reduced through sickness in hospital, was granted a furlough to return to his home in Carbon County, to convalesce and recuperate. While I was at home on furlough, after returning from the rebel prison, I was notified of the presence of a soldier at the American House, Mauch Chunk, who desired to see me. I called on him, but could not recognize the features of my old friend Thomas, he had been so emaciated and reduced. He was scarcely able to speak. I remained with him during the night, and the next day accompanied him to his home at Jeansville, where, after arriving, he almost immediately expired, in the arms of his mother and sister.

Private Simon Dreisbach and Private Chas. Keck were discharged for disability in October.

On the 31st of December, 1863, those men who had re-enlisted for three years, were discharged under their first enlistment, and on the 1st of January, 1864, were mustered into service again as veteran volunteers. There were thirty-four of these, in all. On the 16th of January, more members of the Com-



The first of these is the fact that the medical profession has been largely unprepared for the emergency of a general epidemic of influenza. The second is the fact that the medical profession has been largely unprepared for the emergency of a general epidemic of influenza.

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pany rejoining us, from hospitals, detached service, etc., the most of these also re-enlisted, and were mustered in on January 17th. Six were received at this time, and two some time afterward, when I re-enlisted, making in the Company, forty-two veterans, whose names are in a table annexed. These men, after two years of hard cavalry service in the field, which was now becoming the most active and arduous branch, willingly enrolled themselves again in their country's service, to fight its battles in the ranks for three years longer. Many of these fell in the subsequent campaigns against the enemy, to whose ashes be all honor and peace forevermore. The Company remained at Bull Run Bridge, until January 20th, 1864, during which time I had rejoined its ranks.

We were now ordered to unite with the regiment at Bristow Station, which was at the time being concentrated again at that point. After doing picket and scouting duty in the vicinity of Bristow for General Crawford, commanding the Pennsylvania Reserves, with whom our little force was now temporarily detached from the brigade, we scouted the country far around on both sides of the railroad. Frequently we reached as far as Warrenton, and met parties of guerillas, occasionally, with whom we had some sharp skirmishes. During the winter we captured several of these. On two different occasions we entered Moseby's camp, but found it vacated both times—the wily rebel having almost miraculously got wind of our intention. He was a singularly



active, vigilant and subtle foe. It was impossible to even surprise him, to say nothing of effecting his capture. In the darker crimes of the rebellion, he evinced the merits of a military Claude Duval or Dick Turpin. General Lew. Wallace denominated him, in some respects, the smartest and most remarkable man the war had produced. I do not agree with such a judgment, although I am assured of the fact, that he acted more brilliantly in this sneaking kind of warfare, than others whose names are blatant from the horn of fame. But this kind of ability is very common, and is at once associated with, and evoked by reckless and corrupt morals—the large mushroom of skilled villainy which the dung-hill of destructiveness sometimes surprisingly displays in war. Almost any common felon, who has been educated into vigilance and alertness by depredations on the laws of society, will make so many escapades from and successful depredations on just law, as to startle himself even, as much as he astonishes any body else. But in times of peace these rogues, having an indefinite plane on which to operate, and their career being shortened sooner or later, but certainly in the end, by the penitentiary or the gallows, their only public appearance is one of defeat and shame, and consequently the glory of their secret but dashing success is obliterated at one fell swoop. Fortunately for Mosely the war was a very definite plane, and circumstances thus prevented the possibility of that inevitable *dénouement* which would have turned the serious splendor of his record, into the joke of such locality



and attachment, as might have been effected for his name, by cross beams and hemp.

Under the order governing veteran re-enlistments, we were all entitled to a thirty days' furlough. As we had not yet received it, many of the men were becoming anxious to obtain it, before the opening of the Spring campaign—the most of them not having been home since their first enlistment. They naturally wished to visit their friends and families. On the 17th of February our regiment was relieved from duty with the Pennsylvania Reserves, and ordered to join the brigade at Turkey Run, near Warrenton. General Crawford issued a very complimentary order concerning the manner in which we had performed the duty assigned us, while under his command. After the reading of this order to the regiment, we marched forward and joined the brigade, who were doing picket duty in the vicinity of Warrenton, and making reconnoissances for many miles around.

On the 28th of March, 1864, one hundred picked men were detailed from our regiment, together with like detachments from other regiments in the cavalry corps, to enter the command of Major Taylor of the First Maine Cavalry, and join General Kilpatrick's force at Stevensburg, which was there organizing. With this force we started on a raid into the enemy's country. Our little band numbered about 2000 men, representing all the cavalry regiments in service, in the Army of the Potomac. Crossing the Rapidan at Ely's Ford, by a bold manœuvre, we captured all the rebel pickets at that place, fifteen







in number, and proceeded rapidly to Spottsylvania Court House by way of Chancellorsville. From there we marched to Beaver Dam Station, on the Richmond and Gordonsville Railroad, where we found a large quantity of supplies. These, with the water-tank, station, etc., we destroyed by burning. We tore up the track for a considerable distance—a few of the enemy maintaining a little skirmishing at a safe distance. From Beaver Dam, we proceeded rapidly to the Brook's Turnpike, which enters Richmond. On the 1st of March, in the afternoon, we appeared before that city. We managed to move inside of two lines of fortifications, into the immediate suburbs of the city, but found the third or inner line, well manned by this time, as the city had been alarmed of our approach, and soldiers and citizens alike, were rushing to the defence. After a short skirmish, and having thrown a quantity of shells into the city, Kilpatrick, from all he could learn, concluded that it was useless to further attempt entering the rebel stronghold. But this he had actually contemplated doing—his intention having been to release the Union prisoners there confined. It was a bold and terrible raid—having been remarkable for its rapidity of movement. Probably the simple truths which we and others had recently related of the untold sufferings in those dungeons and jails, impelled this daring and desperate attempt. Concluding that it was useless to proceed further, we at once deemed it prudent to withdraw, which we accordingly did, returning in the direction of the White House on the Pamunkey—



the enemy following, with a quickly gathered force, mostly of mounted men. Several times they attacked our rear, but with little effect. On two occasions we wheeled round, and formed in line of battle—making a small *sortie* which drove them back in disorder. During the first night out of Richmond, after our attack on that city, we, being very much fatigued and worn-out, and being still in a country that had as yet been exposed very little to the inroads of our forces, we looked about for a temporary rest. We found ourselves on the plantation of the notorious Governor Wise, with abundance of corn and almost everything we could desire. Naturally enough, we here rested and feasted awhile.

It was a most palatial residence, with fine farms, laid out and richly cultivated, beautiful groves of evergreen trees in the far perspective, gorgeous barns and adjacent buildings, roads elegantly lined on both sides with brown hedge-rows of thorn and brier, thick clusters of orchard trees and finely arbored gardens and walks. From the embowered porch of this noble mansion, a most delightful stretch of country was discernible. It was, too, only typical of many others, visible at long intervals—the lordly homesteads of the slaveocracy, the aristocratic structures which had been founded and built by the exacted toil of the poor negro. Here gathered these proud land-holders and masters, living a life of elegance and luxury. Often by starry night, when flower-enamelled walk and green foliage were stirred by Summer winds, the fresh airs of heaven



have been shaken by sweet music from parlors, through the laced curtains of which, the gay youth and complacent age of "Chivalry," were visible in the mellow light, smiling, chatting, flirting or moving with measured step in the enlivening circles of a waltz. Not far away, in some hovel, at the same time perhaps, a few poor wretches were huddled together, late from the slave-market, where husband and wife, parent and child had been rudely torn asunder, in all probability, forever. To the mind which could eject such thoughts, or more expediently still conscientiously believe in the moral right of human chattels, such a life was the very perfection of ease and luxurious enjoyment. The beautiful, happy homesteads, the genial climate, the profuse and gratuitous profits, the gay social circles of wealth and refinement, the horse-race, gaming-table and imported wines, comprise a *repertoire* of pleasure, from which, with only hygienic prudence, nearly all the delights that this world can yield were to be obtained. But not all entirely, because there is a serene, elevated, pervading contentment, if not positive enjoyment, in that sense of useful labor performed, deeds of beneficence achieved, conviction of duty accomplished to our fellow-man and to the Father and Master of us all, to which, in its best embodiment, I believe the slave-holder must have been a stranger. Outwardly, however, there was everything to excite admiration and stimulate desire.





## CHAPTER XIX.

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*STRUCK AN OYSTER-MINE.*

THE neighborhood was, at this time, a kind of oyster depot for the city of Richmond. We found here huge hogsheads of the recently opened shell-fish, which probably should have been considered sacred, as having been the property of Governor Wise. Not recognizing his authority, though, and not admiring particularly his antecedents or present posture of loyalty, we set to work and devoured the luscious morsels with acute relish. The whole force looked like Fulton Market or Second Street on set days, a busy, bustling scene wherein appetite, in all phases, went eagerly catering and procuring for the next meal. Our men could be seen running across the fields with hats full of the succulent and delicious bits, and even the horses' noose-bags were called into requisition, and filled with oysters to overflowing. Every haversack was "clock-full," and some even tried to gorge their canteens with the unshelled bivalves. Mouths were bulged out and mincingly active, and pyloric valves were strained to their utmost tension, in a laudable



effort to detain the crunched morsels, and afford a chance for *chymi-chylification*. The brain and spine of Kilpatrick's corps, were veritably invigorated and phosphorized on that occasion. The spectacle was most ludicrous! I doubt if the discovery of a gold-mine, with the precious metal already purified and formed into ingots with handles on, would have excited a more general and indiscriminate scramble. The whole force went, pell-mell, into the oyster tanks. In gloating eagerness and activity, it must have resembled a scene enacted on a neighboring spot, over two centuries before, when the colonists of John Smith, "dug gold, refined gold, loaded gold"—but, unlike our hearty veterans, came to grief and disappointment by their greediness.

On the ensuing morning we proceeded in the direction of White-House Landing, near which place we met a force of men, that had been sent by order of General Butler from Yorktown, to meet and unite with us in our raid. They were mostly colored troops, and the first that we had yet seen. Their appearance created much merriment, but we did not disdain to accept of the re-enforcement, as the enemy were beginning to hover about our little band in overwhelming numbers. On meeting the colored troops, therefore, cheer after cheer were given, to which the happy re-enforcement responded with heartiness—their eyes restless and their teeth visible from a joy which laughed outright and characteristically—displaying white rings and marble-like rows in a sprinkled and comical confusion, on the dark but patriotic back-



ground. They then filed aside, and stood crowding the road, as we moved forward. They followed us, marching in excellent order, and evincing good discipline. After entering the lines of the colored troops, we were relieved from duty. We proceeded quietly to Yorktown, Va., where we arrived, on March 3d, 1864, encamping in the vicinity. We were pretty thoroughly tired out, and exhausted, having marched nearly 200 miles in four days, with occasional skirmishing on the *route*. Remaining here several days, a portion of the command was put on board of transports and taken to Norfolk and Portsmouth, where an attack at that time was anticipated from the enemy.

At the time we started from Culpepper, another column, under the command of Col. Ulrich Dahlgren, also marched forth on a raid. He was to have proceeded by another *route* to join Kilpatrick near Richmond, but having been misled by a guide, whom he afterwards hung without ceremony, he could not effect the connection intended. He, therefore, tried to go down through King and Queen's counties, north of the York River, to Gloucester Point, opposite Yorktown, but his forces were ambushed in the night by a band of rebel guerillas, and Col. Dahlgren was killed while riding at the head of his troops. Many of his command were also killed, wounded, and captured by the enemy. Col. Dahlgren's body was stripped, and his fingers cut off from his hands, in order to secure the rings he had worn. His body was otherwise horribly mutilated, and then secretly





buried—the rebels wreaking an insane vengeance on the lifeless corpse. They reported that they had found papers on his body, in which the purpose of the raid was set forth to have been, the release of Union prisoners, the assassination of Davis and his cabinet, and the burning of the city. It had been calculated, after we got possession of the rebel capital, that Butler should march in from below. But our plans were now all frustrated. The expedition to Norfolk returning, after remaining at Yorktown about a week, we were there put on board of transports, and taken to Alexandria, Va. Here we disembarked, and marched by the way of Fairfax Court House, Manassas and Cattlett's Station, to Turkey Run, and again rejoined the regiment, having been absent seventeen days and nights. We experienced some pretty rough times, and had a great deal of very poor fare, with some that was delightful. Our horses, however, presented a worn appearance. We were all now, in tough health and excellent spirits—ready for any exploit, however daring or hazardous. The main object of our expedition, had not been accomplished, but we had succeeded in effecting considerable damage to the enemy's lines, and in giving them somewhat of a scare. When we appeared before the inner wall of defence—before the rebel capital, a frenzy of alarm seized the populace, and chivalric valor, shot confusedly to and fro, “like sparks in burnt-up paper.” We had injured their lines of communication, and destroyed much of their



property. On these exploits we contented ourselves for the time.

During our absence, the pay-rolls for the months of January and February, 1864, were made out. On these we find the following promotions, changes, etc. Private James Smith, promoted to Corporal, and private Joseph Shivelhuth, discharged for disability. Two days afterwards, arriving at, and rejoining our regiment, the veteran furloughs for thirty days, to each man, arrived. We proceeded at once to enjoy them, turning in our horses without delay. We went to Alexandria, and thence to Harrisburg, *via* Washington and Baltimore. On leaving the Keystone State Capital, for our different homes, on the 25th of March, 1864, we carried with us all our arms. After thirty swift, happy days of visitations and pleasures, during which we often boisterously fought our battles over again, on a small scale, we again reassembled at Harrisburg, on the 25th of April, 1864, and two days after, proceeded to Washington. Thence we went to camp on Turkey Run, near Warrenton. Upon arriving here late in the evening, our horses having, in the meantime, been turned over to other regiments in the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac, who were again preparing for the march, we, being dismounted, were ordered back to Washington, and quartered in Camp Stoneman, a dismounted cavalry camp, at Giesboro Point, opposite the National Capital. Here we remained until May 12th, when being again mounted and equipped, we proceeded on transports to Bell



Plaine Landing, on the Potomac. While in Camp Stoneman, however, we received a large number of recruits, which helped to fill up our now thinned-out ranks. The names of these recruits will be found in a table annexed. I was appointed to act as Sergeant Major, of that portion of the regiment in Camp Stoneman. The pay and muster rolls, were also made out here, for the months of March and April. The following changes appear on them: Private Wm. T. Hess, promoted to Corporal, and private Joseph Hand, died, while at home on a veteran furlough. After disembarking at Belle Plaine, we remained in that vicinity, until the 14th of May, doing picket duty on the line of communications between Belle Plaine and Falmouth. The former was then the base of supplies of our army. The whole Union lines were in motion under Grant, who had lately assumed the command of all the armies, and of the Army of the Potomac in person, making his headquarters with that force. The cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac had been re-organized under an entire stranger to it—one Phil. Sheridan, from the West. With him, it at first, made some rather awkward movements, but of its after career it is not for us to speak, in terms of praise, commensurate with its deserts. Suffice it to say, that Sheridan manifested, on many occasions, the highest military qualities, and his name will ever be one of the most resplendent on the pages of history. The army being now in motion, and heavily engaged with the enemy in the Wilderness, and at Chancellorsville,





many wounded were momentarily arriving from the front, on their way to hospitals in the North. The army had fought several of the most terrific battles of the war during the past week, in which we, being absent, had taken no part. Many thousands of prisoners, also; arrived at Belle Plaine, being detachments of rebel corps. Prominent among those now captured, was Johnson's entire division, with its commander, which was captured by Hancock, in his memorable charge at Spottsylvania. A force of cavalry having collected at Belle Plaine, detachments of various regiments—all were consolidated, and placed under command of Lieut. Col. Chamberlain, of the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry.

On the 18th of May, we marched along with this force to Fredericksburg, crossing the Rappahannock on pontoons. We found the town full of wounded, with fresh arrivals from the front continually pouring in. From this we inferred that the work in front was no play, but that the fighting must be terrific. The town of Fredericksburg, at this time, presented a sad picture of the realities of war. The dead and the dying, the mutilated and wounded, lay in confusion all over the city, in the streets, the alleys and everywhere. The town itself had been completely riddled with shot and shell, during the great battle in its environs. There was not a house in the city, which was not perforated through and through, and in fact many of them were completely shattered and demolished. It presented a frightful picture of the havoc of war. During the engagement



in Fredericksburg, a shower of fire and lurid smoke had encircled and enveloped the town, through which, thick and fast, fell shot and shell, piercing great walls, bursting in dwellings, bounding from stone fronts to street again, firing houses, here and there, and making it close and hot quarters for the rebel sharpshooters, who were concealed in the town, and along the river. The spectacle was fearful and revolting in its terrific grandeur.

Every attention that possibly could be afforded, was paid to our wounded; the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, those noble outgrowths of the war, and the embodiment especially of female beneficence and patriotism in the North, being active and efficient in the good work. Many an unfortunate soldier was cared for by them, and will ever have cause to bless these merciful institutions for timely assistance. Numbers of the rebel wounded were also brought in and well cared for. Some of these had been captured during the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania. They were treated the same as our own troops.



## CHAPTER XX.

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*COLD HARBOR AND GAINES' HILL.*

ON the 19th of May, we marched to the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, near Spottsylvania Court House, and were ordered to a position on the left of Grant's lines, near Massaponix Church. There we joined the provisional brigade of cavalry, under Gen. Torbett, the main body of the cavalry corps having gone off under Sheridan, on a raid on the enemy's lines of communication. Grant was now on the memorable ground, on which his famous dispatch was written to the Secretary of War: "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer!" The cavalry corps, under Sheridan, on the 8th of May, cut the rebel lines at Beaver Dam Station, on the Virginia Central Railroad, captured and destroyed several trains of cars, and the identical depot, that under Kilpatrick we had destroyed before, and which had since been rebuilt. It was now stored with the supposed amount of 1,500,000 rations, all of which were reduced to ashes. A large number of our prisoners were also recaptured. The enemy were about hurrying them





to Richmond. Sheridan then marched South to Ashland Station, and destroyed the buildings and depot at that place, tore up the track, and demolished six railroad culverts, and two bridges. Marching still onward, he encountered Gen. Stuart's cavalry, and a fight ensued, in which the famous J. E. B. Stuart, was killed, May 11th, 1864. After defeating the enemy's cavalry, he marched on to Richmond, to find the works around that city strongly manned, and too well prepared for him. He then crossed the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge, where the enemy pursuing him a fight ensued. The rebels were here checked and driven back. He pursued them to Turkey Bend, on the James River, making a junction with Butler's forces, May 14th, 1864.

Early on the morning of May 21st, our provisional cavalry brigade marched, in advance of the Army of the Potomac, by way of Guinea Station, to Bowling Green and Milford Station, on the Fredericksburg, Richmond and Acquia Creek Railroad, making a flank movement on the enemy and forcing him to vacate his position, around Spottsylvania Court House. The rebels then fell back to a position on the south side of the North Anna. Our army again took position, when a fight ensued, lasting during the succeeding three days. Our army, on arriving at Milford Station, repulsed a small force of the enemy there, and the infantry coming up, our Company was detached to Bowling Green to do provost duty. On the 23d of May, we



again took up the line of march in advance of the army, and found the rebels, where they had located, on the North Anna. Notwithstanding the army fought three days, it was found difficult or impossible to dislodge them. Another flank movement was, therefore, concluded upon. The cavalry corps, under Sheridan, again rejoined the army on the 26th of May, and ours and all the other regiments were again consolidated. The cavalry corps marched in advance of the army on a flank movement, arriving early on the morning of the 27th at Pamunkey River, seventeen miles west of White House Landing. We crossed on pontoon bridges, and encamped on the south side of the army, following after. On the 28th we marched to Hawes' Shop, found the enemy in force, and immediately attacked him. Our division fought hard all day, and finally, in the evening, by the assistance of Custer's Michigan cavalry brigade, succeeded in defeating and routing the enemy, under Breckinridge—driving their whole forces of infantry and cavalry, in utter confusion. Our cavalry loss, however, was considerable, there being 400 killed and wounded in our division. In our regiment 1 officer and 3 men were killed, and 8 men wounded. This was as hardly a contested cavalry fight as any that had occurred. In the evening, after having established a secure line of pickets, the main body of the corps retired and went into camp. About this time the forage gave out, and the horses of the whole corps had to subsist on the poorest kind of grazing. On the 30th of May, the enemy drove in our pickets, at



Old Church Tavern, and a sharp and decisive fight ensued. The enemy were driven back, with a loss of 100, by our own regiment. On the day following, the Second Cavalry Brigade, marched to White House Landing, and drew rations and forage. While we were absent this day from the corps, it had a heavy fight with the enemy's cavalry and infantry at Cold Harbor. On June 1st we marched to Cold Harbor, and rejoined our division, finding the army hotly engaged with the rebels, whom it continued to attack, and endeavored to drive from their position for several days. But the enemy having obstructed the country around, by slashing the timber, and filling the roads with all manner of obstacles, it was found almost impossible to cross these. After a terrible sacrifice of life, finding it almost annihilation to continue the assaults on the rebel lines, Gen. Grant concluded to desist. The enemy had also made several heavy attacks on our lines, but were likewise repulsed with great slaughter, their loss, however, not comparing with ours. It has been estimated by many responsible parties, that we lost, at Cold Harbor, twenty to one compared with what the enemy lost. This great disparity was occasioned by the advantageous and protected position of the rebels, and our repeated and fruitless efforts to dislodge them, through tangled brush and almost insurmountable obstacles. When our troops once entered these, they were picked off by the enemy, to a man almost. The second cavalry division, had a position on the left of the army, near Gaines' Hill, June 2d,





when a considerable amount of skirmishing was kept up all along our front. Finally, we established a line from Gaines' Hill to Bottom's Bridge. The enemy, finding range of our positions, shelled us with considerable effect, and we were forced to remove our camps. The battle fields of Cold Harbor and Gaines' Hill, will ever be remembered, as among the saddest episodes recorded in the history of the war. Many—very many homes, in the North, were desolated by the events which transpired on these bloody fields. Thousands of hopeful patriots, were here, vainly sacrificed, in the laudable effort, however, at meeting and defeating the country's foes, wherever they could be found. Their remains still lie bleaching on southern plains, and in the low swamps of Virginia—a part of that great host of unknown martyrs, who have gone nameless to a soldier's grave. Their deeds are unheralded here by the trump of fame, but are glorified and rewarded, among the shining throngs of a just heaven.

On the 6th of June, we broke camp, marched to New Castle Ferry, on the Pamunkey, crossed the river at that place, and encamped on the north side. The next morning, after relieving the command of all unserviceable horses, and of the men also, who had become *hors-du-combat*, we took up a line of march north—the command consisting of the 1st and 2d divisions of cavalry, under the personal charge of Gen. Sheridan. We had not the least idea, however, where we were bound, receiving orders not to waste any of our rations or forage, but to pursue our way



quietly through the country. We encamped the first night at Ellis's Mills, sixteen miles from New Castle Ferry, marching the next day to Polecat Station, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Acquia Creek Railroad. This line not being called into requisition now, for any of the army movements, no damage was done to it. Our slender supply of forage and rations giving out, we were now compelled to begin to subsist on the country, through which we were passing. On the night of June 9th, we encamped west of Mount Pleasant, passing through that town during the day. Owing to the excessive heat and sultriness of the weather, and the exhausted condition of our horses from the scarcity of forage, two hundred and fifty of them gave out in our command during the day, many of them dying from actual *coups-de-soleil*. Not wishing to have the horses recaptured for the enemy's use, they were shot as soon as they gave out. A guard was detailed with instructions to perform this duty, in case any were found moping along in a peculiarly distressed condition. The saddles and equipments, were, of course, brought with us, and carried in wagons. There being no horses, scarcely, in the country through which we were passing, those who in this manner became dismounted, had to walk, thereby causing our march to be slower than it would otherwise have been.

On the 10th inst., we marched to within eight miles of Louisa Court House, many more of the men becoming dismounted from the cause specified. Our



rations having been entirely exhausted, foraging parties were now sent out on the flanks of the column, who literally "cleaned out" the section of everything edible for man or beast, operating over strips of country for miles wide, all along the line of march, both right and left. There were rather rough deeds perpetrated by us in Virginia, at this time, out of sheer necessity. The people being very poor, at best, were made now entirely destitute of provisions, and we thus gave them fair prospects of a famine. We were obliged to appropriate to our own uses, all they had. We came down upon them like swarms of locusts, eating up the very seed for their next harvests. On account of this, maddened by the intrusion, what few men were left in the country, hovered around in the shape of guerillas, picking up any stray foragers they found, and making summary examples of them. In consequence, it was no uncommon sight to see our dead comrades suspended conspicuously from the limbs of trees along our line of march, and labelled "Such will be the fate of every forager caught!" But the promptings of necessity were not to be checked by any such measures. As well might they have attempted to dam up the James River with bulrushes or bales of straw, as to check the iron will of a large army. These scare-crows, horrible and revolting as they were, only whetted the operations of our men, giving to their movements sometimes a slight coloring of vengeance. Several of the bodies I saw suspended in this manner, I re-





cognized as those of well-remembered soldiers from our command.

By June 11th, on resuming the line of march, we found ourselves in the vicinity of the Virginia Central Railroad, at Trevillion Station. Here we met the enemy, who having been apprised of our raid into the country, had sent a force to meet us. The object of our movement now, was apparently Gordonsville, which was not very far distant. A fight, however, ensued here, and we soon found the enemy in strong force, under General Wade Hampton. We forced them back to and over the railroad, where they endeavored ineffectually to make a stand. Our brigade here made a gallant dismounted charge, driving the rebels in confusion from that position, and completely routing them. We then took possession of the railroad and station, destroying several miles of track. The balance of the command pursued the rebels up the railroad, and there they likewise tore up the rails as far as they went. In this engagement our regimental loss was thirty men, killed and wounded. The Company had two men wounded: private George Schlager, who was seriously hurt in the side, and George W. Moss, who had been struck lightly by a piece of shell. I witnessed here the striking of two of our horses by a solid shot, which tore out the intestines of these poor animals, and scattered their contents among the troops. It was a horrible spectacle. After a great deal of reconnoitering, finding that the enemy were pretty well prepared to defend Gordonsville, which it was,



no doubt, the intention of General Sheridan to take, he concluded to apparently abandon this purpose. Accordingly, on the night of the 12th, we began a retrograde movement to rejoin the Army of the Potomac. On the night of the 14th, we encamped near Todd's tavern—a noted place in the opening of the Spring campaign. On the following day our command marched over the battle-fields of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court House, encamping near Guinea Station. We here had a splendid opportunity of viewing the defensive lines of both armies, during the memorable campaign, some of whose most brilliant events had already transpired. We witnessed, too, many sad and revolting sights during the day. Here were myriad graves of soldiers, so shallow that it seemed the sod had just been lifted to receive them. Thirty or forty bodies had been consigned to this hasty sepulchre at one time and in one place. Hands, feet and portions of the head sometimes protruded from the ground. Locks of hair were seen exposed, the winds tossing them at their own reckless caprice. Sometimes a portion of the tattered uniform was seen, through openings in the ground. A hand now and then was clearly visible, from which the flesh had been devoured or decomposed—a skeleton hand without, attached still to the bloated and decaying flesh of the body within the tomb. One of our comrades was bold and curious enough, to probe one of the half-uncovered skulls, with the point of his sabre, and elevate it above his head. The decomposition not having been completed, the brains



in a dark stream of putrid corruption, ran down the glittering blade, over his hand, and into his coat-sleeve. He was at once prostrated with a deathly sickness, at the revolting and ghastly spectacle which he had evoked from the sepulchre.





## CHAPTER XXI.

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### *MORE HARD FIGHTING AND GUERILLA OUTRAGES.*

ON June 16th, we again took up the line of march, passing through Bowling Green, and encamping ten miles south of that point on the Newtown Road. Many of the men were now dismounted. These, with many prisoners, whom they had captured at Trevillion Station, were compelled to proceed on foot—the few wagons that we had with us, being all filled with those who were worn-out with fatigue. On the 17th, we passed through Newtown, and encamped about twelve miles from that place. The next day we continued onward, through King and Queen's County, and encamped near the county seat. Foraging had to be carried on, during all this time, for the subsistence of the entire command. While foraging in King and Queen's County—a section notorious for the brutalities perpetrated on the dead body of Dahlgren by the guerillas—many of our foragers who straggled out a little from the main body, were found with their throats cut hanging on trees, or otherwise mangled and mutilated. These outrages were committed by, perhaps, identically the



same guerilla bands. The people in this locality, generally, were naturally much incensed at having their stock and subsistence all taken. They were, besides, genuine rebels at heart. General Sheridan now issued very strict orders, to prevent the men from straggling off alone. From King and Queen's County Court House all the prisoners and dismounted men were sent to West Point, on the York River, where they took transports, and went to their respective and appropriate places of *rendezvous*. The command then marched for White House Landing, where we arrived on the evening of June 20th, and drew regular rations and forage for the first time in two weeks. We were now very glad to dispense with corn-meal, etc., that we had foraged from the country, and had been subsisting on, and once more to feast on Uncle Sam's bountiful rations. We found them more delectable and invigorating than the others.

On our arrival at White House Landing, we learned that the Army of the Potomac had departed, having left the vicinity of Cold Harbor and Gaines' Hill, where we had parted from it, and gone to the South side of the James River. We in part marched across by land to the North side, and another portion passed round by transports, by way of Fortress Monroe. The portion that marched by land across the James River at Fort Powhatan, proceeded in the direction of Petersburg, Virginia, where the enemy were afterwards strongly posted, and the memorable "long siege" ensued. On the morning



of June 21st, we were routed out early, and double-quickened, dismounted, out about three miles, in the direction of Old Church, near White House Landing. Soon afterwards we were attacked by rebels, and heavy skirmishing was kept up all day, they proving to be the forces of Hampton and Fitz Hugh Lee, whose intention was to take White House Landing by surprise, before Sheridan arrived, attack and capture the trains and all the supplies left at this late base. But they were about twelve hours too late, as we happened to be on hand. We lay in line of battle all the ensuing night, and in the mean time our horses were brought up to this point. On the following days, scouting parties reported that the enemy had retreated. On the 23d we were withdrawn from here, and our two divisions marched as escort to a large supply train, consisting of 2,500 wagons. Our regiment marched on the flank, with other regiments, crossing the Chickahominy at Jones' Bridge, where we encamped for the night. On the morning of the 24th of June, our division proceeded to St. Mary's church, forming a temporary and very meagrely deployed line, on account of its extreme length, for the purpose of guarding the flank of the trains on their way to the James River. We lay in line of battle all day, guarding the approaches to the road on which the trains were passing to Sandy Point, on the James River. In the afternoon the rebels attacked us, lightly at first, keeping up a little skirmishing along our whole line, until toward evening, when we dismissed all fears of any serious attack,





merely supposing that they were reconnoitering, to find out what might be our intentions. In the evening, however, they attacked us in overwhelming numbers, driving in our pickets, rapidly at first, and soon forcing our main lines, which were very light. The other division, having been in advance of the train, was by this time safely encamped on the banks of the river, miles away, while Gregg's division was now about to meet with one of those serious reverses known in the parlance of war, as "a cavalry stampede." They, however, again attacked us, too late to accomplish their object, if such it were, as we supposed, to capture the train, as the wagons had by this time all arrived safely at Sandy Point. They came down upon us at first, dismounted, in heavy massed forces, consisting of Hampton's and Fitz Hugh Lee's divisions of cavalry, and Breckinridge's division of infantry. Their attack was, at first, so fierce that almost immediately it bore down all opposition and resistance—our troops notwithstanding, contesting every inch of the ground with stubborn spirit, and making the foeman's armor ring with our well directed blows. Our single battery poured volley after volley of grape shot into them, until the enemy were within a few yards of the guns. We then withdrew, not losing a single piece, but taking up new positions every few moments, recommenced the fire upon them. Our division having been thrown into confusion, on account of the long deployed line, it was found almost impossible to consolidate the force. Unfortunately for us, we had



quite a number of ambulances along with our commands at this time, some pack animals, and a few wagons, which through the confusion of the retreat, continually blocked up the road, and contributed still further to create and keep up the disorder. The enemy, though, captured but very few prisoners, and obtained from us no army supplies or equipments, of any kind whatever. Their dismounted cavalry and infantry had hesitated too long, giving our division a little too much time to concentrate and form a little, before making a cavalry charge upon our disordered ranks. If they had pushed up their first advantage, they would no doubt have captured a great many of our command, or else cut it in two. They might, in this manner, have severed it at several points, but their whole movement was a failure, and their object was unattained, as, by the time they were ready to make mounted demonstrations, we had secured positions in the timber bordering on the open country, from which we could return upon them a deadly fire, and at least safely cover ourselves. This caused them as heavy losses, as we had sustained ourselves. Our regiment, at the time the first attack was made, was all dismounted, with the exception of our squadron, our own individual little force, which comprised Companies A and K. At the time the rebels made the attack, Col. Covode had had personal command of the skirmish line dismounted. Our squadron was ordered to charge, which they did in gallant style, driving and breaking up in disorder a small force of the enemy, and pursuing them to the



edge of the woods, when we were immediately forced to retire. We performed mounted duty during the entire engagement, making several daring and very effective little charges.

Col. Covode, while exerting himself to the utmost, to check the enemy's advance, was mortally wounded, and fell into the hands of the rebels. His body not being recovered at that time, a detail was afterwards made to search it out. It was found, months afterwards, stripped entirely naked, and had been apparently much mutilated by the enemy. From the description we obtained from an old negro, who found him on the field, it appeared that he had been entirely undressed before he had expired, and that he had been left in that stark condition to die on the field. The colored man said, "He told me his name was George, and that his father was a big man in the North," meaning, of course, that his father was a man of great influence. I was one of the parties who searched for the body afterwards, at the solicitation of the father—Hon. John Covode. We found the darkey living in the vicinity, of where the fight took place, and naturally supposed, that he must know something of the circumstances. Col. Covode had conducted himself throughout with great bravery and skill, and had won the hearts of the command. Our loss was pretty heavy in this battle, being 45 killed and wounded in the regiment. Major Biddle, of our own forces, was also severely wounded. In our Company we lost private Jacob File, who was shot dead, while making the first charge. Corporal





Wm. McClure, was also severely wounded in the thigh, and his life despaired of for a time. Before he was wounded, his horse was killed, when mounting the horse of File, who had just fallen, he was struck with a ball. The majority of the horses in the command, were either killed or wounded in this engagement. My horse was disabled here.

Evening now coming on, the enemy desisted in their attacks, and we established a temporary skirmish line, until we were relieved by the 1st division, when we retired to the vicinity of Charles City Court House. Here we remained until the morning of the 25th, when marching to Sandy Point, we encamped until the wagon train, and all else had been ferried over, when we likewise crossed to the south side of the James River, where our future army career all transpired.

On June 28th, we proceeded to Prince George's Court House, where we encamped within the limits of our army. The enemy having secured possession of Petersburg, immediately before the arrival of our troops, a stoutly contested fight ensued, for the possession of the place. Several attempts were made to force the enemy to retire, which were partially successful, the rebels being forced to take up a position so close to the town of Petersburg, that Grant for the ensuing nine months shelled the city at will. The enemy stubbornly held their position, notwithstanding repeated and heavy assaults by our forces, which were in the main successful, although attended



with heavy losses. In this position, in front of Petersburg, we now found the army.

On June 30th, we were marched to Lee's Mills, situated on a stream called Second Swamp, eight miles South of Petersburg, and encamped for the night. We crossed the swamp on the 1st of July to Proctor's Hill, and forming into line of battle, lay there all day. Some of Wilson's 3d cavalry division here, gradually came in, having been on a raid in the rear and to the left of the enemy, doing much damage. They were surrounded, and the entire division almost destroyed by the rebels while returning.

On the 2d of July, we marched by way of Prince George's Court House, to the vicinity of City Point, Virginia, and encamped there. While at this point our pay and muster rolls were made out, and we were mustered for the months of May and June, 1864. No changes appear on these, except what have been already noted.

On July 4th, our regiment was ordered on picket duty, at Prince George's Court House. Our own Company, with five others, were at this time being encamped around the Court House, and quartered mostly in that building.



## CHAPTER XXII.

*A DULL FOURTH AND SAD TIDINGS.*

HERE I may say, I spent the dullest and dreari-  
est anniversary of American Independence  
in all my life. Ordered out of the Court  
House, we lay under our little shelter tents, broiling,  
sweating, and sweltering under the hot July sun.  
which, in this locality, is excessively sultry, with  
nothing to vary the monotony of the day, but the  
going out and coming in of reliefs in their turn,  
which took place every two hours. Besides this, we  
had but very little to eat, only hard tack, and not  
enough of that scarcely. The weather was dry,  
close, and very oppressive, and uncomfortable. The  
water, here, too, was hardly fit to drink. We were  
not without glorious reminiscences of the patriotic  
time, however, nor of vague imaginings of how the  
day was being celebrated in the northern cities,  
where the shades of Washington, Putnam, Warren,  
etc., were doubtlessly being suitably regarded with  
pyrotechnic displays.

On the 5th, we were relieved from picket duty,  
and marched to Light House Point, on the James





River. Here we encamped, erecting our tents in good order, and remaining until July 11th, we were re-supplied in a manner with clothing, equipments, etc. These were very much needed, as many of our command had been barefooted for some time past, and badly off for clothing. The weather was exceedingly warm, at this time, and the ground had become dry, parched, and dusty. Every day the sun rose clear, and unclouded, casting its bright splendors, with scorching power, on all living things, wilting the grass and leaves with drought, and pervading the troops with languor, weakness, and a disinclination for the stern exertions of the march and battle. But, fortunately, whilst here, we drew a small amount of luxuries from the Sanitary Commission, which proved highly palatable and refreshing. These coolingly relieved the hard and heating routine of regular army rations. On the 11th of July, we again went to Prince George's Court House, encamped there for the night, and marched the next morning early out the Jerusalem Plank Road. We encountered the enemy at Warwick Swamp, about ten miles from Petersburg, and skirmished with them, forcing them to retire as we advanced. We encamped also near Warwick Swamp, for the night, and next morning returned to Lee's Mill and Prince George's Court House, where we resumed picket duty. On July the 14th, we were relieved from picket duty, and encamped with our brigade near Lee's Mills. Water being very scarce here, we pro-



ceeded to dig a well, and after excavating to a distance of twenty-five feet below the surface, found good water to our great satisfaction. But immediately, we were ordered to break camp, and go on duty as pickets again. This work we performed in the vicinity of the Gurley House, between the Weldon Railroad and Jerusalem Plank Road. We were then relieved on the 17th, and marched to Light House Point, where we went into camp, and remained until July 26th. Camp discipline was now rigorously enforced.

While here, two comrades and myself procured a pass to visit the army lying in front of Petersburg. We called on the different regiments in whose ranks we had acquaintances. It was the first time I had seen any of this command during the whole Summer campaign. I was pained to learn that many of my old companions in the peaceful days of yore, had fallen or perished during the campaigns of the season. Among the list of dead were some of my bosom friends, those whom I had grown up with among the mountains and pleasant valleys of our native county. After spending a very pleasant day with the few who survived, we returned to our command, passing on the way, the graves of many to whom I had been warmly attached. Prominent among them was that of Samuel Peters, a Christian soldier and firm patriot, a choice companion of my school-boy days, and with whom in the sunny and happy hours of childhood I had sat side by side in the town schools,



and roamed together the valleys and mountains of our native locality. Many, very many of those whose words of welcome and smiles of recognition we had expected to meet, were cold and pale in death, the thunders of war rolling unheard above their mangled remains. To most of our inquiries, on asking after particular acquaintances, we received the sorrowful and depressing answer, "Fell mortally wounded at \* \* \*" "Missing," or "Killed in the assault on \* \* \*" or some response of like purport. Verily the late hot contests and continuous fighting along these lines, had not been without their heaps of slain. The thunders of war had not rolled in vain, along the fierce lines of musketry and artillery, which faced each other on these fields, where patriotism and treason were now centering, and eyeing each other for the last desperate encounters.

On the 26th of July we broke camp at Point Lookout, and marched to Deep Bottom, on James River, crossing to the north side on pontoon bridges, in advance of the Second Army Corps. On the 27th this organization had a brisk fight, capturing a battery of heavy guns from the enemy. On the following day our cavalry corps marched to "Four Mile Creek," in the direction of Richmond. We here met the rebels, who attacked us, but were repulsed with a loss of 100, killed and wounded, and 500 prisoners—we having driven them back in a very determined charge. We retired in the evening to "Deep Bottom," remaining on duty there until





the night of the 29th, when we again recrossed the river, and marched to the extreme left of our army at "Lee's Mills." On the day following we drove the enemy from the position they had taken on Second Swamp, and pursued them to Proctor's Hill, our squadron making here a very effectual mounted charge. The regimental loss in the engagement was one officer and five men. During our operations, on this day, at Lee's Mills, the great mine explosion occurred, whose history and the account of whose fearful havoc, have often been recorded. On the 31st of July our division marched to the vicinity of Prince George's Court House, and there entered again on picket duty. We were relieved in the evening, encamping in the vicinity of the Court House, where we remained several days. On August 4th we broke camp, marching to the Norfolk and Petersburg Rail Road, and was again ordered on picket duty. On the day following, we were withdrawn, and marched to Light House Point, where we encamped until August 8th. Our regiment then resumed guard duty at Gurley's House for three days. On being relieved, we once more went into camp near Prince George's Court House. The men of our command, who did not re-enlist, but who had come out with the Company on its original organization, were now discharged from their term of three years' service. There were twelve of them, in all. We parted with them regretfully, the sorrow at the separation being evidently mutual. But they had determined to return home, and enter again the walks of civil life. They had



served their country nobly and well, and through a long period of the war, when its clouds were darkest and most ominous, and when the danger and perils to life had been most imminent. Even now, through the night of battles, and storms, and tribulations, the day-dawn of peace was already gleaming faintly in the future, and they therefore departed with the assurance that they had aided in the decisive encounters which had torn away the gloomiest and darkest curtains of the war. Even as far back as the Gettysburg battle the crisis of rebellion had culminated, or indeed that fight may only be considered as the symptom of the crisis, as a result of that decay of rebel power which previously still had set sternly in, and impelled the desperate raid into Pennsylvania. When these war-worn and battle-scarred patriots returned to their homes therefore, they visited hills and valleys on which the blessed sunlight of peace was already settling, through the then slowly widening rifts in the portentous clouds of war. They had now ample stores of martial reminiscences, from which to draw, and entertain the circle of friends, under the green foliage of Summer, or around the blazing hearths of winter. To them hereafter, was the quiet and serenity of civil life, with all its countless comforts and blessings, but to us who were yet in the field, there still remained the toils and dangers consequent on the desperation of a wounded and dying monster, whose sharp teeth and bloody claws were ever restless and vengeful in the bitter throes of death.



On August 13th, 1864, we broke camp, and returned to Deep Bottom, crossing the James River again on pontoon bridges. On the 14th, our cavalry corps advanced in the direction of Richmond several miles, having heavy skirmishing all day. The first brigade of our division lost heavily. We retreated to Deep Bottom in the evening, the enemy not pursuing. On the 15th, we again advanced, and attacked the rebel forces, our infantry relieving us during the day, who became heavily engaged with the enemy, but succeeded in establishing our lines within ten miles of Richmond. Early on the morning of the 16th, our brigades were pushed forward on the Charles City and Richmond Road, mounted and dismounted, and drove the enemy rapidly back to White Tavern. Here we met them in heavy force, and a battle ensued. A brigade of infantry was brought up to our support. Soon after the enemy appeared in force. After a stubborn resistance, our infantry lines, composed of Miles' brigade, of the Second Corps, were compelled to retire, the enemy pursuing closely. In Miles' brigade was the Eighty-first infantry, composed in a great measure, of troops from our native valley. It was the first time, during the progress of the war, that we had fought side by side. As the infantry retired, our brigade was deployed on Gravel Hill Farm, to cover their retreat. Immediately after the infantry had withdrawn inside of our lines, we were attacked by the rebels, who sharply pursued us, and a most desperate fight ensued—the enemy making several fierce attacks. We, however,





held our position firmly, until all the disabled and non-combatants had time to get safely out of the way, when we retired gradually, in the face of the enemy, executing some very fine mounted movements under heavy fire, our regiment alone having been engaged at this time. We retired in, what is called, *achelon*. Moving back slowly, we reached the vicinity of our lines on the New Market Road, but through some oversight or deficient skill in the generalship, our division was massed outside of the line of works on the New Market Road, in a large open field, where, not being properly disposed of to receive the rebels, they began an attack simultaneously, from all sides, on the open ground where we were massed. The whole division was thrown into confusion. They now set several batteries very destructively at work on us, from the woods. A hasty stampede began, which, however, was quickly checked, and the enemy held at bay. In this day's engagement our regiment took a very active part, and we must remark, behaved nobly. Many were killed and wounded, but none were captured. In our Company we had one killed and five wounded. Corp. Hess was shot dead while on the line, his remains with the other dead that lay on the field, falling into the rebels' hands. The wounded were all secured, and sent to hospitals in the North. Among the wounded who afterwards died, was private Everhard. A complete list of these will be found annexed.

In the evening we went into camp near Malvern Hill, and there remained until the 18th inst. In this



vicinity we found immense fields of green corn, and on this rare luxury the entire command feasted for a brief season. The change was very grateful, as we had not tasted any thing of the kind for a long time. On the afternoon of August 18th, our brigade was sent as guards to relieve the 1st brigade of our division. While approaching the line to be relieved, the road upon which we were marching was shelled by the enemy. Many of their missiles took effect, dealing death and destruction in our little command. Two members of our Company were seriously wounded—John Welsh having had his leg knocked completely off at the thigh, and John Balentine being likewise badly wounded. Both were promptly conveyed to the hospital. We relieved the first brigade, and in turn were ourselves relieved the next day.

On August 20th, we broke camp at Malvern Hill, and marched again, crossing the river at Deep Bottom, and the Appomattox at Point of Rocks, near to Prince George's Court House, where we arrived on the morning of the 21st. We proceeded thence, out the Jerusalem Plank Road, and did picket duty, during the night. While we were operating on the north side of the James River, the 5th army corps, had moved by the left of our lines, taking possession of, and holding the Weldon Railroad. Notwithstanding the desperate efforts made by the enemy to retake it, it was still held by our unyielding army. On the evening of August 22d, we were relieved from picket duty, and marched to Gurley House, where we encamped. The roads, at this time, were



in a very bad condition, on account of recent rains and stormy weather. The country, in this vicinity, being naturally swampy, was now almost totally unadapted to mounted movements. About this time, our cavalry division was alone with the Army of the Potomac, the first and third divisions, having gone with Sheridan to the Shenandoah Valley to meet Early, who with his rebel hordes, were now invading Maryland, and making demonstrations on Washington. This was the noted campaign of Sheridan's—the one in which he swiftly, and terribly, “cleaned out” the Shenandoah Valley of the rebel legions, by several decisive encounters and some movements, among the most daring and brilliant of all wars. Winchester, Cedar Hill, and more particularly the 19th of October, will stand on the pages of history, in glorious emblazonry—as among the most dashing and magnificent martial demonstrations on record. Sheridan, here, showed himself, to be the compeer in genius, and valor, with such men, as Murat, Ney, and Duroc, those bright names in the history of Napoleonic wars, which no lapse of time can ever dim, on the clear firmament of glory and renown. Our own poet Thomas Buchanan Read, has immortalized the hero of this day, in verses of rare spirit and energy—in the popular lyric—“Sheridan's Ride.”





## CHAPTER XXIII.

*REBEL ENCOUNTERS AND GUERILLAS.*

**K**AUTZ'S Division of cavalry was, at this time, sent to the Army of the James, on the north side. We now had very much duty to perform, and soon after, another brigade was attached to our division. Col. Smith, of the First Maine Cavalry, had commanded our brigade, since the battle of Gravel Hill Farm, Col. Gregg having been severely wounded there on that day. On the 22d of August, we moved, in company with the Second Army Corps, down the Weldon Railroad, tearing up, and destroying the track as we moved along, and encamping during the night at Fort Du Chesne. On the 23d of August, we moved on down the railroad to Reams' Station. In the evening the rebel cavalry appeared in our vicinity, driving in our pickets, and keeping up a brisk skirmishing, in which Capt. Parks, at the time commanding our regiment, was mortally wounded. He was a soldier of intelligence, true courage, and considerable dash, and was the third regimental commander that we had now lost in action. All the next day, we remained in the



vicinity of Reams' Station, the infantry proceeding down the railroad, and effectually destroying it. During the night of the 24th, and morning of the 25th, our cavalry scouts reported the presence of the enemy in the vicinity, in strong force. Gen. Hancock, on receiving this intelligence, concentrated his force at Reams' Station, and occupied some old works that had been thrown up by the 6th corps, to cover Wilson's disastrous retreat, after his famous raid in the beginning of the Petersburg campaign.

During the day, Hancock was attacked here by the enemy, in overwhelming numbers, but fought them stubbornly all day. Finally, in the evening, the rebels hurled their masses on our front, with terrific energy, and after repeated and successive assaults, succeeded by the most furious charges in breaking Hancock's line at a weak point. The enemy made eleven successive charges, and the ground was literally piled up with their dead. Hancock had had two very effective batteries in operation. The enemy were, however, so much crippled by their repeated efforts, and the reception they had met, that finally, as the shades of evening fell, when they had broken Hancock's line, they were unable to follow up their advantage, or create any panic in our little force. It retired with the most stubborn front, Hancock himself, bareheaded and with a loosened sleeve streaming in the wind, rushing down to the guns, handling them with energy, and calling back the men, who had just deserted their post, administering at the same time a prolixity of horrible



oaths. He looked more like a wild man, or a soldier possessed with a restless and demoniac spirit, than a general commanding in a good cause. The field afterwards was completely covered with the dead and dying, most of whom were abandoned during the night,—both armies mutually withdrawing.

Here we again had witnessed the brave efforts of some of the citizen soldiers from our native valley. On the morning of this day, while passing along the lines, I again discovered the Eighty-first regiment, and stopped and had a talk with a number of old acquaintances. Sad to relate, on the evening of this same day, many of them were dead and abandoned on the ground, which they had so heroically fought to defend. Among the killed were two officers from Mauch Chunk, Lieuts. McGee and Hoover. During this engagement Hancock ordered out some scouts, in order to discover, if possible, the enemy's force, and how they were situated. I was among those detailed on this duty. Passing out at the left of our lines, we succeeded in moving round the enemy's right to his rear, and there discovered that they were only lightly armed and equipped, as if merely intending to be absent from camp for a short period of time. Two of us became mixed up among their movements, and were discovered by the rebels. We at once made a hasty run on horseback, with bullets flying thick and fast around, the whole rebel line pouring their fire upon us. We had to cross a number of open fields, but were not even wounded. I expected every moment to fall from my horse, but





we moved so quickly, that there was no chance for a deliberate aim. We returned to our lines in the evening, and found them retiring. I carried the information to Hancock, but as the crisis of the battle had already past, he paid little attention to it, and seemed to be in an excited and unapproachable humor.

In the evening, when our infantry forces were withdrawn, we were left on picket at Wood's Shop, between the Weldon Railroad and Jerusalem Plank Road. We were relieved the next evening, when we went into camp on the Jerusalem Plank Road, at Second Swamp. We might here state, by the way, that this camp now became as familiar to us as a home, during the entire balance of the eventful siege of Petersburg, as no matter what our movements were after this, how complicated and numerous soever, and the duty no matter how severe and arduous, we always returned again to this point. Immediately after going into camp on Second Swamp, we were paid for four months' service, which was now very acceptable to the command. They had been out of money for a long time, and sutlers began to flock to the army, displaying their temptations profusely before the troops. This exposure of their delectable stores, their coveted goods, sometimes accelerated their business to their own ruin. It was no uncommon occurrence to see a sutler one minute smiling behind well-stocked counter and shelves, and the next—a riotous roar, hubbub, and indiscriminate shaking about of arms and heels intervening—to see



the itinerant merchant stand amid empty boxes and ruinous *debris*, with head bowed and brain cogitating sorrowfully over a complete sale, but a loss as complete, and irreparable.

On the 29th of August, along with several friends, I visited the old Eleventh Penna. Vols., encamped near Fort Du Chesne, and met there some of my old comrades. We had a gay and pleasant reunion. On the 30th we had the monthly inspection by Brigade Inspector, and on the 31st we went on guard duty, relieving the Thirteenth Penna. Cavalry at Gurley House. Our picket line was here supported by Gen. Farrero's Division of Colored Troops, a fine review of which we had seen while we were on picket. Our lines were now considerably troubled with guerillas, who continually picked our men off post. These guerillas were the military outlaws, the cowards and felons of the war. There was not, by possibility a spark of true manhood, to say nothing of courage or valor, in their composition—the very scum of the foul wave of treason, as it rolled and blackened along the Union lines; the sloughed-off rottenness of the cancer of slavery; the fœtid, decomposed humanity which even the rebel cast off from his living armies; a paltry, weasel-spirited horde, who were dragging about bodies of which they had robbed the Potter's fields of the South, ever since their first escape from the gallows. Strange to say, when we captured any of these, by the humane provisions of our government, they were treated as prisoners of war. But I can speak for myself, when I say, that I never caught



one nor saw one, without bitterly gulping down impulses, which unrestrained, would have wrenched out their tongues till they blackened in death, or hung them without ceremony.

On the 2d of September, a brigade of rebel cavalry drove in our pickets, coming in on them suddenly at a gallop, and taking our reserves even by surprise. They completely cut off one detachment of thirty men, of which I was in command. After scouting round and discovering that the enemy had pursued, far along and past our flank, and that they might possibly return by the road on which we were doing duty, I concluded to cross the path by which they had gone in, on their rear, as they were now fighting our main reserve in our own rear.

I accordingly led the command to the road, and ordered them to quickly charge across. The regimental commander had given us up as having been captured and lost, as another small detachment or reserve had been. When, however, we made the movement successfully, and he saw us safely before him, he was surprised, and complimented us highly, on the happy issue of our effort. We had dashed across the road and into the woods on the opposite side by a circuitous movement, and had entered our own lines several miles to the right at Geary's Church, having lost two of my command, privates Drake and Drumbore, both of whom were captured through the stumbling of their horses. But they were both soon afterwards paroled. The enemy finding us well supported, rapidly retired in the direction of Reams'





Station. Their intention had only been, to make a dash and find out what force we held in that vicinity.

On the 3d of September, we were relieved from picket duty, and returned to camp.

We were mustered for pay immediately on arriving at camp, on the July and August rolls. The changes during the time have been already remarked. We remained in camp until September 9th, preparing good, comfortable quarters, with shades arranged from brush and shrubbery. About this time an attack was anticipated by the enemy, on our left and rear. Strong lines of earthworks were consequently thrown across the plank road, and around the entire left and rear of the army to Prince George's Court House. On the 9th of September, our regiment was again ordered on picket duty. After remaining out three days, we were in turn relieved, and returned to camp. We also remained in camp three days, when our regiment, with the 16th Pennsylvania Cavalry, was ordered out in light marching order, proceeding in advance of a division of the 5th Army Corps, on a reconnoissance to and beyond Poplar Spring Church. We found the rebels, and drove in their pickets, and after reconnoitering their whole line, returned to camp. Early the next morning, the division was again hurried out in light marching order, proceeding along the Jerusalem Plank Road, the enemy's cavalry under Hampton having passed far around our left and rear, and driving in our pickets at Fort Powhattan, captured a large herd of cattle near that place. We were now on the march to



intercept him, if possible, on his return. We were, however, as usual in such cases, a little too late. We came up with his rear-guard, about seventeen miles from camp, and pushed them with all possible vigor, until dark, hurrying them somewhat over the Nottaway River, where they lost a great number of the cattle, they having been driven so hard that they became very much heated, and gave out while in the water, drowning in the river by hundreds. The banks were literally lined with them for a long distance. Returning as far as Proctor's Hill in the evening, we remained in that vicinity until morning, when after reconnoitering toward Stony Creek Station, on the Weldon Railroad, we returned to camp. On the following day we were again ordered on picket duty, at Geary's Church, the weather being very warm at this time, the roads dry and parched, and water distressingly scarce. On the 21st of September, we were relieved by infantry from the 2d Army Corps, from our accustomed picket duty, and returned to camp. We supposed from the fact of our relief by infantry, that we were now about to make another raid or reconnoissance, but we still remained quietly in camp for some time, having fortunately a few days' reprieve from duty.

On September 24th, along with a number of companions, I rode along our lines in front of Petersburg, and was greatly surprised at the strength and enormity of the work which had been performed up to this time, by our troops. The defenses of the enemy, also, were equally formidable. I had



never before beheld anything to compare with them. They seemed to be impregnable, with the lines of fortifications running sometimes to within a few hundred feet of each other, within good talking distance. Here the troops of both armies would hail each other. They would also frequently notify their friends when they had been ordered to recommence firing. While encamped in front of Petersburg, the members of the respective regiments visited each other, and became very friendly and sociable. Old acquaintances had now free intercourse with one another. Many officers and men from other commands, representing our native valley, in return visited our regiment. On September 29th, we broke camp, and marched with division out at the left of the army, to the Vaughan Road, and operated in the vicinity of Col. Wyatt's residence. We here met the enemy in force, in the afternoon, and a hard fight ensued, the rebels attacking our brigade with cavalry and infantry, and gradually forcing us to retire with some loss. Major Peel, commanding the regiment, was captured. Captain Smith, of Co. D., was killed, and several officers and men were wounded, one officer in particular, Lieut. Harper, of Co. B., having been struck with balls in four different places. We had three men killed, and ten wounded. We, however, did not leave the line, but remained in position. After the engagement, we maintained our ground for several days. On the 30th of September, Lieut. Col. Young, of our regiment, who had been absent on account of a wound, and





who had been ever since in Washington, arrived. He had been in the National Capital, at the time Early had made his demonstration against the city, and had taken part in that campaign, commanding detachments from the different regiments. He conducted himself with great gallantry throughout the campaign, and was badly wounded for the second time. He was now detached in command of Camp Stoneman, and was present with the regiment on a visit, on leave of absence from Camp Stoneman.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

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### *ESCAPED FROM ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.*

THE Army of the Potomac, having advanced its lines towards the South Side Railroad, during the past two days, hard fighting consequently ensued, the enemy attempting to dispute every inch of ground in that direction. Our division was posted in the rear of the new lines for several days, during which time, Capt. Andrews, of our Company, was now mustered out of service on the expiration of the original term of three years. Lieut. Col. Young, being at this time the Senior officer of the regiment, although not being present on duty with the command, I was appointed by him to take the responsibility of acting as First Lieutenant, and of assuming the entire command of the Company, until I could be regularly commissioned, which he assured me should be done at once. The Company was now without an officer. Andrews had already been mustered out, and Lieut. Freeby was still in the hospital sick. He was also mustered out of service about this time. I accordingly proceeded to act as Lieutenant, commanding the Company. I duly took command, Oct.



4th, 1864. On the 6th of October, the division moved back to camp, on the Plank Road, and our regiment was immediately sent on picket on the Halifax Road, running parallel with the Weldon Railroad, and closely adjacent. We remained on picket duty until the 9th of October, when we were relieved, and at once returned to camp, having been absent nearly two weeks. On the 10th of October, Maj. Clark, our paymaster, again made his appearance, and paid the regiment for two months.

The next day, October 11th, we held in camp a regimental election, for state and county officers at home, the companies each appointing their own election judges and clerks. The regiment polled a three-fourths Republican majority vote. On the 12th of October, our regiment again went on picket, on the Halifax Road, relieving the Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry—the same regiment that we had relieved a few days before. We had fine weather during the time we were out, and saw some very jovial times.

Along the Halifax Road, from our Reserve to Fort Du Chesne, was a splendid, open, level, piece of road, over a mile in length. Here many prominent officers and generals of the army congregated, to vary the monotony of their duty, by a display of blooded-stock in improvised horse-races. Gaily caparisoned steeds were consequently seen here, in large numbers, and some brisk competitions were likewise witnessed. It was gay and exhilarating sport to both spectator and participant. The time made, sometimes, was





very good, and the cheering and interest in the result were immense. The sight was a very pleasant and exciting one. Rider and horse went scouring over the plain with the speed of the wind, wheeling about and darting along, in the new delight and freedom of unrestrained action. The horses' shoes, as thrown up in the quick movement of a gallop, glittered brightly in the sunlight. These stirring amusements were a decided relief from the monotony, of especially the infantry duties. Our cavalry forces were continually on the move, while the dismounted troops were always in camp.

On the 14th of October, I was sent on a scout, with twenty men, to Reams' Station. We accordingly proceeded, at once, cautiously to that point, found a few of the enemy's scouts, and captured two wagons, with contraband drivers, who were gathering together supplies for the rebels. We secured seventy bushels of oats, which we found in the wagons, and several barrels of salt. We captured, also, a rebel conscription agent who was in charge of these. We brought them all in to our reserve, and sent them to Brigade Headquarters.

On the 15th we were relieved from guard duty, and returned to camp. On the day following, being Sunday, the regular Sunday morning inspection took place.

On the evening of this day the Company was destined to be agreeably surprised, by the sudden and unannounced arrival of Condry Galligher, an old member of the Company, who had been captured by



the enemy at Sulphur Springs on the 12th of October, 1863, where upwards of one hundred and fifty, myself included, had been made captive. He had participated in all the arduous duties and services of the Company, before having been captured, and had once before been a prisoner and paroled.

He appeared before us on Oct. 16th, creating both surprise and delight, for in all actions he had been a good and efficient soldier, and we had long since numbered him among the dead. An apparition from Andersonville would have been scarcely more unexpected. He had at last then, made his escape from the ghastly terrors of cruel oppression and gaunt starvation, and from many a long, sad hour of gloomy imprisonment in Southern bastiles, in

“Those dungeon fortresses, never to be named.”

He came before us released, as it were from a living grave, to relate to us, what we would not otherwise have learned, the details of our old comrades' sufferings in Libby Prison, Belle Isle and the sadly immortal Andersonville. He had made a most wonderful and successful release from the galling confinement, by slipping the guard at the gate during the evening, and after many nights of weary and anxious travel, at last entering Sherman's lines at Atlanta. From thence he had been forwarded to our regiment by way of Louisville, Ky., and Washington.

He brought us intelligence of the death of all our old companions in arms. All, one by one, starved,



abused, insulted almost beyond human endurance, had wasted in strength, sunk in spirits, suffered in mind and body, until after twenty long, weary, sad and agonizing months, each welcomed the "bridegroom's coming," the release which the pale figure of death bore in his skeleton fingers, as he came to close the eye gently, and still the yet softly pulsing heart, in a slumber that knows not even a dream of sorrow.

He told us that in the midst of the sultry days of the past Summer, they had all been suffering in the prison pens of Andersonville, with no shelter but the skies above and no couch but the earth beneath, exposed to winds, rains and storms, the searching, scorching suns, and the drenching dews of a far Southern latitude.

I will now go back to the time when we unceremoniously left the rebel guard and our own prison detail, at the corner of Nineteenth and Main streets, in Richmond. From Galligher we learned, that the fact of our escape was whispered around among the men while they were yet marching to the bake-house. Immediately after their return to prison, the rebel guard, suspecting that something was wrong, immediately set to work at making inquiries. The number of prisoners being generally counted every morning, they were summoned for the second time on this occasion and recounted, when the fact of our escape became apparent. Active measures for our re-arrest were promptly instituted, but luckily for us, without success. There was much speculation as to our fate





among the men, a great majority of the prisoners believing that our recapture was certain, and that there were no hopes for our success. They deemed it a perilous and foolish undertaking. A report was subsequently circulated by the rebel guards, that we had been retaken and confined in Castle Thunder, which seemed so probable, that it obtained ready credence, and tended to check further attempts at escape.

But the men who remained behind still continued to suffer a living death. No more endeavored to release themselves from this horrible sepulture, with one exception, one Kennedy, a member of Co. D., who made the attempt shortly after we did and succeeded.

Several days after our sudden departure, two of our company from Libby, were detailed by the rebel authorities to attend the hospitals in the city, in order to assist in taking charge of our wounded, whom the enemy had captured. By this lucky accident, they were subsequently paroled, just before the downfall of Richmond, and escaped besides, all the fatal horrors of Andersonville. But the balance, numbering eleven in all, perished to a man, while prisoners of war.

About a month or two after our escape, in November, 1863, the prisons becoming crowded with new victims to almost suffocation, a great many were removed to the more terrible and ghastly exposures of Belle Isle, the cutting winds, and cold, dreary winter days, wreaking their sharpest strokes of pain, on the poor emaciated and miserable wretches. They were



huddled together here in deathly chilliness, during the winters of 1863 and '64, awaiting in intense suffering of mind and body, the release by inevitable death. Here the first of our men died, being Martin Armbruster.

Some time after this, in the spring, about the time the Andersonville prison pen was built, they were removed from the present horrors of Belle Isle to the hideous, prospective terrors of that fearful place. While on their way to Andersonville by rail, the detachment that our companions were with, was disembarked from the cars at Charlotte, N. C., for some reason or other, over night, and was encamped in close proximity to the depot. On this occasion, a number of our Company resolved to make the attempt to escape. Seven of them came to this determination. Among them were Walton, McGlaughlin, Galligher, McCarron, Stahler, and Fritz. They determined to run the guard, as soon as it became dark enough, and by this means to effect their deliverance, trusting to the darkness of the night to elude pursuit. They accordingly embarked on the perilous venture, and succeeded in evading the guard, and in dashing into some underbrush close by. Being unexpectedly discovered, they were regaled with a few stray shots from the rebel guards. They rushed onward, however, and soon found themselves far away, with a tolerably good prospect of success. As soon as these prisoners had made their escape, the guards ordered all the rest, who were not lying down, to remain prostrate on the earth, or that if they attempted to



rise without orders, they would be instantly shot. A great many at this time being asleep from exhaustion, did not become aware of this order. Among the number, was the youthful, but manly Ward, who awaking, shortly afterwards, at once arose to his feet to look around. He had no sooner assumed an erect posture, than he was shot dead by the rebel guards.

Galligher, in narrating the circumstances of this attempted escape, did not keep account of dates. Neither did he remember many of the details, so that our account is rather meagre, but sufficient to give the main outlines. We are consequently unable to follow them through all the particulars of their hazardous journey, for the next thirty long and weary days.

Suffice it to say, that they proceeded cautiously through the enemy's country, in North Carolina, taking a westerly direction towards the mountains of East Tennessee. They travelled altogether by night, being guided in the main, by those who have always proved themselves the refugees and Union soldiers' friends—the contraband slaves of the South. They had moved successfully through the country, for thirty wearisome nights, subsisting all the time, however, much better than they had done in prison, under rebel protection. After passing far towards the limits or western boundary of North Carolina, they became rather incautious, having, for so long a time, met with no enemies whatever. They took it for granted, that they could pass themselves off, among





the inhabitants, in case they were questioned, as rebel soldiers, returning to their homes on furlough, or something else. They did not observe that amount of caution which their venture demanded, or even that prudence, which they had been before exhibiting.

Accordingly one day while sitting alongside a stream, on one side of the road, washing some of their clothes, and roasting chickens, they were surprised by a small detachment of North Carolina militia, and re-captured. Their stories did not satisfy the troops, and they were promptly arrested. They were conveyed to the nearest Railroad station, and sent back to Charlotte, N. C., where they were recognized. Immediately afterward, they were sent to rejoin their fellow-sufferers in misery, at Andersonville. This was a very calamitous termination to all their weary, weary marches, and tremulous anticipations of safety and success. It would be impossible to describe the sinking of heart, the deep, dark, terrible agony of despair, the stinging, poignant, bitter sense of misery and wretchedness, which now usurped the place of a mild, gentle and pleasing hope, which had all along, with some flutterings of doubt, pervaded them, and which had even strengthened and brightened as their heavy feet had trudged further, yet further from the horrid pen of death.

In this prison enclosure they eventually all perished, except Galligher, who, as above mentioned, in a very remarkable manner, and from one of the most strictly guarded prisons of the Confederacy, effected,



at last, a successful escape. The dates of the deaths of these prisoners will be found in the appendix. Suffice it to say, that they perished one by one of loathsome diseases, and of exhaustion occasioned by incredible sufferings, privations and exposures. One by one, our gallant little Orderly Sergeant, Alfred Walton, saw his brave comrades drop before him, and their bodies rudely dragged away to unknown graves. One by one, until all were gone, they perished, he alone remaining even after Galligher had gone. But Galligher left him in such a famished condition that he did not expect that he would survive many hours—so debilitated and sickly had he grown. But sorrowful to relate, he suffered the ghastly terrors of that notorious imprisonment, until the very last moment, until the war was over, and our armies crowned with success, were returning to their joyful homes in the North. When the few survivors of Andersonville and Milan were being placed on board of the cars to be conveyed to Savannah, there to meet the humane ministrations of the Christian or Sanitary Commissions, and thence to be conveyed to their homes, Walton expired. Just as he saw home and friends in the near future, death came and shut out the earthly prospect forever. He was so far gone that he was scarcely conscious when placed upon the cars, although his constitution had been one of iron. He expired on his way to Savannah. Thus perished the last of the unfortunate heroes of Andersonville. He was a most honorable,



gallant, and courageous man—respected by all his comrades.

Galligher's term of service having long since expired, he was at once discharged. We will now return to the details of our Company's service in the field.





## CHAPTER XXV.

*THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.*

ON the 18th of October, our battalion and regiment went on picket on the Lee's Mill Road.

Through this circumstance, we were away when one of those rather disgraceful occurrences transpired, to which we have already alluded, the sacking of a sutler's establishment. This was perpetrated by the balance of our regiment, along with two other regiments. A sutler had just received an enormous supply of goods, and was displaying them temptingly, and at the same time asking exorbitant prices for his articles. In this manner, he unfortunately for himself excited the appetites and cupidity of the troops beyond endurance. His own ruin and dismay ensued. Having occasion with Capt. Erving to visit camp from the picket line, I arrived shortly after the scenes had been enacted. Everything was consequently in confusion and uproar—the provost guard endeavoring to make some arrests, but not succeeding entirely in singling out all the perpetrators. A few of the ring-leaders, however, were

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arrested, and severely punished, after a trial and sentence by Court Martial.

On Oct. 21st, we were relieved from picket duty, and returned to camp. The following day Major Duncan of our regiment arrived, and assumed command. He was a very efficient officer, and strict disciplinarian. He soon re-organized the regiment, and brought it to a high standard of efficiency.

On the 26th of October, we again broke camp, and marched with the division to Fort Du Chesne, encamping there for the night. On the next morning we proceeded in advance of the Second and Fifth Army Corps, at the left of the army, on the Boyd-town Plank Road, to Hatcher's Run. On this road we met the enemy, and heavy fighting ensued—the rebels attacking our division, which became rather isolated during the day, on three sides with infantry, cavalry and artillery. But, by the most desperate resistance, we managed to hold our ground, notwithstanding the odds that were opposed to us. We withdrew in the evening, the object of the advance having been accomplished, which was apparently a reconnoissance in force. Our regiment, during the contest, had thirteen men killed and ten wounded. We captured a large number of prisoners. This fight was afterwards termed the Bull Ring Fight. None of us knew where the enemy was, or rather was not, for the rebels were all around us, on all sides. We were actually fighting in a ring. We immediately returned to camp, and the next day resumed our usual picket duty on the Jerusalem Plank Road.



During this time considerable disturbance was caused along our lines, by guerillas who were picking off our men. Two of our guards were wounded by them the first night out. It is a curious circumstance—this being immediately prior to the presidential election—that two of our pickets were captured by these same guerillas, and on being asked who they would vote for, replying that they were McClellan men, they were promptly released by the rebel scoundrels, and allowed to poll their votes at liberty.

On the 30th of October, with Lieut. Grant, of Co. K, I was sent out to visit the families along the lines, and report their condition. We found them all very badly off. In fact they were nearly famished, with the wolf already howling and importunate at the door. They were all rebellious at heart, but they were nevertheless human beings. The war had pressed sorely around them. In almost every home there was some dead friend to mourn, amid the desolations and terrors of battle which surrounded them. There was many a vacant chair around the meagre tables, where famine began to hover, in dreary threatenings, and where affection, in sable habiliments, sat silently mourning. The hearth-stones were still bright with blazing logs, or ruddy with embers in "solid cores of heat," but the fantastic light they emitted, played wildly on floor and ceiling, emblematic of the fluttering of hope; amid the sombre forecastings of despair. The fields were without stock or living thing, a wide stretch of waste, scattered with bleaching bones, and visited alone by the crow, or carrion bird. The forests afar, were indeed gay and beautiful, dressed





in all the original glory of autumnal seasons, but their soothing, gentle melancholy, had now no power to heal, amid the poignant griefs, the recent misfortunes, the aching void of heart, and almost utter destitution which encumbered these, once opulent, but now sad, famishing, deserted families. Ah! bright indeed was the past, with all its comforts, its refinements, its social interchanges! Ah! happy the days of yore, and not very long ago either, when peace came down with the blessed sunlight and dews, and smiled in the ripening grain, laughed out in the gaudy woods, sang silvery and clear and cheerily in the cricket's chirp on the bright hearth-stone, and settled within the innermost sanctuaries of the heart, and glowed there and warmed, and pervaded the whole frame with its delicious sense of quiet enjoyment! Ah! sad was the war, foolish the fratricidal effort of treason, when pangs of anguish like these were exchanged for such sunny, such happy pleasures in the hours of Union and of peace! There was no sense of wrong in the past, no sense of right in the present, and no sense of hope for the future, to gladden the broken-hearted inmates of these gloomy abodes. Their husbands and brothers, who still survived, were skulking outside of our lines in the character of bushwhackers—hid in the day-time, but murderously active at night.

After discovering the condition of these poor and wretched families, their names were taken down by us, and rations were issued to them. The oath was required, as a matter of course, but this appeared to



be no consideration at all, as they did not deem it binding under the circumstances, and notwithstanding our charity toward them, they actually notified us of this fact. But we could not see them starve, outright, in our midst, even if we had not been inclined to exercise some humanity toward them.

On the 31st of October, we were relieved from picket duty, and returned to camp, when the pay and muster rolls were promptly made out, for September and October. On these rolls appear many promotions and changes, many non-commissioned officers having been discharged, on the expiration of their term of service, and others having died in prison. It became necessary to fill all these vacant positions. I made therefore the following promotions: Corporal Wm. Kain, promoted to Duty Sergeant; Corpl. Wm. McClure, to Quartermaster's Sergeant; Corp. James Smith, to Duty Sergeant; Private John Balentine, to Duty Sergeant; Privates Philip Keefaber, John Heenan, Tilghman Blakely, Andrew Everhard, Archibald McMichael, George Schlager, and George B. Kent, to Corporals; John Fiddler, formerly Quartermaster's Sergeant, was promoted to Regimental Sergeant Major, and Martzell Naftz, formerly Company Saddler, was promoted to Regimental Saddler. I was carried over on the rolls myself, as Orderly Sergeant, not having yet received my commission.

During the month of August, in response to President Lincoln's proclamation, calling for volunteers, for one, two, and three years, many enlistments



were effected, and we received many recruits, in consequence; they came principally during the months of September and October, and their names will be found in the Appendix. These were all mounted and equipped at Camp Stoneman, and arrived at our regimental quarters, fully prepared to enter active service. By this means the regiment was pretty well filled up again, its numbers having been decimated during the hardships of the summer campaign. Considering it now over, we settled down contentedly in all the amplitude of our original proportions, around Petersburg, and commenced building winter quarters.

On the 2d of November, the officers of our regiment presented to Capt. John B. Maitland, assistant Adjutant General of our Brigade, and formerly regimental Adjutant, a beautiful sabre, in testimony of their esteem and regard for him. We had a very merry time on this pleasant occasion, everything passing off agreeably.

On November 3d, we again resumed picket duty on the Jerusalem Plank Road, and had a quiet spell. We were relieved on the 6th, and returned to camp. The weather was now becoming cold, and we found it necessary to complete the quarters we had begun, build fire-places, chimneys, etc., and make ready for "Chill November's surly blasts!"

On the 7th of this month our division made a reconnaissance in force, to the vicinity of Stony Creek Station, drove in the rebel pickets at that place,





captured nine of them, and returned to camp without attempting to take the Station.

On the 8th, our squadron made a scout to Proctor's Hill, and thence returned to camp. On this day we held an election as citizens of the State of Pennsylvania, for President of the United States. No electioneering was done or allowed, and every man walked up to the polls, and voted as he desired. On the following day, the result of the election in our regiment was announced as follows:—Lincoln and Johnson received 286 votes, McClellan and Pendleton, 122. There was thus, more than a two-thirds vote in favor of the Republican candidates. The vote, however, showed that by the addition of new recruits from the Northern States, and gradual fluctuations in public sentiment, the Democratic feeling had grown slightly in the regiment. But our balloting compared favorably, with the two-thirds vote of the army. This, indeed, was decisive enough.

On the 10th of November, Maj. Duncan being in command of the regiment, and finding that on account of so many recruits having joined it, that its efficiency had been somewhat impaired, instituted a very strict system of discipline, and brought the regiment to a better standard of excellence, in this respect, than it had ever attained to before. He issued a lengthy order, changing the positions of the squadrons in camp, and commanded that all the quarters of the men should be built precisely alike. He instituted a series of drills, and schools for officers and men, in fact reorganizing the whole regi-



ment. For this he deserved much credit. In fact he had always been an excellent officer. He was the most dashing cavalry leader, that the troops had personally witnessed. He proved himself to be a very active and energetic cavalry commander. Under more favorable auspices, and beginning with a higher command, than that of junior Captain of the regiment, to which he had been originally consigned, he would doubtless have achieved a brilliant career in the struggles of the war. The intelligence and dash were his, for high enterprises. He ordered that the quarters of the men were to be built of the following proportions: pine timber huts, 12 feet long, 9 wide, and 5 high, to the eaves of the roofs, which were covered with shelter tents, with doors in the centre of the end, and chimneys in the middle of one side. Four men were to occupy each hut, and all were to be in perfect line, with good wide streets in front, between houses, and also between the picket line. The horses were to be stabled, on timber flooring, and with troughs, made of huge pine logs dug out, saddle racks put up in order immediately in front of the stables, and every thing to correspond with each other. An inspecting officer, in passing through, would in this manner, find no difference, whatever, in the quarters of the men, nor in the stable arrangements. They had all been built, on the model specified, and prescribed by Maj. Duncan. There was to be no difference in anything, except the unavoidable color and build of the horses, and the equally intractable variance of capacity, among the men, in



the use of tobacco, coffee, and hard-tack. The most perfect system that could be devised, and to which we had yet been subjected, regulated our encampment. All bugle-calls were to be promptly and strictly attended, and all officers were to be personally present. They were also to be held strictly accountable, for the prompt performance of each and every duty, and for the soldierly bearing of all the men composing their respective commands. Seasons of drill were appointed, which occupied most of the hours of the day, when off duty—in sabre exercises and manual of arms, mounted and dismounted. These orders, with others of importance, were all strictly enforced, and carried out. It was nothing new to find Duncan prowling about, at any unexpected hour of the day or night, or at any portion of the quarters, observing if everything had been disposed of, and conducted according to his orders. In a short time, all this redounded to the credit of the regiment, as will be seen by the following extract from an order issued by General Gregg, commanding the Brigade, concerning a Sunday morning inspection :

HEADQUARTERS, 2D BRIGADE, 2D CAVALRY DIVISION,  
CAVALRY CORPS.  
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,  
November 20th, 1864.

G. O. No. 109. }

\* \* \* (Extract.)

At the Sunday inspection of Quarters, the camp of the 4th Pa. Cavalry, exhibited so marked a superi-





ority in the arrangement of company quarters, general police of the camp, neatness and cleanliness of the men, as to indicate a commendable attention to the details of the service on the part of the officers.

(Signed)

J. I. GREGG,

*Brevet Brig. Gen. Com'g. the Brigade.*

JOHN B. MAITLAND,

*Captain and A. A. G.*

This we considered a high compliment, and appreciated accordingly.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

*THE CHARGE AT STONY CREEK STATION.*

ON the 12th of November, we were again sent on picket, on the Jerusalem Plank Road. The next day, a patrol having been ordered out from our regiment, it was ambushed at Woods' Shop, and two men were wounded and one captured by the rebel bushwackers. These infamous villains immediately fled, but were hotly pursued; they succeeding, however, in effecting their escape.

On the 15th, we were relieved, and returned to camp. On the 16th, monthly inspection by the brigade inspector, took place, the Company and regiment presenting an appearance of which we were all proud. On the 18th of November, we were again ordered on picket duty, and were in turn relieved in three days' time. On the 22d of November, our brigade was reviewed by Major General Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac. It presented a creditable appearance. On this day, Brevet Brig. General Gregg, also arrived, he having lately been brevetted a brigadier general. He had not been present with his command, since August 16th,

## ORIGINAL ARTICLES

### THE TREATMENT OF THE ACUTE INFLUENZA

By J. H. HARRIS, M.D.,  
Professor of Medicine, University of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.

The influenza epidemic of 1913-14 has been one of the most severe in the history of the United States. It has been characterized by its rapid spread, its high mortality, and its resistance to treatment. The purpose of this paper is to review the literature on the treatment of the acute influenza, and to present a plan of treatment based on the results of the author's experience.

The influenza virus is a small, spherical, non-cellular organism, which is highly resistant to heat and cold. It is transmitted by direct contact with the secretions of an infected person, or by inhalation of the virus from the air. The incubation period is usually from one to four days. The disease is characterized by a sudden onset of fever, headache, and general malaise. The respiratory system is affected, and there is a profuse discharge of mucus from the nose and throat. In some cases, the disease may be complicated by pneumonia, or by other serious conditions.

The treatment of the acute influenza is primarily symptomatic. The patient should be kept in bed, and given plenty of rest. The fever should be reduced by the use of antipyretics, such as salicylic acid or acetanilid. The cough and coryza may be relieved by the use of expectorants, such as ipecac or scilla. The patient should also be given plenty of fluid, and a diet which is easy to digest. In some cases, the use of smallpox vaccine has been recommended, but this is not generally accepted.

The author's experience with the treatment of the acute influenza is based on the results of a series of experiments conducted in the University of Illinois. The results of these experiments are as follows:

1. The use of smallpox vaccine is not effective in the treatment of the acute influenza.
2. The use of antipyretics is effective in reducing the fever.
3. The use of expectorants is effective in relieving the cough and coryza.
4. The use of fluid and a diet which is easy to digest is effective in relieving the general malaise.

It is concluded that the treatment of the acute influenza should be primarily symptomatic, and should be based on the results of the author's experience.

1864, when he had been badly wounded. He brought with him, from his home in Pennsylvania, a beautiful flag, a battle ensign, presented to our brigade by the ladies of Pennsylvania. Its staff was completely covered with silver plates, on which were engraved the names of all the engagements the brigade had taken part in, since the war began. On the afternoon of the same day, invitations were extended to such of the officers as could attend without neglecting duty. They assembled at his headquarters, in the evening, to receive the flag through him, from the ladies of the Keystone State. The majority of the officers of the different regiments were in attendance, and the flag was presented with appropriate and eloquent remarks. It was received by the officers in the name of the brigade. Many graceful and patriotic speeches were made on this interesting occasion, and we became aware of the fact, that the people saw and appreciated the services of our little band. General Gregg then issued the following order to the command:—

## HEADQUARTERS 2D BRIG. 2D DIV. C. C.

## ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

GEN. ORDERS, }  
No. 14.

*Before Petersburg, Va.*  
*Nov. 23d, 1864.*

Soldiers of the Second Brig., Second Div. Cavalry Corps, Your fellow-citizens of Pennsylvania have presented to you through me, as a testimonial of their appreciation of your services to your country, a Battle Flag.

It was my desire that the flag should have been





presented direct to you, but the exigencies of the service required your services, and you could not be assembled as a brigade. The flag has been presented to your officers for you, and I feel confident that you will recognize the necessity, which forbade its presentation to you direct.

The history written upon its standard, is your history. All the honor or glory that may attach to the names inscribed upon the standard is your glory, for you have made these names memorable by your endurance and your chivalric courage.

Confidently then is it committed to your care, with the proud assurance, that whilst your strong arms can strike, it will be carried from victory to victory until the hideous monster of rebellion is annihilated, and peace again reigns supreme over our once happy land.

(Signed)

J. I. GREGG,  
*Col. Com'g Brigade,*  
*and Brevet Brig. General.*

(Official.)

[ s. ] JOHN B. MAITLAND,  
*Capt. & A. A. G.*

It could not be presented direct to the command, because some of the troops were on picket, while the others were in camp.

Upon arriving in camp we found there, our old captain, Jos. Andrews, formerly of our own Company, who had come down to the army to pay the Company a visit. He was gladly welcomed by the troops, who



indulged now in some pleasant reminiscences of battles fought and won, "long ago." He had served with the company all through the three years, and was associated with its war record, and was participant in those battles which had won the freshest and brightest laurels of the command.

Early on the morning of December 1st, 1864, our brigade was again ordered out for a tramp in light marching order. We proceeded, by way of Lee's Mills and Proctor's Hill, and thence to Stony Creek Station, on the Weldon Railroad, arriving there early in the day. We drove in the enemy's pickets, and quickly attacked him in his works at Stony Creek Station. These works consisted of two small forts, with several pieces of artillery in position on the South side of Stony Creek, on both sides of the Railroad, with lines of earth work extending on the flanks of the forts. Our regiment was ordered to cross the creek below the fortifications without delay, and attack the rebels in the rear.

It did so, in most gallant style, under the heavy fire of the enemy, who had perfect range of the ford. The troops marched forward into the very teeth of the guns, "into the very jaws of death." Luckily, however, for us, the principal cannon commanding the ford became disabled after the first round or two. We then organized on the South side of the creek. After forming and charging under command of Major May, in the rear of the forts to the railroad, we then charged directly down the railroad to, and between, the forts. All this time we were under a very de-



structive fire of artillery and musketry. Upon arriving at the forts, our men immediately almost, and without orders, dismounted, and actually charged with pistol and sabre in hand over the works, forcing the enemy to surrender unconditionally and at once. Capt. Erving, of our regiment, received the surrender, after having been severely wounded and disabled for life. Our regiment alone captured over 200 prisoners, more than it numbered themselves.

This was the most gallant and dashing charge that I had ever yet witnessed, in all the vivid, varied and daring experiences of the war. We at once destroyed all the rebel stores, which were numerous, and which consisted of enormous quantities of pitch and tar from North Carolina. There were besides lots of Quartermaster's and Commissary's stores captured. We then burned the station and the high bridge over Stony Creek. The heavens, and the fields for long distances were blackened with huge columns of dark smoke, that whirled, arose and lowered again with majestic and slow motion, from the fierce, wild flames of the conflagration. We remained there only about twenty minutes, and thence proceeded to retire with our prisoners, having accomplished more than ever before in the same period. We had now made more than an equivalent offset, to Hampton's raid and capture of our cattle. This had before been a "joke" on our cavalry, and had afforded amusement to many of the army at our expense. It created in us a burning sense of injured pride, until we had retaliated in this fine style. The rebels no longer held up as they







had been doing along the line, "chunks of beef," and exclaimed: "Pretty good beef! Yanks!" They had been making more out of it, however, than the facts warranted, for they did not obtain as many cattle as they would have it believed. This dashing engagement was the more remarkable, too, from the fact of its having taken place almost in the suburbs of Hampton's Cavalry camp. His headquarters were only four miles from the station, while we were destroying it. This accounts for our haste, in moving off with our prisoners, after the losses and fatigues of the day. The event had brought out some of the latent gallantry of our officers, who heretofore had not had an ample opportunity of displaying it fully, although they were almost constantly in battle. Major Mays had been in command of the regiment for the first time in its history. He had only lately been promoted from a first lieutenancy to his then rank. He manifested all the ardor and courage of a true cavalry-man, and displayed marked spirit in the charge, and a firm confidence and self-possession as a military commander. In this famous encounter two of his brothers, who were under his command, were killed. Only a little while afterwards, he suffered himself a like fate, before the fire of the enemy.

While we were retiring, we became aware of the fact, that the rebels had been routed out of their camps, by our bold operations, in such close neighborhood to their quarters. They pursued us hotly, and endeavored to force our homeward march. We succeeded, however, in arriving safely at our own



camps, long before night, without any losses other than had been entailed by the battle. While our regiment had been making this perilous charge, the rest of the brigade had been deployed, dismounted, as if an attack in front had been anticipated. To our regiment alone belongs the honor of the achievement. We lost in this engagement, five men, and one officer killed, and eleven men wounded. John B. Yost, of our Company, was severely injured in the shoulder, and his horse was killed at the same moment. He was compelled to be discharged from the service, on account of this wound, and is now, in consequence of it, disabled for life. I promoted him to Sergeant, for gallant conduct on this, and many other occasions. Our regiment was highly complimented for its behaviour in this affair, by General Gregg, who issued a general order, congratulating the whole brigade—he not wishing to discriminate against those, who had not had the opportunity of meeting the brunt of the conflict, at the points demanding the most dash and courage. The order reads as follows :

HEADQUARTERS, 2D BRIGADE, 2D DIVISION,  
CAVALRY CORPS,  
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,  
*Before Petersburg, Va.,*  
*December 3d, 1864.*

GENERAL ORDERS, }  
No. 16. }

The Colonel commanding takes this opportunity to congratulate and compliment the officers and men



of the 2d Brigade, on their conduct in the brilliant affair at Stony Creek Station. The rapidity of your advance, and the impetuosity of your attack, called forth remarks of approbation from all who witnessed your assault upon the enemy's works, and places the capture of Stony Creek Station amongst the most brilliant achievements of the war. You have demonstrated to the world your ability to successfully assault well constructed earth works, with artillery in position, and fully manned, even when situated between a deep and wide creek.

Your previous history has won for you the name of the Fighting Brigade. Stony Creek will add to that, the name of the Dashing Brigade.

(Signed)

J. I. GREGG,  
Col. and Brevet Brig. Gen.  
*Commanding Brigade.*

[*Official.*]

JOHN B. MAITLAND,  
*Captain and A. A. G.*

On the 2d of December, I was detailed, with thirty men, to go on picket duty, with the Eight Pennsylvania Cavalry, along the Jerusalem Plank Road. On the night of December 4th, a force of the rebels entered our lines suddenly, and attacked the reserve of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, taking it by surprise. They wounded and killed every man, even after they had surrendered. It was a most brutal and savage affair—the enemy proving to be a body of guerillas, who hovered around our lines in the





vicinity of Lee's Mills, commanded by a most villainous and beastly scoundrel, known as Dr. Reeves—a notorious bushwhacker of that region, and who had been somewhat prominent in the politics of the Old Dominion. He had once been a member of the Virginia Legislature, and was doubtless considered one of the chivalry, although there was not half the moral merit in his nature, that is exhibited by an ordinary dog. These skulking villains secured the horses of the men they had so inhumanly butchered. It was a most horrible affair, and showed what crime and villainy, could be produced even out of the self-styled, self-lauded F. F. V's.

On the 5th of December, we were relieved from picket duty, and returned to camp. On the following day we received orders to be ready to march the next morning with four days' rations, and thirty pounds of forage on each horse—with the expectation that it would all last six days. On the morning of the 7th, we accordingly proceeded in advance of the 5th Army Corps, commanded by Gen. Warren, to Sussex Court House, crossing the Nottaway River, and encamping for the night.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

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*CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.*

ON the 8th, we took up the line of march South, passing through a town called Cornan's Well. We met the enemy about five miles from that place, at High Bridge, on the Weldon Railroad, and engaged him for two hours, when we forced him to retire. We resumed our line of march, striking upon the Weldon Railroad near this place. The 5th Army Corps went to work destroying it, tearing up the rails and burning the cross-ties, for a distance of some miles. On the 9th, our regiment marched as rear guard to the 5th Army Corps—the remainder of the division being in advance.

A heavy and disagreeable rain-storm now set in, and guerillas in great numbers hovered around our flanks. We sent out foraging parties, who brought in large numbers of contrabands, with wagons, horses, mules, etc., to say nothing of great quantities of Virginia Apple Jack, upon which some of the men became slightly exhilarated. They even wilted under its effects—their spines refusing the accustomed office. Through this inadvertence many lost

# LETTERS

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their lives—having been caught and slaughtered by the bushwhackers. We now proceeded with difficulty. Many straggled from the column, and were afterwards found with their throats cut and labelled. Two of our Company wandered out on the 9th, and were captured by the enemy. Their names were Herman Tiller and Thomas McKeever. Tiller had been wounded in the leg. Both were fortunate in not having been murdered. They were sent to Richmond, and soon afterwards paroled. In the fight on the 8th, two men were killed and twelve wounded, in our regiment. Corp. Heenan of the Company was severely hurt by a ball. The column moved on South, as far as Bellefield, destroying the railroad to that point, and then beginning the backward march. We encamped on the 10th, near Cornan's Well. During the night the weather was rainy and disagreeable in the extreme, and the roads were in an almost impassible condition. On the 11th, we marched in advance of the column, through Sussex County, and encamped on Proctor's Hill for the night. During this day, we discovered many of our men dead along the road, having been murdered by the guerillas. Our troops burned all the houses along the line of march in retaliation, but contrary to Gen. Warren's orders.

The night we passed on Proctor's Hill was a memorable one, on account of the bitter coldness of the weather. The keen, swift winds rolled and howled along the summits, through the bare trees and woodland stubble, giving a bleak sense of winter





desolation. The skies were dark, and the ground covered here and there with remnants of snow, glassed over by frozen rains, or ribbed here and there by icy pools, whose muddy liquid had been frozen in wavelets. Our clothes had been drenched in the cold showers, which now began to freeze upon our bodies; and a more dreary or uncomfortable night we generally never passed.

But we survived its long, weary, bitter terrors, and early on the morning of December 12th, the column resumed its march. We finally reached our camps, worn-out with fatigue, and almost perishing from the cold, to which we had been subjected.

On arriving in camp, a number of us were agreeably surprised, to find our commissions awaiting us. Among the delighted ones was myself, who had, at last, the honor of receiving a First Lieutenant's commission in Company "A," and was immediately and duly mustered accordingly. I promptly appointed George W. Moss, Orderly Sergeant, and had him soon recommended for Second Lieutenant of the Company. On the 21st of December his commission arrived, and he was regularly mustered as such.

Three years had already elapsed since he had temporarily occupied this position before, but now he held it firmly. He had evinced by fortitude and daring courage throughout the war, that the honor was richly deserved. He had never been absent from duty, during the entire history of the Company, and had been my own mess-mate in active service, through all the different campaigns. We had been associated



together in "enterprises of great pith and moment," and we had learned to feel for each other that mutual regard, which grows out of sorrows and trials endured together. We had together subsisted on hard-tack alone, and sometimes on coffee alone, without the hard-tack. At other times we had feasted together on various delicacies, from green corn to fried turkey and chickens. We had discussed the culinary art, side by side, and often called into requisition canteen and tin-cup, when frying-pan and coffee-pot were invisible. We have gone stick-picking in the forest, and together have bent low, to guard the only match from winds that roguishly tried to quench the tapering flame; foraged pigs and poultry, side by side; burnt pork over the blazing faggots, until it grew granulated with salt, and seemingly had caught the measles; and finally on improvised spit had roasted a favorite gobbler, until the flesh became ruddily brown, like the cheek of a ripened peach or apple.

In short, our knowledge of each other's character was complete and familiar—verging down on all sides to the very fundamental, first principles of our mutual psychology.

Time and again have we been detailed on the same scouting service, and compelled to repose many confidences in each other. He was ever fond of sport, and altogether a pleasant, cheerful companion.

We remained in camp doing the necessary duty of such occasions, until the 17th of December, when we were sent on picket to relieve the Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry. We continued at this work for three days, having had a very quiet time, and were



then relieved by the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and returned to camp. In the mean time, having received news of Thomas' great victory over Hood in the West, there was much exultation and rejoicing at this triumph of the Union arms. The enemy in front of Petersburg were now benefited with the customary hundred gun salute in honor of the occasion.

On the 24th of December, our regiment, with the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, was ordered out in light marching order, and proceeded as a guard to a wagon train along the Lee's Mills Road, to the vicinity of Proctor's Hill, where the wagons were loaded with lumber and carried to camp for the purpose of making comfortable quarters. I was in charge of a detachment, on the right flank of the train, with fifteen men. While scouting here, we discovered a party of guerillas, and pursued them to Warwick Swamp, where they effectually concealed themselves, after having wounded several of our horses. We returned to camp in the evening, the weather being excessively cold, sleety and disagreeable.

The next day was Christmas—to the world at peace, that joyous occasion which commemorates the birth of the Saviour of mankind. Among all civilized nations it is a brief season, observed and honored, by interesting ceremonies, which embody the best feelings of our human nature. Friends and relatives, who have been long parted, now reassemble—the old hearth-stone is bright again, as it was in the days of merry childhood, and the halls and chambers of the







venerable homestead, once more resound with familiar voices, but with vocal sounds that are deepened, strengthened, and sobered by sorrows endured, labors achieved, and by experiences, sad and joyful, which have usurped the places of their prototypes in the past romantic fancy. A beautiful time this, which evokes the sweetest, purest sentiments and emotions of the heart, assuages all grief, tempers even gladness with a serious tone, and fans into yet brighter flames the sacred fires of affection, which glow on immaculate altars, through all the sanctuaries of the human breast. Delightful day! that casts the mellow splendor of a hopeful Christianity on even the dreariness of outward nature, tipping the cloud, that we know is freighted with frost and snow, in silver light, and blending with the sunbeams on the desolate forest, and the piercing winds of the frozen glens, a delicate internal tint and tone, that harbinger the returning spring, as emblematic of the soul's ascent, from the sorrows and the bodily death of this inexorable world. It is a happy season—a sapphire set athwart the storms that are gone, and the transient tempests that are yet to come—a season full of all kindly thoughts and impulses, and fresh with well-remembered incidents of the past. Once more we think of forms and faces, that are gone from earth forever, but that we know we shall see yet again.

“They have not perished, no!

Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,



Smiles radiant long ago,  
And features, the great soul's apparent seat,  
All shall come back—  
Each tie of pure affection, shall be knit again,  
Alone, shall evil die, and sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy  
reign."

Tennyson has written a few verses, which though far from being the best in that immortal poem, from which they are taken, "In Memoriam," are yet eloquent with the spirit of that day, or eve, rather, whose glory they celebrate. We quote them here:

"The time draws near, the birth of Christ;  
The moon is hid, the night is still;  
A single church below the hill  
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

"A single peal of bells below,  
That wakens at this hour of rest;  
A single murmur in the breast,  
That these are not the bells I know.

"Like strangers' voices here they sound,  
In lands where not a memory strays,  
Nor landmark breathes of other days,  
But all is new, unhallowed ground.

"This holly by the cottage-eave,  
To-night, ungathered, shall it stand;  
We live within the stranger's land,  
And strangely falls our Christmas eve.

"Our fathers' dust is left alone,  
And silent under other snows,  
There in due time, the woodbine blows,  
The violet comes, but we are gone.

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“No more shall wayward grief abuse  
The genial hour with mask and mime;  
For change of place, like growth of time,  
Has broke the bond of dying use.

“Let cares that petty shadows cast,  
By which our lives are chiefly proved,  
A little spare the night I loved,  
And hold it solemn to the past.”

Throughout all the civilized world, the perennial nature of our affections, is symbolized on this day, when they are revived and invigorated, by the beautiful verdure which yet lingers near the funeral pall of winter. The shamrock, thistle, holly and ivy and the spruce bough, laurel and cedar, are then gathered, and moulded into garlands, wreaths and festoons, for the decoration of church, chapel, school, and homestead. They symbolize the immortal past of our humanity, amid so much, that “flies as a vapor, perishes as a flower!”

To us in camp, however, there was very little distinctive character about the day, except what was given to it by the unseen reveries of memory and imagination. It was Sunday, and the ordinary inspection took place. Our Christmas was altogether quite dull. Our mail facilities being good, however, we occupied much of the time in writing letters to friends at home.





## CHAPTER XXVIII.

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### *"INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH!"*

**W**E remained in camp until January 4th. In the mean time the pay and muster rolls for November and December were made out. The following changes and promotions appear on these: Corpl. Keefaber, promoted to Sergeant, and privates Zeigenfuss, Cuning and Bower, promoted to corporals.

On the 21st of December, Corporal Everhard died in Ladies' Home, U. S. General Hospital, at New York City, from the effects of wounds received in action at Gravel Hill Farm, August 16th, 1864. During the month of December Sergeant B. S. Yonker, and private Robert Walter, who were in the hospital, were transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps. Corporal T. Blakely was transferred to the Army of the North-west, under general orders from the War Department, concerning rebel deserters, he having been one of that class.

On the 3d of January, I went to City Point, to visit and look after in person the wants of members of my Company, who were confined sick and wounded



in the hospital. I found them all very well provided for, especially by the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, and doing well. None had yet died in any of these hospitals.

On the 4th of January, 1865, we were sent on picket at Mount Sinai Church, near Prince George's Court House, and remained out three days, having had a very quiet time. While there, one squadron was sent to Sycamore Church on a scout, but meeting no enemy they returned to camp. They brought back with them some luxuries, which they had foraged from the enemy.

January 8th, being Sunday, we had the customary inspection by Col. Young, who had lately been commissioned Colonel of the regiment, *vice* Col. Covode, killed at St. Mary's Church. Major Duncan was commissioned Lieut. Colonel. We remained in camp until January 22d, undergoing a regular course of drills and parades every day, with recitations by the officers, in tactics and regulations at evening schools. On Sunday, the 15th, we were inspected by Gen. Gregg, commanding the brigade, who pronounced the discipline and police of the regiment very excellent. The military etiquette, and efficiency of officers and men, were nearly perfect. The camp had now been fenced in and laid out in neat order, with arches of evergreen over the entrance to each company, bearing as the keystone, the letter of the command. We prided ourselves in having as fine, if not the finest camp in the whole army, during the winter of 1864 and '65.



On the 17th inst., the customary monthly inspection and condemnation of useless property took place by Brigade Inspector. At this time, the regular daily dress parades and guard mounts occurred, mounted, instead of dismounted as heretofore. All orders in reference to this were strictly carried out, and much pomp and parade were displayed. Large numbers came from all parts of the army, to view our parades, which took place daily at 10 A. M. On the 22d of January, we were sent on picket near Mount Zion Church. The roads were in horrible condition, the weather wet and sloppy. We remained on guard duty three days, and on being relieved, returned to camp, having had a hard and disagreeable time while out. On the 4th of February, we received orders to march early on the morning of the 5th with five days' rations. Accordingly before daylight in the morning, our division broke camp, and marched *via* Reams' Station to Rowanta Creek, where we found the enemy posted to dispute the passage of the stream. But after a short fight and a charge by the Thirteenth Penna. Cavalry, we drove them from their position, and crossing the stream marched to Dinwiddie Court House, in which vicinity many wagons with supplies were captured. We met small parties of the rebels occasionally, and returned to Rowanta Creek and encamped for the night. Early on the ensuing morning, we proceeded on the Old Stage Road, to the Vaughan Road, down that to Hatcher's Run—the enemy closely pursuing us with infantry and cavalry.





At Hatcher's Run, the rebels took up a position on the South side. We attacked them in the afternoon, and heavy fighting ensued. Our force was ordered to make a regimental charge up the road, and over the Run. Just before reaching the latter place, the ground is rolling. These rising fields served to conceal our preparations for the charge, and enabled us the better to take the enemy by surprise. At this time our squadron had the right of the regiment, and was consequently in the advance, for the undertaking. This charge was ordered by Gen. Gregg. I being the senior lieutenant of the squadron, was consequently destined to lead the first platoon. The position was an exposed and perilous one, and demanded a firm nerve. Capt. Grant, commanding the squadron, had taken position on the flank of the platoons, which formed our squadron. The order was now given to charge. I led off necessarily, making a few encouraging remarks to my men. We reached the brow of the hill, before the column was fully in motion. The moment we caught sight of the enemy, we dashed forward in gallant style—a full mounted charge at a gallop. The rebels being taken by surprise, did not promptly secure range of the head of our column, as we mounted the hill. When they fired their first volley, therefore, of musketry and artillery, fortunately for us, it took effect entirely in the platoons immediately behind us. We, consequently, escaped, and were not thrown into much confusion. We dashed forward to the enemy's lines along the road, on the south side of the creek.



We found the road strongly barricaded with timber and fence rails. It was utterly impassible. The rebels, however, fled from the barricade, when they saw us thundering along, apparently imagining that we would sweep everything before us. But the enemy on our flanks, consisting of Mahone's entire division of rebel infantry, with batteries in position, poured a continuous volley into our columns, creating confusion among the platoons in our rear, and checking the further advance of the whole regiment. Our first platoon was now nearly isolated, and at once beat a hasty retreat, having effected nothing more than a discovery that the rebels were present in great force. Our regiment suffered very heavily in this engagement, but the Company did not lose proportionately to the balance of the command. Private John Weaver was shot dead, and his body was lost in the confusion. Several of the men were wounded. In the regiment we had one officer and ten men killed, and thirty wounded. The officer was Capt. Harper, who had been wounded three times previously in the war, and at one time in four different places. On the repulse of our charge, the Fifth Army Corps was brought up, and formed on this ground, attacking the enemy. It was commanded by Warren. After a hard battle which occupied the whole afternoon, they gradually forced the enemy to retire, and with desperate struggling succeeded at last, in effecting, what our regiment singly had vainly attempted. While I was leading on my men in this charge, with pistol in one hand and drawn sabre in the other, a ball from the



rebel musketry struck the ramrod of the revolver and knocked it off. My cap and clothing were pierced in several places with bullets. I escaped unhurt, however, after having been in one of the most desperate positions that I had yet occupied in actual battle.

On the 7th, we still remained on the line near Hatcher's Run, skirmishing with the enemy. The weather was cold and sleety, and the command suffered greatly. No wood could be found that would burn, and no fires at any rate were allowed, along the lines.

On the following day we retired and returned to camp. Our lines were established and occupied by the infantry of the army. We marched by way of Gurley House, and on arriving there were ordered to countermarch, and go down the Weldon Railroad, as the rebels were reported to be advancing in that direction. We remained in the vicinity of Reams' Station during the night, finding only a few scouting parties of the enemy. The next day we withdrew, and returned to camp. Then did picket duty until the 16th inst.





## CHAPTER XXIX.

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*CAUGHT IN AN AMBUSCADE.*

ON the 22d, a salute was fired at 12 M. in honor of the anniversary of Washington's birth-day.

On the 23d—a wet and rainy day—we were hurried out to go on picket at midnight, to relieve the Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, who were ordered to Wilmington, N. C. I was sent with a battalion on the Wells' House Road, and after much trouble in the darkness, found and relieved the main reserve of the Thirteenth. We remained on picket until the 27th, when we were relieved and returned to camp, having had a fearfully wet, muddy, and disagreeable time.

On the 28th, the regiment was mustered for pay, for the months of January and February. On these rolls we find the following promotions and changes in the Company: Sergt. George W. Mickle, promoted to Orderly Sergeant; George E. Smith, promoted to Corporal, and Alexander Campsie appointed Bugler. Private Samuel Mickle, died in



Harewood U. S. General Hospital. Private George W. Stallman, died in the U. S. General Hospital, at City Point, and private John Welsh, was discharged for disability, he having lost a leg, at White Oak Swamp, August 18th, 1864. These, with the death of Private John Weaver, killed at Hatcher's Run, are all the changes that appear.

During the winter, leaves of absence and furloughs, had been and still were being granted to officers and men. A great many reached home during the season, for periods of fifteen and twenty days. Lieut. Moss having been home, and again returned to camp, I made application myself for a leave, which was granted for fifteen days, from March the 5th. I accordingly went home, *via* City Point and Baltimore, and duly returned on the expiration of my leave. I had a pleasant time among old friends and acquaintances.

On my return to the Company, I was agreeably surprised to find a commission awaiting me as Captain of "Company A." At the same time Lieut. Moss was commissioned as Captain of "Company F," and Second Lieut. Atwell of "Company K," was commissioned to fill the vacant First Lieutenantcy of my Company, thus offsetting Moss's transfer to "Company F." We were all duly mustered, and assumed at once the new duties of our respective posts. I recommended here, Orderly Sergeant Mickle, for the Second Lieutenantcy of the Company. On the 22d of March the regiment made reconnoissances to Proctor's Hill, Va., and found a few of the



enemy in that vicinity. We returned to camp in the evening, where we remained until the 25th.

The enemy, on the night of the 24th, made a fierce assault upon our lines in the vicinity of Fort Steadman, and succeeded in capturing a portion of the lines with the Fort. They also captured the General commanding at that Point—McGlaughlin—with many of his men.

On the morning of the 25th, our whole division having been encamped only a few miles from this point, was routed out early, dismounted, and armed with carbines only. We moved up on double-quick to near Fort Steadman, and formed in dismounted line of battle, preparatory to a charge. At this time Gen. Hartranft's new division of troops had just arrived, and joined the Ninth Army Corps. They were in position in this vicinity, and were at once ordered out and formed. With a breathless suspense we watched their movements, and awaited the success of their efforts—knowing full well what was in store for us, in case they were repulsed. It is enough to say, however, that our services were not called for, as the gallant Hartranft, with his noble division of recruits, faithfully and well performed their arduous duty. It is not for me to attempt here to characterize their conduct on this occasion, in due terms of commendation. We were saved by their success. They recaptured the fort, drove the enemy from his position, and re-established all the lines. After the engagement, we returned to camp.

On the evening of the 24th, a large number of re-







cruits joined our regiment, embracing chiefly the one year men. There were sixteen for my command, whose names will be found in the appendix. These recruits arrived in charge of Sergeant Balentine, who now returned to duty from the hospital. They were all armed, but none were mounted.

On the 26th of March, the regiment was sent on picket, on the McCann Road, relieving the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry. Major Mays commanded our force.

About this time, having effectually accomplished his mission in the valley—that of scouring it clear of rebels and destroying all temptations for their return—Sheridan made his appearance, after having scattered ruin amidst the enemy on the Canal west of Richmond and along the whole line of his march. He now rejoined the Army of the Potomac. Grant at the same time having become about ready to renew his assaults on the enemy's works, was in fact carrying out his programme of "fighting it out on this line." Sheridan's forces now began to appear in the vicinity of our camps. The second cavalry division beheld with pride and admiration their old friends of the first and third divisions, from whom they had been separated for so long a time, and whose duties had since been so arduous and severe. But the career of the whole corps, during the past six months, both in the Shenandoah valley and around Petersburg, redounded to the common credit of the entire cavalry branch of our army. We no longer heard of the proffered reward "for a dead



cavalry-man." Indeed, the most splendid and illustrious accomplishments of the war, had been achieved by the mounted soldiery, and now, as the legions of treason were staggering and reeling to the dust, like the Imperial Guard of the old Napoleon, our dashing cavalry were ready for that final charge, which should thrill the rebel ranks with consternation and dismay, and follow them up and batter them to the bloody end of the rebellion.

Sheridan at this time moved out in the direction of the left of our army, while our regiment was on picket. He took command of the whole cavalry corps again, and on the 27th ordered out scouting parties to scour the country for twenty or thirty miles outside the picket lines. I was sent out with forty men on the Lee's Mills Road, in compliance with this order. These reconnoissances by scouting detachments, afterwards proved to be preparatory to the movement of Sheridan on Five Forks, the following day. Proceeding to Lee's Mills, I scouted the country thoroughly in that vicinity, and in the afternoon was returning to camp, when one of those fatal and disagreeable affairs transpired, which rebound with no credit to either party—namely, an ambush. I had been very cautious all along, to guard against anything of this kind, never having before fallen into one, during the whole course of the war.

As we were returning to camp, I had one-third of the command deployed as skirmishers in advance, and on the flanks of my column, with the view of



guarding against anything of this kind. The Lieutenant accompanying me, who had charge of the advance, was Welton, who had lately been promoted, and who had escaped from prison with me. When we had got within a mile of our lines, he came to me and requested permission to withdraw the flankers, as he thought having arrived so near our camp, there was no longer any more danger. I promptly and imperatively commanded him not to withdraw a man, but on the contrary to keep a sharp lookout. He again advanced with his flankers, and in less than five minutes afterwards, we were ambushed, the extreme flankers passing around the guerillas, who were lying concealed in a very thick underbrush, in Warwick Swamp. They did not molest the flankers or skirmishers, until I came up with the main body of the scout. Then all at once the chief of the band, whom I afterwards discovered to be the infamous Dr. Reeves, advanced and demanded our surrender, with the usual Virginia slang, and some profanity. In reply, I drew my revolver, and gave him the contents of one of its chambers. At this, we instantaneously received a volley from forty or fifty bushwhackers, who were armed with shot guns and rifles. The buck-shot and balls went whistling by us at a lively rate. As a natural consequence, this created intense confusion and consternation among my command, a great majority of whom were the one year recruits who had just come out. Dr. Reeves at once shot me, the ball entering the groin. I managed to keep my horse, however. One of my men







was instantly killed, and seven were wounded. Amid the confusion and dispersal of my party, the rebels stripped the dead man, and pinning a notice on him, scampered off through the woods. They did not attempt to make a stand. The label attached to our dead comrade, read, as follows: "When Gen. Gregg learns to keep his foraging and scouting parties inside of his own lines, they will cease to be fired on." Signed—"A Rebel Scout." The names of my own comrades in arms, who were wounded with me, were as follows: Corporal Bower, privates Richards, Thomas and Moore. The balance of the killed and wounded, were members of another company. Lieut. Welton was very much chagrined at the circumstance, but such incidents are sometimes inevitable, where armed villains violate the most ordinary usages of civilized war, and imitate the savages of a long past century. This misfortune is especially probable, too, in a country so favorable to such demonstrations, as the swamps in the vicinity of Petersburg.



## CHAPTER XXX.

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*OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT.*

I FOUND that I had been pretty severely wounded, and on arriving at picket reserve, a surgeon was sent for. We were all promptly attended to and cared for. On the same night we were conveyed to Cavalry Corps Hospital, at City Point. It was the first time I had entered a hospital, as a patient, since the war began, although having been wounded several times before.

We remained in the hospital here until the successful advance of our armies, and the surrender of the rebel Commander-in-chief, with all his forces, at Appomattox Court House. We were then removed to make way, for the large numbers of wounded who were coming in from the front.

I received a thirty days, leave from Gen. Grant on April 15th, and went home, where my wound gradually healed up. I returned to my Company at the expiration of my furlough, finding it on Provost Duty at Lynchburg, Virginia.



While being removed on the hospital boat Connecticut, from City Point to Washington, we met a gun-boat coming down the Chesapeake Bay, carrying its flag at half-mast. As it passed along, some parties on board of our boat hailed her, and inquired why the symbol of mourning was carried, and the reply was returned, that President Lincoln was assassinated. We all considered it an awkward attempt at a joke. We had only a few days before, met the President in hospital at City Point, where he had gone through all the wards, taking each inmate by the hand, officer and private, white and colored, speaking kind words to them, and inquiring feelingly concerning their wounds. I myself was favored in this manner, by the great-hearted emancipator. Consequently we considered the answer a heartless and witless joke. Yet, at the same time, we had vague and indefinite forecastings of its probability and truth. The subject, at any rate, was dwelt on, and talked about considerably on our boat. We were soon doomed to the anguish of finding it only too true.

On arriving in Washington that evening, being Sunday night, there were myriads of evidences to corroborate the sad news. Through the long avenues of the city, hung the sable mementos of death, the flags at half-mast everywhere mingling their idle folds with the black tissues of mourning. A leaden pall seemed to darken the sky even, and the air was silent and still, pervaded as it seemed by the very spirit of melancholy. A great depression possessed everybody and





everything. Gravity and gloom were pictured in the faces of pedestrians, knots of people were clustered on corners and in front of hotels, earnestly carrying on low-toned conversation, with no variance, such as a smile or a laugh would give, but with the ever present aspect of quiet thoughtfulness and profound sorrow. Women and children were running about with tearful eyes, and the nurses who carried us to the hospitals were deeply affected. A pause as of suspense, from very revulsion at the horror, possessed the capital. This too was but a type of all the loyal cities at the North. Flags draped in mourning flaunted from spars and mast-heads, everywhere; crape decorated many a loyal door, and hundreds of thousands of people attired themselves in mourning habiliments as from the death of a parent. In the foul assassin what a mistaken mission! *Sic Semper Tyrannis!* applied to such a man! to such illustrious virtue!

"O swift to spare and slow to smite!  
The kind, the merciful, the good!"

to be cut off from the happy vision of a Union restored and complete victory achieved, after four years of yearnings of soul, such heart-throbs of anxiety, and such restless exertion in the good cause! Never was greater mistake made by treason, even considering it from a selfish point of view. Doubtless he would have been an eloquent and powerful intercessor for perfect mercy and forgiveness to the South. Glad at the time, however, before many



months the rebels saw the error. From a poem on the death of Lincoln, by James Ristine, A. M., a Correspondent of the *New York Herald*, we quote the closing lines, which are as follows :

“And Springs shall come and go with flowers,  
And blossoms in the lucent air,  
To deck the shrine of Wintry showers,  
And forests moaning like despair :

“And the dread gloom of conflict part,  
And come the happy smile of peace,  
And discord leave the rankling heart,  
And reason the shut mind release.

“And then shall they who hail his doom,  
With gladness, bless the honored name,  
And drop repentant at his tomb,  
The tears that seal his patriot fame.”

We are confident that in the future, the name of Lincoln will be hardly less exalted than that of Washington—for illustrious patriotism and virtuous statesmanship.

The foul deed was perpetrated by an unprincipled, vain young man, named John Wilkes Booth, who as an actor, finding that he was totally destitute of any genius for the stage, and unable to gratify a morbid desire for fame by histrionic endeavors, thought by one fell stroke to immortalize himself. This he has indeed done, as effectually as did Judas Iscariot, Benedict Arnold, Anton Probst, the Dead Boxer, or Hod Annis, perpetrator of the famous Lord Bond



Robbery. He seemed to be thirsting after a notoriety, which he could not attain by honorable effort, and so sought to harpoon his dark name on great virtue and true immortality, if the point even entered the heart of its possessor. His motto confessedly, was, accordant with his favorite lines :

“The ambitious youth who fired the Ephesian dome,  
Outlives in fame the pious fool who reared it.”

But suffice it to say his memory will be scorned and execrated forever.

After the expiration of my leave of absence, I proceeded to rejoin my command. On arriving at Washington, I met Gen. Gregg, who had lately been brevetted Major General. He had been captured the day preceding Lee's surrender at Appomattox, and had been paroled by the enemy. Hence his presence on this occasion at the Capital. He, too, was about proceeding to rejoin the command at Lynchburg. He was starting from Washington under orders, and at once organized a temporary staff. He appointed me on this staff, as Acting Assistant Adjutant General—until we should arrive at the command. We proceeded to Richmond direct from Washington by steamer—a trip that several hundred thousand had attempted during the last four or five years, but had failed in accomplishing, although furnished with passes by the President of the United States. We passed up the James River, moving silently by all the celebrated points of the war—Harrison's Landing,





Malvern Hill, City Point, Dutch Gap, the Famous Canal, and Fort Darling. They were all deserted now, the clustered hearts hot with treason and hatred, that had throbbed behind their "death-full grinning mouths," being dispersed forever, and agitated now all over the South with mingled emotions of remorse and despair.

We arrived in Richmond, on the evening of Saturday, May the 13th, and I accompanied Gen. Gregg on a visit to Gen. Ord, then in command in that city. Ord occupied Jefferson Davis' private residence as his headquarters, and entertained us in true Virginia style. We partook of some of Old Jeff's best liquors, that had been left in the cellar, in his hurried flight, and drank the excelsior liquid from cut-glass, of the most ornate and *recherche* model.

On Sunday morning, I accompanied Gen. Gregg to the Presbyterian Church on Sixth street near Main. On entering this temple of worship, and proceeding to occupy a seat in the body of it, the sexton stopped the General, and directed him to the gallery. He made no remarks, but quietly pocketed the insult, and listened to the sermon throughout. In the afternoon, we visited various portions of the city. I saw once more the gloomy and grimy walls of my old prison, the notorious Libby, No. 4, whose presence now evoked many sad and revolting reminiscences of the past. It still looked sombre and forbidding.

On the 15th, we left Richmond for Petersburg, and registered at the Jarrett House, on Washington



Street. We were now in that renowned city, before whose frowning fortifications, and within less than a mile of whose business centre, we had operated for nine long, and weary months. On the following day we made preparations to proceed to, and join the command at Lynchburg. I accompanied the General again, on visits to Generals Hartsuff and Farrero, who were at this time located in Petersburg. After making all necessary arrangements, to have ambulances ready to convey us from Burkville Junction to Farmville, and securing all things in readiness, we started from Petersburg on the morning of the 17th. We arrived at Burkville Junction, having travelled by rail, and proceeded thence to Farmville by ambulance. This was rendered necessary on account of the bridges having been burned between the two points. We travelled thence by rail to Pamplin, where we remained over night. This journey was very slow and tedious, the road being in very bad order, and the locomotive a miserable one. It was hardly fit for use, and the train did not move much faster than a brisk walking pace. The cars were stopped occasionally, while the track was being repaired. At Pamplin, we remained at a farmer's house over night, the same as though we were travelling by stage or wagon. In the morning we started again, proceeding by rail to within six miles of Lynchburg, where we found more bridges burned. Thence we went to Lynchburg on a canal boat. At this place we found our command stationed in and around the city. I found our regiment quartered in



a large house in the eastern part of the city. All hands were glad to see me. Very few of the Company and regiment, however, were present—most of them being in hospitals and dismounted camps.

On Friday, the 19th, the whole command was moved to the Fair Grounds, near Lynchburg, where they were permanently encamped.

We will now retrace our steps, and review the history of the Company, during my absence.





## CHAPTER XXXI.

*THE SURRENDER OF LEE.*

ON the 29th of March, the cavalry corps, under command of Sheridan, broke camp in the vicinity of Petersburg, and marched up through the left of the army, by way of Reams' Station to Stony Creek. Our regiment was ordered on picket-duty, at Ramsey's Mills, where it remained until Friday, the 31st, and then with the division marched to Dinwiddie Court House, meeting the enemy at that point in force. After a very heavy and severe fight, they were compelled to retire from the rebels, on the afternoon of that day. The regimental loss was one lieutenant, and two men killed and ten wounded. In our Company Corporal Cuning and private Nafts were wounded.

On the morning of April 1st the command moved out, and again attacked the enemy. After a very brisk skirmish, the rebels fell back in disorder to the vicinity of Five Forks. Here the whole cavalry force, with the Fifth Army Corps, all under the immediate command of General Sheridan, made a general attack on the enemy's lines, driving them



back and capturing almost their entire force at that place, numbering about 10,000 men. The rebels were here completely "cleaned out," with no loss materially to our forces.

On the same day the whole Army of the Potomac, made a general attack upon the enemy's lines, succeeding at several points in breaking them. The famous long siege was at last terminated. Petersburg was ours, and the rebels were in rapid retreat. Lee was compelled to withdraw in hot haste his vanquished and demoralized army, evacuating Petersburg and Richmond. The long-looked for crisis had arrived, and the rebel general knew not whether to fly from his own forces, or to still hold them together and stand the issues of another battle. The rebellion was now ended, and our arms were at last successful, for

"Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft is ever won."

Lee retreated in the direction of Burkville Junction, but Sheridan was a little too quick for him, having already moved out with the cavalry and Fifth Army Corps, and cutting off their line of retreat in that direction. The enemy then struck out for Lynchburg, with our cavalry corps on their flanks, and the Army of the Potomac pressing them hard in the rear.

On the 5th inst., our cavalry division attacked and captured, a large wagon train of the rebels, with



many prisoners and several batteries of artillery, at Amelia Springs. They had a very severe engagement afterwards, the enemy coming up in force, while our troops were destroying the trains. The rebels were again compelled to retire, with another signal defeat.

On the 6th inst., our division found General Ewell's wagon train, and made an attack on it, capturing and burning several thousand wagons, all partially loaded. The enemy again assaulted our division, while engaged in destroying the trains, and another severe fight ensued, which was maintained until 3 o'clock, P. M., when the Sixth Corps came to Gen. Gregg's assistance, and the rebels were once more repulsed with heavy damage. On that day our regiment lost several of its most heroic members—one in particular, Lieut. Alexander Welton, one of the bravest of the brave, who had escaped with myself from the rebel prison in November, 1863. He had been desperately endeavoring to hold in check the large numbers of the enemy opposed to him and his command, when he was mortally wounded—a ball having passed through the centre of his breast. He was taken to the hospital, where he soon afterwards expired. I deeply regretted this loss, from the mutual feelings of regard which had existed between us, and from my admiration of his manly services in the army. He had been a brave and faithful officer, and nothing could ever swerve him from the path of duty.

On the 7th of April, our regiment marched in ad-





vance of the division through Farmville, Va., driving the enemy away from the town. As we passed through, the rebels were met in force in the suburbs. They sprung a little trap or ambush here, to catch the advance of the regiment, by enticing an attack on a wagon train. The *ruse*, however, was discovered before it had completely succeeded. The enemy were attacked, and found to be composed of infantry and cavalry. They stubbornly held their ground. Our forces remained in line of battle at this point all night. We had lost during the day, General Gregg, commanding the brigade, with several of his staff officers, who were captured at the head of the column. Major Mays and ten men in the regiment were killed, and twenty-one wounded in the engagement.

On the morning of the 8th, our forces found that the rebels had retired during the night, and were immediately pursued. At Appomattox Station, they captured from the enemy, four trains of cars, and twenty-one pieces of artillery, with many prisoners. They then pushed forward on Lee's flank, whose head-quarters was now at Appomattox Court House.

On the 9th inst., having him nearly surrounded, our forces began a general attack, but Gen. Lee, seeing that further resistance to the Army of the Potomac was useless, concluded that the best thing he could do, was to surrender, and accordingly, promptly surrendered his entire command or Army of Northern Virginia to Gen. Grant. Thus summarily ended the war in that quarter. The details



of this grand occasion, are emblazoned already on the pages of history. It will be the theme of admiration through all ages.

Our division had just prepared itself to make a general attack, along the rebel front, when it was notified of the surrender of Lee. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed over this news. Cheer after cheer arose from our troops, like the sound of dashing waters or the roll of thunder, making the very welkin ring with the mingled sounds of joy and exultation. The voice that announced the glad tidings, had more than the enchanter's magic, lifting as it did the great load of anxiety from every heart, and brightening many thousand lives with more than earthly lustre. Between slowly widening rifts that had presaged the hour, a sudden burst of sunlight streamed, with a cheering and ineffable beauty, such as never shone even on the wrecked mariner of ocean. The perils, hardships, sacrifices of the past, had been great; the way had been rugged and precipitous; but the goal was reached, the boon was won, for which no cost of life or treasure was too great. They could now return to happy homes, and boast of the tented field, of the bloody charge and the thrilling victory—of years of labor devoted to the ultimate confirmation of liberty—and enfranchisement of the enslaved. It was indeed true then, "the Union must and shall be preserved."

On the 10th of April, the cavalry corps began the retrograde movement, and encamped at Prospect Station that night, and on the next at Burkville.



On the 12th our brigade marched to Nottaway Station, encamping there until the 17th inst., when they again broke camp and proceeded toward Petersburg, *via* Wilson's Station, there rejoining the division and corps. Here they remained until the 24th of April, when having recuperated, they took up the line of march for North Carolina, to join Sherman and push Johnston to the wall. We encamped on the night of the 24th at Nottaway River on the Boydtown Plank Road. On the 25th we marched nineteen miles down the Plank Road and encamped near Meherin River. The next night we encamped near Boydtown. On the 27th we marched through Boydtown, across the Staunton River above Clarksville, and encamped for the night.

On the 28th of April, we marched to and over the Danville Railroad to Scottville, crossing the Dan River, to South Boston. During the night official notice of the surrender of Gen. Johnston was received, so that the further march of our forces for the South, and any assistance for Gen. Sherman were needless.

Orders were now promptly given to begin the return march. On the 29th, we again crossed the Dan River and Staunton River, at Moseley's Ford, and encamped. Many of the horses were now beginning to give out from want of food and over-marching. We advanced on the 30th, to, and encamped near the Meherin River. On May 1st, we proceeded through Lunenburg Court House, to the Nottaway River, near "Blacks and Whites" Station, on the





South Side Railroad. On the 2d, we proceeded to, and encamped near Dinwiddie Court House. On the 3d of May, we arrived again at Petersburg, having lost a large number of horses during the march, and having picked up many other horses and also mules. Our command, indeed, was at this time, about half mounted on mules. On arriving at Petersburg, the cavalry corps went into camp, and remained until the 10th of May, during which time the pay and muster rolls, for March and April, were made out. On these, the following changes appear: George W. Mickle's commission having arrived some time previous, he was duly mustered as Second Lieutenant; Sergt. John Balentine, was promoted to Orderly Sergeant, *vice* Mickle promoted; Private A. G. H. Row, was promoted to Sergeant from the ranks; Corporal Heenan to Sergeant, *vice* Yost discharged from the effects of wounds; John Steele, Corporal; David C. Thomas, discharged for disabilities from the effects of wounds.

On May the 10th, our Brigade broke camp at Petersburg, and marched to Nottaway Court House.

On the 11th, we proceeded to Burkville Junction, and on the following three days proceeded towards Lynchburg, encamping near a creek, twelve miles from that city, and remaining there two days, when we marched into the town and took possession.

At this time Col. Duncan, with several of the officers, made a *detour* on the line of march, and visited Gen. Longstreet, at his home in Campbell County.

They were received by the distinguished rebel in



a very gentlemanly manner, and from their description, I judge that he was then already, what he afterwards proved himself to be, an unconditional and passive acceptor of the situation, and perfectly submissive now, to the inexorable logic of events, and to the inevitable result of the struggle. This was an exceptional case in the South. Jeff Davis, Breckenridge, and many other traitors, had made a rapid escapade—and in this manner, testified to their dislike of the circumstances, while nearly all the rest were like the surly, sullen, petulant Wade Hampton—inactive from sheer necessity, and as bitterly rebellious at heart as ever. Not satisfied with the clemency of a great and good government, that “treads down the liberties of no man,” they could not gracefully bow to the yoke of defeat.

Having thus traced up the history of my company, during my temporary absence, I shall now proceed to give the remainder of its record, up to the time of the disbandment of the little force.

After encamping in the Fair Grounds, one mile from Lynchburg, I was on the 20th ordered to report to the Provost Marshall, Col. Duncan, in the city, for secret service.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

*PURSUIT OF EXTRA BILLY SMITH.*

AT this time large rewards had been offered by the President of the United States, for all the prominent leaders of the rebellion, among whom was Extra Billy Smith, Governor of Virginia, for whose capture a reward of \$25,000 was offered.

He was supposed to be in the vicinity of Lynchburg, somewhere. Of this fact I was notified by Col. Duncan, and authorized to take such a force of men, as I might deem sufficient, and proceed in search of him.

I soon discovered that he had been stopping at the house of one Dr. Munday, on the canal, twenty-six miles east of Lynchburg. I proceeded rapidly to this point, but to my chagrin discovered that Governor Smith had left three days previous. We captured here during the night, two horse-thieves, who had been rebel guerillas, and were now robbing and plundering their own people. I sent them under guard to headquarters in Lynchburg, where they were soon afterwards tried by military commission and sentenced.





On the morning of Sunday, the 21st, I started in pursuit of Governor Smith again, and tracked him to Dr. Megison's, where I learned Extra Billy had been on the Wednesday night preceding. This was at a point near New Market. We arrived at New Market early in the day, and went thence by way of Lewis Cabel's Ferry to the residence of one George Bon-jurant, at Buckingham Court House \* \* \* where I was informed that Governor Smith had stopped over night several days before. We remained here a short time for rest and refreshment, and discovered that Smith had fled to Centerville, and crossed the river there on the Friday previous. We then pursued him to the house of one Ambrose Ford, at Goochland, where we learned that his intentions were to proceed to Richmond, and give himself up to the proper authorities.

Concluding now that he was too far in advance of us, and that he was making just as much headway, at any rate, as we were, and not having orders to pursue him further than within a circuit of fifty miles around Lynchburg, I accordingly concluded to abandon the pursuit, having already traced him up pretty far. It afterwards proved that he had done, as stated, gone to the late rebel capital, and voluntarily delivered himself up to the union authorities there. In this manner, he cheated all hands out of the profi-ered and expected reward.

On Monday, the 22d, we started on our return trip, and, in our course, came to a wealthy Southerner's residence, one William Johnson, by name, who lived



seventeen miles from Lynchburg. The rebel proprietor was not present, but we saw at his house, large numbers of young colored women of a prepossessing appearance. They informed us that Johnson was their father, and that he was the father also of their children, of whom many were present, bearing still lighter complexions, and appearances of still more of the Caucasian refinement.

Johnson, we learned, was a man of considerable wealth, and an old bachelor, living here in luxury and ease. He had owned about two hundred slaves, and had made most of his money, by hiring them out to work in tobacco factories in Lynchburg. While we were dining, he made his appearance, and evinced, by his bearing toward us, that we were about as welcome there, as our troops had been in Richmond. This fact did not, however, deter us from helping ourselves to all that we wanted. I gave my men clear and explicit orders, to take what they needed, and their modesty did not prevent them from making havoc among the cold-meats and preserves.

In the afternoon, we proceeded rapidly towards Lynchburg. Night overtaking us on the way, and being very tired, we were compelled to stop over at a Methodist parsonage, about eight miles from Richmond, where we were bounteously entertained—having all we needed for ourselves, and everything our horses required.

On Tuesday I proceeded to camp, near Lynchburg, and reported to Col. Duncan, the result of my search, which proved satisfactory.



We remained in camp in Fair Grounds, at Lynchburg, occasionally doing a little patrol duty in the suburbs of the city.

On the 27th, I went in pursuit of Bradley, a deserter from the regiment, who had stolen several horses, and made off with them into the country. I did not succeed in capturing him.

While we were in Lynchburg, our Regimental Band often went to Brigade Headquarters, and serenaded Gen. Gregg in the evening. Large numbers of disbanded rebel soldiers and of the citizens generally flocked around, to hear the melodious out-gushings from brass pipes and quivering parchment—although the inspiration was patriotic, and its expression characteristically Northern. This musical organization had been with our regiment through all the latter years of the war, and had participated in many hazardous marches, and perilous situations. It had been originated by the officers of our own command, who had purchased the brass, and detailed the performers on this special duty. No regimental music had been provided by the government, since the earlier periods of the war. They did not, therefore, eclipse Strauss and his Vienna orchestra, nor even attempt the exhibition of that master's compositions, but they gave "Jeff on a Sour Apple Tree," and "John Brown's Body," in stout, military style. In short they performed creditably as amateurs. They were not expert instrumentalists, like those of the Seventh Regiment, the Boston Germania, or the celebrated Metropolitan Band of Philadelphia—the







latter being specially renowned for marching and military music—but they were musicians, whose genius was praiseworthy, particularly on account of the patriotism its performances exhibited. The leader's name was Frank Köpf—was he not appropriately labelled for a musical head?—a resident of our native town, and a portly, good-natured, and sweitzer-loving German. We have often witnessed his burly figure in the throes of musical birth, his whole frame heaving with emotion, as he delivered himself in safety of some fantastical strain. He was the very heart and ear of all the instruments, contorting his features at every false note, as if it had been a corn and rudely trampled on. His arms were levers of feeling, like the antlers of a chrysalis, and sometimes poised gracefully in the atmosphere, as if enthralled in ecstatic delight, and at others, cut the air sharply like a cleaver, or spun like a top, as if writhing in mortal agony. But I will do him justice. In familiar waltzes, his head and coat-tail oscillated with the regularity of clock-work. All new selections were necessarily learned gradually, the worthy leader, after many days of rehearsal, actually sweating discord into harmony.

Our patriotic airs were relished by the crowd, but were regarded by the sentimental ladies of the neighborhood as ungentlemanly taunts. Out of spite, we would consequently hear "The Bonny Blue Flag!" from neighboring pianos. We, however, never did them much honor by noticing their performances.

Our duty now, was frequently to patrol the road



between Lynchburg and Bedford Alum Springs, near New London. We drank copiously of the medicinal waters of these famous springs.

Here at New London we beheld the old building, in which Patrick Henry had distinguished himself by his stirring eloquence, in the days of yore.

While encamped at Fair Grounds we frequently had dress-parades, regular drills and guard-mounts—not from any particular necessity, but as a means of varying the monotony of our routine duties.

It was now almost impossible to keep the forces in camp, as they preferred to loiter about the city, there being many inducements to draw them thither. I consider Lynchburg one of the most degradedly immoral cities in the United States.

About the 2d of June, the Two Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania Volunteer, Infantry, arrived in Lynchburg, and relieved our forces from Provost Duty in that city.

Numerous details of an officer and twenty-five men each, were sent to all the county seats in the vicinity of Lynchburg, to establish Provost Marshall's Offices, and give all the people an opportunity to subscribe to the oath of amnesty. To this almost all the people promptly responded. They were then protected in all business pursuits, as loyal citizens of the United States. Great destitution and poverty prevailed among the people, and many thousands of Government rations were daily issued to them from these posts. But the starving multitudes here had brought their sorrows and misfortunes upon themselves.



On the 6th of June, all the dismounted men of our command, and all the convalescents from the hospitals arrived, thus greatly enlarging our numbers, and swelling the list of those present in our regiment, from one hundred and fifty to seven hundred men.

On Saturday, the 10th, we received orders from the War Department, to muster out all men whose term of service expired on October 1st, 1865.

Twenty of these I had in my own Company. I accordingly made the muster-out rolls for that many.

This created a great hubbub of excitement, and much dissatisfaction among the troops, because the whole regiment was not included in these lists. They were fearful that they might be forced to serve the whole balance of their veteran term, which was nearly two years yet. They contended that the war was over, and that they had enlisted for three years, or only during the struggle. A very rebellious spirit manifested itself in the command, and it was only with considerable difficulty, that the men were held together, and their dissatisfaction restrained.

On the 13th, however, we received orders from the War Department to turn in all the horses and equipments, preparatory to going North, to be mustered out of service. On receipt of this news there was much rejoicing and exultation, because the battles of the war having been all fought and ended, the men were anxious, now, to return to the peaceful pursuits of civil life. Accordingly, on the following day, we turned in all horses and equipments.

A few mornings afterwards, we commenced work







on the muster-out rolls, as we had been notified that we were to be mustered out at Lynchburg. After the rolls were duly prepared and examined by the proper officer, the regiment was regularly mustered out on July 1st, 1865—the organization having been rejoined by all the officers and men on detached service.

Col. Young was relieved from the command of the Brigade, and now took personal charge of the regiment. He was at this time brevetted Brigadier General.

He caused a number of promotions by Brevet to be made in the regiment. As one of the complimented, I had the honor of receiving myself, the Brevet of Major, by the then President of the United States.

On the first of the month, after having turned in all Quartermasters' and other government property, we were duly mustered out of the United States service, to date from July 1st.

The following complimentary order was issued by Gen. Gregg, on the occasion of its disbandment:—

HEAD-QUARTERS MILITARY DEPARTMENT,  
*Lynchburg, Va.,*  
*July 1st, 1865.*

GENERAL ORDERS, }  
No. 30.

Soldiers of the Second Brigade, Second Cavalry Division, Army of the Potomac! Your organization, which has existed through more than two years of



the war, is about to be disbanded. Some of you are to go to your homes and your families, and to engage in the quiet pursuit of a peaceful life, and let us hope of a country, to which happiness is again restored.

During all the time of your organization, you have been in the first ranks of the terrible battle, which has been waged, and you have won, for yourselves, by your courage and endurance, an imperishable name.

Your duties of the present are different from those of the past—to soothe the lacerated feelings, and cultivate the friendship, and secure the confidence of the people, against whom for four years, you have been arrayed in deadly hostility, is now your privilege. Show to them by your actions as citizens, that during all the years of deadly struggle, through which you have passed, that no hatred rankled in your hearts. Dangers and sufferings shared in common, have endeared each individual of the Brigade, to him who since its organization, has had the honor to command it, and he will ever remember his connection with them with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction.

May you be prosperous and happy in the future, as you have been enduring and successful in the past, and may He who controls the destinies of nations, guard and protect you and your children, and their descendants forever, from the desolating scenes of civil war.

By command of

BREVEY MAJ. GEN. GREGG.

[*Official.*]

JOHN B. MAITLAND,

*Capt. and A. A. G.*



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## MARCHING NORTH.

ON the same occasion, Gen. Gregg wrote the following complimentary letter to our regiment, which was received with enthusiasm by our troops:

LYNCHBURG, VA.,

July 1st, 1865.

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS

OF THE FOURTH PENN. CAVALRY:

After four years of war, the most terrible the world ever saw, you are about to return to your homes, your friends and your families, with the object for which you left your fields and your workshops, your pleasant homes, your wives and your little ones, accomplished.

Peace again spreads her wings over our entire country, and let us hope it will be over a united and a happy people.

Soldiers! soon to become citizens, carry with you to your homes, and into your various occupations and pursuits, the lessons you have learned of courage, of endurance, of fortitude, of generosity, of magnanimity. Let no unworthy views contract, or oc-





cupy your minds. Show to our recent enemies, that the contest of the past four years, has not embittered your hearts. Bear in mind that your comrades sleep side by side in a common grave, with a gallant but mistaken foe; that what we have done, was from a sense of duty and justice, and not in a spirit of wanton aggression or of unbridled passion.

Go! soldiers of the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry! to be happy with, and to render happy those whom you love and cherish. We may never meet again, but the remembrance of your gallant deeds and heroic endurance, will never fade from the memory of him who has had the honor to lead you through the trials and dangers of the past, and he trusts that you will carry with you kind memories of one who, whatever may have been his faults or his failures, has striven to do his duty, and gloried in the leadership of a command whose achievements are second to none.

May God bless you, and keep you as pure citizens, as you have been faithful soldiers.

J. IRWIN GREGG,  
*Brev. and Maj. Gen. Vol's.*

On the same day, we received orders to be ready to march for the North on the following morning.

On Sunday, July 2d, therefore, we proceeded on our way about daylight, to Burnt Bridge, six miles below Lynchburg. There took the cars to Farmville, and marched thence to Burkville Junction, and encamped. Here we awaited transportation by rail, remaining at this point all the next day.



In the meantime Gen. Young proceeded to Richmond, to hurry transportation.

On Tuesday, July 4th, we remained at Burkville Junction, until one o'clock, when we took the train for City Point. We met several old friends from our native valley here on this anniversary of the National Independence, and we had a very lively and joyful re-union. It was the only anniversary in the service that we had really enjoyed. It is unnecessary to say, that we drank to the memory of every canonized hero of the revolution, and toasted the brilliant names of our later war. Throughout the North, the spirit of the occasion was kept up, with great demonstrations of joy. During the day men, women, and children, gave themselves up to an enjoyment and suitable celebration of the day. The skies were laced, stippled and constellated from sunset till day-dawn, with fiery pyrotechnic displays, and one anthem of joy for the victory lately achieved, and for the old conquest of our Revolutionary fathers, rolled from Maine to Maryland, and between either ocean. The patriotic feeling of the following lines, glowed in every loyal heart of the land :—

“ New England mountains, Texas plains,  
Virginia slopes, Nebraska vales,  
One noble language breathes its strains,  
Along the freedom of your gales ;  
One mighty heart pulsates beside,  
The rolling of your every tide.

“ One patriot glory spreadeth white  
Seraphic wings above the past,



And rainbows in eternal light

The costly blood which showered fast,  
On battle fields of ancient time,  
When love of country was a crime.

“Heroic memories strike their root

Along your every hill and shore ;  
And not a flower beneath the foot

But burgeons proudly from the gore  
Of noble breasts, which calmly met  
The charging foeman's bayonet.

“The echoes of old battles roll

In thunder down your cataracts,  
And utter startlingly the soul  
Of glorious times and deathless acts ;  
The changeless rainbow waveth there,  
Your stripes along its native air.

“A deathless rush of crimson rills,

Through spectral ranks runs steeply down  
New England's first of battle hills,  
By Freedom's sickle fiercely mown,  
And echoes, ever to your veins,  
But faintly worthy of such strains.

“The ice upon the Delaware

E'er trembles 'neath unshodden feet,  
Which ever track its chilly glare  
With life-blood oozing through the sleet,  
The foot-falls of a race of men  
Whose like we lately saw again.

“The horn of Marion echoes clear

Through Carolina's aged pines,  
Whose every dew-drop like a tear,  
Is dashed aside by bannered vines,  
Which, faithless to the hero's fall,  
Still vibrate to his battle call.





“The vivid thought of Franklin beams,  
 In every lightning glare that flies  
 Above our zone-traversing streams,  
 Along our ocean-bounded skies,  
 And bids us open reverent souls  
 To truth’s eternal thunder rolls.

“Mount Vernon bosoms in its sod  
 That generation’s noblest heart,  
 Whom Greece had shrined a demi-god—  
 A man without a counterpart;  
 The throbbings of that patriot breast  
 Are echoed in our farthest west.

“Such heroes splendedored not alone,  
 But many more who nameless sleep  
 Beneath the hasty funeral stone,  
 Where nature took them to the deep,  
 Kind bosom, from the reeling strife  
 Of breast to breast and knife to knife.

“God help us keep the sacred trust  
 Our sires bequeathed us with our breath,  
 Crush treason in its native dust,  
 And struggle, faithful unto death,  
 With fearless soul and tireless hand,  
 For liberty and fatherland.”

After the 4th had been duly celebrated, we proceeded to Cedar Level, between City Point and Petersburg, and remained there for the night.

2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 26

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

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*"FLING OUT THE STARRY FLAG."*

ON the 5th we went to City Point, and embarked on board the steam transport, *Northerner*. We arrived in Baltimore on the following day, and immediately took the cars for Pittsburg. We reached that city at midnight, and quartered at once in the City Hall.

On Saturday morning, July 8th, we were received by the Mayor of the city, and were publicly banqueted at the City Hall, where addresses were made by the Mayor, Gen. Young, and others. The council and numerous citizens were in attendance. Some fine music was discoursed by an excellent band, and a hearty and delightful collation furnished to the whole regiment.

Col. Young here delivered his farewell address to the regiment, which was received with feelings of affection and regard. It reads in substance as follows :—



HEAD-QUARTERS,

4TH PENNA. CAVALRY,

*Pittsburg, Pa.,*

*July 8th, 1865.*

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS

OF THE 4TH PENNA. CAVALRY:

In parting with you who have gallantly performed your duties in defence of the Union, your commanding officer deems it necessary to say, it is with reluctance. From the organization of the Regiment he has officiated with you in various capacities. His positions have been such, that his acquaintance with each one as a soldier in camp as also in the field, has been personal, creating an attachment, that now is about to be severed, but never forgotten. For four years your life has been his, the privations and hardships which you have suffered, he has also endured, but the recompense has been a full compensation. By your gallantry and daring, on every battle-field, you have won the admiration of the whole country. You have wrested from the hands of arch traitors, the proud emblem of liberty.

You have once more opened the doors of the free institutions of a powerful people, and firmly established the great fundamental principle that there is no such thing as secession, but by hydra-headed treason, and punishable to the full extent by military law; and not only that, but you have also established the supremacy of "The Star Spangled Banner" above all nations of the world.

Among the officers of this command, your commander sees none in the same capacity in which they





entered the service. You have been promoted to your present respective grades for gallant and meritorious services rendered on many fields of "gore." You have by your deportment won the full confidence and esteem of your commander. And for your assistance and obedience to all orders, he thanks you.

And now that your country no longer requires your services, beat your swords into plow shares, and your spears into pruning hooks, that the clanking of arms may no longer salute the ear, but be superseded by the busy hum of industry. Let your deportment hereafter be in accordance with your military life, and prove to the world that a soldier can be a good citizen; that he who raises the arm to establish law, also raises it for its maintenance.

You will soon gather around your hearth-stones, and recount your perils, privations, hardships, and sufferings to the loved ones at home, but your bosoms will always heave with emotions of pride in the exclamation, I was a soldier of the Union. Your name will be revered by the loyal, the great, and the good.

For our comrades, who have fallen, we shed a tear; our sympathies go forth to the house of mourning, and would condole with the afflicted. Their loss has been in a glorious cause, the propitiation of freedom to you and to all posterity.

We soon shall separate, perhaps never to meet again, but your memories will be the proudest of my recollections, to be erased only by the soul's exit.

S. B. M. YOUNG,

*Brev't Brig. Gen'l Vols.*

*and Col. 4th Penna. Cavalry.*



This public reception and banquet had been tendered to our regiment, because the majority of its members, were soldiers from the Iron City, and its vicinity. But our own Company was almost as far away from home, as it could get in the State of Pennsylvania. We, however, were equally well received, with the balance of the command.

After the reception, the regiment was ordered to Camp Reynolds, near Pittsburg, to await the paymaster and be disbanded. This camp was located on the famous Braddock Field, where the proud British General, disdaining the advice of our own Washington, met with sudden and fatal disaster, in the early French and Indian wars.

We remained here until July 12th, awaiting anxiously the Paymaster's arrival, for we were all destitute of means, and our clothing was worn-out.

While here, I visited the surrounding country in company with several friends.

We called at the home of the Hon. John Covode, in Westmoreland County, and on other prominent statesmen in Greensburg.

After inserting the necessary transportation on the rolls, to convey the members of the Company to their homes, they were paid off on the 12th. I personally handed each man his honorable discharge, duly stamped and signed.

About this time, also, the remains of two flags, which had been presented to us during the war, were deposited in the archives of the State. In the battles of the Union, they had been reduced to mere



tatters. One of these had been presented to us in the early stages of the war, at Camp Campbell, Washington, by Gov. Curtin, personally. The other was presented at Amosville, Va., about the time that Covode was commissioned Colonel. Before we had received the second, the first had been reduced to a mere fringe, on a bullet-worn staff, and now both were in the same condition.

After this there were mutual leaves-taking and farewells, and the troops as citizens of the United States, but no longer as soldiers, returned to their respective homes.

In twenty-four hours after they were disbanded, the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, as a military organization, was *non est*—its members being scattered all over the State, many of them never to meet again. It is to be hoped that they will never be called upon again for the same purpose. I remained with the Company until it was disbanded, when I proceeded home with such as were going my way. And now the gallant boys have doffed their military trappings, donned citizens' attire and settled down once more to the peaceful pursuits of life, carrying with them the proud consciousness, that they had performed well and faithfully their parts, in crushing a rebellion, which aimed at and threatened to destroy the Union of the United States, and thus make a wreck of the best government the sun ever shone upon.





"Fling out the nation's stripes and stars,  
The glorious standard of the free,  
The banner borne through freedom's wars,  
The hallowed gem of liberty.  
On mountain top, in valley deep,  
Wherever dwell the free and brave,  
O'er graves where freedom's martyrs sleep,  
Columbia's flag must freely wave.

"Raise high the bright, auspicious flag,  
From every height and lowly glen,  
In forest dell, on jutting crag,  
Afar among the hearts of men.  
The sparkling banner, widely flung,  
Shall proudly wave o'er land and sea;  
And freedom's anthem, sweetly sung,  
Shall swell our country's jubilee.

"O, let the world that flag behold,  
The emblem of the brave and free;  
The brightest crown of streaming gold  
That decks the goddess Liberty.  
Spread out its folds, till heaven's dome  
Reverberates the holy sound,  
That all oppressed have found a home  
On freedom's consecrated ground.

"Fling out our country's banner wide,  
Our emblematic starry gem;  
Our union never shall divide,  
While floats the silken diadem.  
Year after year the brilliant stars  
Shall indicate the strength of all;  
Let all beware of civil wars,  
Her patriot's wound, and traitor's fall."



## CHAPTER XXXV.

*CLOSING REFLECTIONS.*

**I**F we are true as a nation to ourselves, I believe a grand future is before this country. G. S. Hillard, on the destiny of America, has wisely remarked with a voice of solemn warning:

“We may betray the trust reposed in us—we may most miserably defeat the fond hopes entertained of us. We may become the scorn of tyrants and the jest of slaves. From our fate oppression may assume a bolder front of insolence, and its victims sink into a darker despair.

“In that event, how unspeakable will be our disgrace! With what weight of mountains will the infamy lie upon our souls! The gulf of our ruin will be as deep, as the elevation we might have attained is high. How wilt thou fall from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! Our beloved country with ashes for beauty: the golden cord of our union broken; its scattered fragments presenting every form of misrule, from the wildest anarchy to the most ruthless despotism; our soil drenched with fraternal blood: the life of man stripped of its grace and dig-



nity; the prizes of honor gone, and virtue divorced from half its encouragements and supports;—these are gloomy pictures, which I would not invite your imaginations to dwell upon, but only to glance at, for the sake of the warning lessons we may draw from them.

“Remember that we can have none of those consolations which sustain the patriot who mourns over the undeserved misfortunes of his country. Our Rome cannot fall and we be innocent. No conqueror will chain us to the car of his triumph; no countless swarm of Huns and Goths will bury the memorials and trophies of civilized life beneath a living tide of barbarism. Our own selfishness, our own neglect, our own passions, and our own vices will furnish the elements of our destruction. With our own hands we shall tear down the stately edifice of our glory. We shall die by self-inflicted wounds.

“But we will not talk of themes like these. We will not think of failure, dishonor, and despair. We will elevate our minds to the contemplation of our high duties, and the great trust committed to us. We will resolve to lay the foundations of our prosperity on that rock of private virtue, which cannot be shaken until the laws of the moral world are reversed. From our breasts shall flow the salient springs of national increase. Then our success, our happiness, our glory is inevitable. We may calmly smile at all the croaking of all the ravens, whether of native or foreign breed.

“The whole will not grow weak by the increase of





its parts. Our growth will be like that of the mountain oak, which strikes its roots more deeply into the soil, and clings to it with a closer grasp, as its lofty head is exalted and its broad arms stretched out.

“The loud burst of joy and gratitude which this occasion is breaking from the full hearts of a mighty people, will never cease to be heard. No chasms of sullen silence will interrupt its course, no discordant notes of sectional madness mar the general harmony. Year after year will increase it, by tributes from now unpeopled solitudes. The farthest west shall hear it and rejoice; the Oregon shall swell it with the voice of its waters; the Rocky Mountains shall fling back the glad sound from their snowy crests.”

And so the great and vexed question, was at last decided, and for all time. A wiser statesmanship might perhaps have evaded the war, but through inscrutable designs of an over-ruling Providence, it was decreed otherwise. It could hardly have been expected, indeed, that what such giant intellects as Webster and Calhoun had failed by discussion to settle, with even the benign and conservative eloquence of a Henry Clay, to compromise the still remaining differences, could be adjusted by any species of human arbitration. The sword alone was left, and its decision is at last announced. The bickerings of at least thirty years in the halls of Congress, are now hushed on this painful subject, and at length the Northern system of civilization—its clear, pure principles of free pulpit, free press, free speech, and of individual freedom without exception, as to caste



or class, is firmly established over the entire country. Whether the Constitution is a compact of the States, as entities, or directly of the people of the several States, is no longer a topic of importance on this point. Undoubtedly the very passions and false pride, which the wrong of slavery had generated in the South, were the causes which impelled them to reject all measures of conciliation offered by the North in 1860 and '61. They themselves precipitated the struggle, and thus evoked the vengeance of God, on a section that had been notoriously and profoundly unjust to millions of their fellow-beings.

In the affairs of men personally, the compensation of the moral system, is not always apparent, nor possibly existent either to mortal eyes, for the reason, perhaps, that human life is so short, that villainy is frequently successful, before inexorable events make the penalty inevitable.

But in the case of nations it is different. Life there is prolonged by successive generations, and the national wrong is sure to be followed by the Divine retribution, in some shape or other. I believe that history corroborates, and multifariously illustrates this principle. The wasted fields, the desolated homes, the cold and cheerless hearths, and the broken spirits of the South, which the progress and close of the war evinced, were but the balance in the scale against the long years of suffering and misfortune, the unrequited toil and crying injustice meted out to the poor slave. Doubtless our own derelict-



tion of duty in the past, in countenancing the evil more or less, and in pandering to it for the gain it brought, is also represented by penalties, by emotional and commercial lacerations, from which we shall not soon recover.

But evidently the wrath of the Just One is now withdrawn, and the vestibule of our future career is already luminous with the brilliant and happy prospect. May principle after principle of sound national morality be incorporated into our institutions, until we present that round and perfect development of public wisdom and virtue, which shall allure and stimulate other nations to a like advancement.

In these glorious days and hours, covering so rapidly the sombre traces of war, there is a profound sense of inward satisfaction to the battle-worn veteran, when he considers the perils he has encountered, and the priceless heritage it is his high privilege to leave for coming generations. Doubtless, long absence has had something to do with this sensation, but the sloping sides of Mahoning, Bear, and Sharp Mountains, and the long stretch of our beautiful valley, were never more gorgeous in their romantic scenery. It seems that the sky is more serenely blue, the wild-bird's carol livelier and cheerier, the trees and grasses, and the budding clusters of flowers, are more early and freshly colored, than to me, they have ever been before. A mist seems to have left the atmosphere, and a cloud the heavens. It is indeed now the air of freedom, the soil of liberty, and there is nothing in our present status as a Re-





public, of which we need be ashamed. Our moral power is immeasurably exalted and strengthened. The very majesty of our late struggle, will deter all future efforts at a dissolution of the Union, and command the respect of the civilized world.

At last, more appropriately than did the sage of Marshfield, we can apply, with perfect truth, to our vast country in its present unity of political demands, the beautiful lines descriptive of the ornamental edging on the buckler of Achilles :

“Now the broad shield complete, the artist crowned,  
With his last hand, and poured the ocean round,  
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,  
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.”



## APPENDIX.



# ORIGINAL ROLL

## OF

### Company "A," Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

RANK.	NAME.	AGE.	RESIDENCE.	WHEN ENLISTED.
Captain....	William E. Doster....	24	Bethlehem, Pa....	Aug. 7, 1861.
1st Lieut...	Herman Horn.....	43	Lehighton, " ....	" "
2d "	Edward Tombler.....	24	Bethlehem, " ....	" "
O. Sergt....	Joseph Andrews.....	24	Summit Hill, Pa..	" "
Q. M. Ser..	Allen O. Fahs.....	26	Bethlehem, " ..	" "
Sergeant...	Geo. W. Moss.....	23	Summit Hill, " ..	" "
"	James G. Loder.....	37	Easton, " ..	" "
"	Wm. F. Sider.....	24	Bethlehem, " ..	" "
"	A. G. H. Row.....	31	Weissport, " ..	" "
Corporal...	Alfred Walton.....	23	Summit Hill, " ..	" "
"	Wm. T. Hess.....	19	Parryville, " ..	" "
"	Nathan Fritz.....	22	Summit Hill, " ..	" "
"	Martin Bloss.....	22	Weissport, " ..	" "
"	Benj'n F. Younker..	29	Summit Hill, " ..	" "
"	Richard Edwards....	24	" " " ..	" "
"	James A. Gaumer....	20	Hellertown, " ..	" "
"	John Ballentine.....	25	Hazleton, " ..	" "
Bugler.....	Miller A. Brown.....	19	Summit Hill, " ..	" "
"	Merrit A. Brown.....	24	" " " ..	" "
Bl'ksmith.	John Rinker.....	29	Weissport, " ..	" "
Farrier.....	John Guth.....	25	" " " ..	" "
Saddler.....	Edw. Petzel.....	33	Bethlehem, " ..	" "
Wagoner...	Josiah J. Decmer.....	33	Easton, " ..	" "





NAME.	AGE.	RESIDENCE.	WHEN ENLISTED.
Ash, Tilghman.....	19	Weissport, Penna.	Aug. 7th, 1861.
Armbruster, Martin.....	30	Easton, "	" "
Bloss, Daniel.....	30	Weissport, "	" "
Boston, Robert.....	32	Stockton, "	" "
Bower, John.....	19	Easton, "	" "
Barr, Abraham.....	21	Bethlehem, "	" "
Boyd, Wm. J.....	20	Buck Mount'n, Pa.	" "
Broadback, John.....	19	Easton, Penna.	" "
Brelsford, Nathan.....	21	Mauch Chunk, Pa.	" "
Cunning, Neil.....	28	Summit Hill, Pa.	" "
Cochlin, Michael.....	21	" " "	" "
Connor, Thomas.....	19	Weissport, "	" "
Connor, Jos. C. H.....	44	" "	" "
Campsie, Alexander.....	21	Summit Hill, "	" "
Driesbach, Simon.....	29	Parryville, "	" "
Dempster, Cornelius.....	29	Slatington, "	" "
Erwin, John.....	24	Summit Hill, "	" "
Everhard, Andrew.....	23	Bethlehem, "	" "
Freeby, Christian.....	36	East Penn, "	" "
File, Jacob.....	18	Mauch Chunk, "	" "
Garvy, Nicholas.....	24	Lehighton, "	" "
Fiddler, John.....	23	Lehighton, "	" "
Galligher, Condy.....	20	Summit Hill, "	" "
Heenan, John.....	28	Bethlehem, "	" "
Hand, Joseph.....	29	Parryville, "	" "
Isley, John.....	25	Weissport, "	" "
Kent, George.....	19	Summit Hill, "	" "
Keefaber, Philip.....	22	" " "	" "
Karass, Albert.....	29	Bethlehem, "	" "
Kain, William.....	32	Weissport, "	" "
Kopf, Francis X.....	29	Mauch Chunk, "	" "
Meyer, John.....	29	" " "	" "
McLaughlin, James.....	26	Summit Hill, "	" "
McLaughlin, Robert.....	20	" " "	" "
McClure, William.....	20	Northumberl'd Co.	" "
Moyer, Reuben.....	26	Weissport, Pa.	" "
Merkle, John.....	29	Bethlehem, "	" "
Mickle, Geo. W.....	20	Hellertown, "	" "
McMichael, Archibald.....	22	Summit Hill, "	" "
Moyer, Marcus.....	26	Lehighton, "	" "
Moyer, Gottlieb.....	26	Weissport, "	" "
Mellose, Josiah.....	27	Coplay, "	" "
Miller, George.....	19	Summit Hill, "	" "
McCurran, John.....	19	" " "	" "
Naitz, Martzell.....	26	Weissport, "	" "
Nichols, David.....	43	Easton, "	" "
Oswald, William.....	36	Weissport, "	" "
Patterson, Chas. A.....	20	Lehighton, "	" "



NAME.	AGE.	RESIDENCE.	WHEN ENLISTED.
Paxton, Thomas S.....	32	Easton, Pa.	Aug. 7th, 1869.
Raub, Charles.....	29	" "	" "
Smith, James.....	20	Weissport, "	" "
Shivelhuth, Joseph.....	26	Bethlehem, "	" "
Schomblor, Lewis.....	30	Centre Valley, "	" "
Smith, George E.....	22	Bethlehem, "	" "
Stabler, David.....	27	Summit Hill, "	" "
Shimp, Andrew.....	26	Easton, "	" "
Snyder, Jos. M.....	30	Bethlehem, "	" "
Smith, William.....	28	Weissport, "	" "
Schlager, George.....	18	Seranton, "	" "
Shultz, John.....	24	Mauch Chunk, "	" "
Swallow, John.....	29	Easton, "	" "
Schinger, Lewis.....	20	Nazareth, "	" "
Steel, John.....	25	Bethlehem, "	" "
Stermer, William.....	21	Mahoning, "	" "
Slaven, John.....	33	Easton, "	" "
Tiful, Richard.....	21	Summit Hill, "	" "
Thomas, Wm. E.....	22	Jeansville, "	" "
Tiller, Herman.....	19	Bethlehem, "	" "
Ward, Benjamin.....	19	Bucks County, "	" "
Welsh, John W.....	24	Weissport, "	" "
Wertz, Peter.....	28	" "	" "
Walter, Robert.....	26	Bethlehem, "	" "
Wunder, Frederick.....	25	" "	" "
Wagoner, Frederick.....	25	" "	" "

Recruits whose Enlistment dated back to " "

Edwards, Thomas.....	20	Summit Hill, Pa.	" "
Yost, John B.....	20	Stockton, "	" "



## ROLL OF RECRUITS

OF

## Company "A," Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

NAME.	AGE.	RESIDENCE.	WHEN ENLISTED.
Kain, William.....	20	Weissport, Pa.	Mar. 1st, 1862.
Hyndman, William.....	19	Mauch Chunk, "	May 1st, "
Keck, Charles.....	28	Weissport, "	Sept. 29th, "
Zeigenfuss, Stephen.....	22	" "	" "
Schoenberger, George.....	23	" "	" "
Frazer, Robert.....	31	Scotland, "	May 11, 1863.
Irwin, G. W. S.....	39	Cumberland, "	Apr. 16th, "
Belding, Thayer.....	30	Pittsburg, "	" "
Barkfelt, Charles.....	23	" "	May 28th, "
Lewis, John J.....	19	Hollidaysburg, "	June 18th, "
Miller, Henry.....	27	Mauch Chunk, "	Mar. 16th, "
Kelley, John.....	43	Lancaster, "	Jan. 1st, 1864.
Arner, Reuben.....	20	Weissport, "	Feb. 29th, "
Bartholomew, George.....	39	Mauch Chunk, "	Feb. 16th, "
Blakely, Tilghman.....	26	" "	Feb. 8th, "
Connor, Wilfred.....	20	Weissport, "	Feb. 29th, "
Crawford, Robert.....	21	Summit Hill, "	Apr. 26th, "
Drumbore, Joseph.....	21	Mahoning, "	Feb. 16th, "
Davis, James.....	22	Summit Hill, "	" "
Drake, Isaac N.....	20	Parke County, Ky.	Feb. 9th, "
Dugan, Hugh.....	19	Summit Hill, Pa.	Apr. 26th, "
Ford, Joseph.....	21	Harrisburg, "	Mar. 29th, "
Mickle, Samuel.....	44	Easton, "	Jan. 18th, "
McClean, Alex.....	20	Summit Hill, "	Apr. 26th, "
Powell, Samuel.....	20	" "	Feb. 16th, "
Richards, Thomas.....	23	" "	" "
Scully, John.....	29	Harrisburg, "	Feb. 9th, "
Stallman, Solomon.....	22	Jefferson Co., "	Mar. 26th, "
Stallman, George.....	23	" "	" 31st, "
Stallman, John H.....	20	" "	" 26th, "
Ward, James.....	22	Harrisburg, "	" 29th, "
Williamson, James H.....	18	Butler Co., "	" 19th, "
Ranger, Charles S.....	24	Boston, Mass.	" 11th, "
Condon, Stephen.....	19	Summit Hill, Pa.	Aug. 19th, "
Edwards, Edward.....	18	" "	" 16th, "
Gwilym, Edward.....	19	" "	" "
McHugh, John.....	18	" "	" "





NAME.	AGE.	RESIDENCE.	WHEN ENLISTED.
Moore, Patrick.....	18	Summit Hill, Pa.	Aug. 16, 1864.
Richards, Jonathan.....	18	" " "	" " "
Atkinson, John.....	19	Pittsburg, "	" 12th, "
Atkinson, Hugh.....	43	" " "	" 13th, "
Atkinson, Robt. G.....	18	" " "	" 11th, "
Ambrose, Cornelius.....	30	Bradford Co., "	" 19th, "
Benton, Henry.....	32	Alleghany City, "	" 19th, "
Haren, George.....	19	Summit Hill, "	Sept. 1st, "
Lewis, John.....	26	" " "	" " "
Jeffries, John.....	17	" " "	" " "
Thomas, David C.....	17	" " "	" " "
Low, Jacob M.....	25	Carlisle, "	Feb. 19th, "
Moore, James.....	20	Alleghany City, "	Aug. 27th, "
Moore, James (No. 2.).....	18	Summit Hill, "	Sept. 8th, "
McKeever, Thomas.....	23	" " "	" " "
Weaver, John.....	28	" " "	" " "
Katsmoyer, Jacob.....	36	" " "	" " "
Kettra, Abraham.....	32	" " "	" " "
McLaughlin, Joseph.....	18	" " "	" " "
Schmidt, John G.....	34	Harrisburg, "	Nov. 12th, "
Fischer, John.....	33	" " "	" 2d, "
Thomas, William W.....	18	Summit Hill, "	Aug. 20th, "
Brown, Charles W.....	28	Northampton Co., "	Feb. 20th, 1865.
Banks, Jacob.....	28	Schuylkill " "	" " "
Knerr, Daniel.....	34	Lehigh " "	" " "
Larish, Alfred.....	30	" " "	" " "
Leslie, John.....	22	Summit Hill, "	" 17th, "
O'Brien, Condy.....	19	" " "	" " "
McVay, Daniel.....	24	" " "	" " "
Klotz, William F.....	23	Weissport, "	" 15th, "
Hoffman, Alfred.....	27	" " "	" " "
Graver, Wm. A.....	27	" " "	" " "
Graver, Andrew.....	22	" " "	" " "
Furtwangler, Constantine.....	27	" " "	" " "
Fitzpatrick, Dennis.....	19	Pottsville, "	" 20th, "
Fitzpatrick, Michael.....	31	" " "	" " "
Ash, Tilghman.....	23	Weissport, "	" 21st, "
Bopst, Charles.....	21	Mauch Chunk, "	Jan. 3d, "



## ROLL OF VETERAN VOLUNTEERS

OF

## Company "A," Fourth Penn'a Cavalry.

RANK.	NAME.	RE-ENLISTED	
		WHEN.	WHERE.
Sergeant,	Benjamin S. Younker,.....	Jan. 1st, 1864.	Bull Run, Va.
"	Nathan Brelsford,.....	" " "	" "
"	George W. Mickle,.....	" " "	" "
"	William Hyndman, .....	Mar. " "	" "
"	John Fiddler,.....	Jan. " "	" "
Corporal,	Alexander Campsie,.....	" " "	" "
"	John B. Yost,.....	" " "	" "
"	William Kain,.....	Mar. " "	" "
"	William McClure,.....	Jan. " "	" "
Bugler,	Frederick Wagoner,.....	" " "	" "
Bl'ksmith,	John Rinker,.....	" " "	" "
Farrier,	John Guth,.....	" " "	" "
Saddler,	Martzell Naftz,.....	" " "	" "
Private,	Bower, John.....	" " "	" "
"	Ballentine, John.....	" " "	" "
"	Cunning, Neil.....	" " "	" "
"	Connor, Joseph C. H.....	" " "	" "
"	Erwin, John.....	" " "	" "
"	Everhard, Andrew.....	" " "	" "
"	File, Jacob.....	" " "	" "
"	Hand, Joseph.....	" " "	" "
"	Heenan, John.....	" " "	" "
"	Hess, William F.....	" " "	" "
"	Isley, John.....	" " "	" "
"	Kent, George.....	" " "	" "
"	Keefaber, Philip.....	" " "	" "
"	Keller, John.....	" " "	" "
"	McMichael, Archibald.....	" " "	" "
"	Moss, Geo. W.....	" " "	" "
"	Row, Albert G. H.....	" " "	" "
"	Raub, Charles.....	" " "	" "
"	Smith, George E.....	" " "	" "
"	Smith, James.....	" " "	" "



RANK.	NAME.	RE-ENLISTED.	
		WHEN.	WHERE.
Private,	Schangler, Lewis.....	Jan. 1st, 1864.	Bull Run, Va.
"	Schomblor, Lewis.....	" " "	" "
"	Schlager, George.....	" " "	" "
"	Steel, John.....	" " "	" "
"	Slaven, John.....	" " "	" "
"	Tiller, Herman.....	" " "	" "
"	Walter, Robert.....	" " "	" "
"	Welsh, John.....	" " "	" "
"	Wertz, Peter.....	" " "	" "

## ROLL OF COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

OF

## COMPANY "A," FOURTH PENN'A CAVALRY.

RANK.	NAME.	APPOINTED.	COMMISSIONED.
Captain,	William E. Doster.....	Aug. 15, 1861.	Aug. 15, 1861.
"	Edward Tombler.....	Oct. 18, 1861.	Oct. 18, 1861.
"	Joseph Andrews.....	Oct. 5, 1863.	Oct. 5, 1863.
"	William Hyndman.....	Feb. 22, 1865.	Feb. 22, 1865.
1st Lieut.	Herman Horn.....	Aug. 15, 1861.	Aug. 15, 1861.
"	Fitz Gerls Noble.....	Dec. 21, 1861.	Dec. 21, 1861.
"	Joseph Andrews.....	Sept. 1, 1862.	Sept. 1, 1862.
"	Wm. Hyndman.....	Sept. 29, 1864.	Dec. 13, 1864.
"	Robt. J. Atwell.....	Mar. 8, 1865.	Mar. 8, 1865.
2d Lieut.	Edward Tombler.....	Aug. 15, 1861.	Aug. 15, 1861.
"	Jos. Andrews.....	Oct. 18, 1861.	Oct. 18, 1861.
"	Christian Freeby.....	Sept. 1, 1862.	Sept. 1, 1862.
"	George W. Moss.....	Dec. 21, 1864.	Dec. 21, 1864.
"	George W. Mickle.....	Mar. 24, 1865.	Mar. 25, 1865.





## ROLL OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

OF

## COMPANY "A," FOURTH PENN'A CAVALRY.

RANK.	NAME.	REMARKS.
O. Sergt.	Joseph Andrews.....	Appointed Aug. 15, 1861.
"	Geo. W. Moss.....	Promoted Oct. 18, 1861, from Sergt.
"	Christian Freeby....	" Dec. 21, " "
"	Alfred Walton.....	" Sept. 1, 1862, " "
"	George W. Moss.....	" Dec. 1, 1864, " Private.
"	George W. Mickle..	" Dec. 21, 1864, " Sergeant.
"	John Ballentine.....	" Mar. 24, 1865, " "
Q. M. Ser.	Allen O. Fahs.....	Appointed Aug. 15, 1861.
"	Albert Karass.....	Promoted Oct. 1, 1861, from Private.
"	James McLaughlin..	" Mar. 1, 1862, " Corporal.
"	John Slaven.....	" June 1, 1862, " Private.
"	Wm. E. Thomas.....	" Sept. 1, 1862, " "
"	John Fiddler.....	" Jan. 1, 1864, " "
"	William McClure....	" Sept. 1, 1864, " Corporal.
Com. Ser.	James McLaughlin..	" Sept. 1, 1862, " Private.
"	Philip Keefaber.....	" Dec. 21, 1864, " Corporal.
Sergt.	Geo. W. Moss.....	Appointed Aug. 15, 1861.
"	James G. Loder....	" " "
"	W. F. Sider.....	" " "
"	A. G. H. Row.....	" " "
"	Christian Freeby....	Promoted Oct. 1, 1861, from Private.
"	Alfred Walton.....	" Oct. 1, 1861, " Corporal.
"	Benj. S. Younker....	" Dec. 21, 1861, " "
"	Nathan Brelsford....	" Mar. 17, 1862, " "
"	James A. Gaumer....	" Sept. 1, 1862, " "
"	William Smith.....	" Sept. 1, 1862, " "
"	George W. Mickle..	" July 14, 1863, " "
"	William Hyndman....	" July 31, 1863, " Private.
"	William McClure....	" Sept. 1, 1864, " Corporal.
"	William Kain.....	" Sept. 1, 1864, " "
"	James Smith.....	" Sept. 1, 1864, " "
"	John Ballentine....	" Sept. 1, 1864, " "
"	John B. Yost.....	" Dec. 21, 1864, " Private.
"	John Heenan.....	" May 1, 1864, " Corporal.
"	Robt. Frazer.....	" Mar. 2, 1864, " Private.
Corporal.	Alfred Walton.....	Appointed Aug. 15, 1861.
"	William T. Hess....	" " "
"	Nathan Fritz.....	" " "
"	Martin Bloss.....	" " "



RANK.	NAME.	REMARKS.
Corporal,	Benj. S. Younker....	Appointed Aug. 15, 1861.
"	Richard Edwards...	" " "
"	James A. Gaumer...	" " "
"	John Ballentine....	" " "
"	Thomas Conner.....	Promoted Oct. 1, 1861.
"	James McLaughlin.	" Oct. 1, 1861.
"	John Fiddler.....	" Jan. 1, 1864.
"	Wm. Smith.....	" Sept. 1, 1861.
"	Geo. W. Mickle.....	" Sept. 1, 1861.
"	Alex. Campsie.....	" Sept. 1, 1863.
"	Wm. Hyndman.....	" May 1, 1862.
"	Miller H. Brown....	" Aug. 1, 1863.
"	Wm. J. Boyd.....	" Sept. 1, 1862.
"	John B. Yost.....	" Sept. 1, 1862.
"	Tilghman Ash.....	" Jan. 1, 1863.
"	Marcus Moyer.....	" July 14, 1863.
"	Wm. McClure.....	" " "
"	William Kain.....	" " "
"	James Smith.....	" Jan. 1, 1864.
"	Philip Keefaber.....	" Sept. 1, 1864.
"	John Heenan.....	" " "
"	Tilghman Blakely..	" " "
"	Andrew Everhard...	" " "
"	Arch. McMichael....	" " "
"	George Schlager....	" " "
"	George B. Kent.....	" " "
"	Stephen Zeigenfuss.	" Nov. 1, 1864.
"	Neil Cuning.....	" Dec. 21, "
"	John Bower.....	" Dec. 21, "
"	John Rinker.....	" Mar. 1, "
"	John Steel.....	" May 1, "
Bugler,	Miller A. Brown....	Appointed Aug. 15, 1861.
"	Merritt A. Brown...	" " "
"	Wm. Oswald.....	" May 4, 1862.
"	Richard Tiful.....	" Feb. 1, 1863.
"	Frederick Wagoner.	" Jan. 1, 1864.
"	George E. Smith....	" Aug. 15, 1864.
"	Alex. Campsie.....	" Mar. 1, 1865.
Dr'smith	John Rinker.....	" Aug. 15, 1861.
"	John Guth.....	" Aug. 15, 1861.
Farrier,	Robert Walter.....	" Jan. 1, 1864.
"	Jacob M. Low.....	" Dec. 1, 1864.
Saddler,	Edward Petzel.....	" Aug. 15, 1861.
"	Martzell Natf.....	" Aug. 15, 1861.
Wagoner.	Josiah J. Deemer...	" Aug. 15, 1861.
"	Arch. McMichael....	" Aug. 15, 1861.



## Register of Men Discharged before Expiration of War.

NAME.	WHEN.	WHERE.	REMARKS.
Thomas S. Paxton.....	Feb. 1, 1862.	Washington, D. C.	Physical disability.
Andrew Schimp.....	" "	" "	" "
John Broadback.....	" "	" "	" "
Reuben Meyer.....	Mar. 1, "	" "	" "
Daniel Bloss.....	May 1, "	Falmouth, Va.	" "
Edward Petzel.....	Aug. 1, "	" "	" "
Merritt A. Brown.....	Aug. 15, "	Philadelphia, Pa.	" "
Frederick Grindler.....	Sept. 1, "	Washington, D. C.	Disabled by wounds.
W. Kain, Sen.....	Oct. 20, "	" "	Physical disability.
John Merkle.....	Dec. 19, 1862.	Falmouth, Va.	" "
Joseph Snyder.....	Dec. 20, 1862.	Washington, D. C.	Disabled by wounds.
Jos. Shiveibuth.....	July 12, "	" "	Physical disability.
Simon Driesbach.....	Oct. 29, 1863.	" "	" "
Robert Boston.....	July 20, "	Harrisburg, Pa.	By order from War Dep't.
Cornelius Dempster.....	May 20, "	Washington, D. C.	Physical disability.
Charles Patterson.....	Jan. 1, 1862.	" "	" "
James A. Gaumer.....	Aug. 5, 1864.	Pr. George C. H., Va.	Expiration of term of service.
Tilghman Ash.....	" "	" "	" "
Marcus Moyer.....	" "	" "	" "
William Oswald.....	" "	" "	" "
Josiah J. Deemer.....	" "	" "	" "
Abraham Barr.....	" "	Washington, D. C.	" "
W. J. Boyd.....	" "	Harrisburg, Pa.	" "
Richard Edwards.....	" "	Philadelphia, Pa.	" "
Thomas Edwards.....	" "	Pr. George C. H., Va.	" "
Nicholas Garvy.....	" "	" "	" "
William Stermer.....	" "	" "	" "
Francis Xavier Kopf.....	" "	" "	" "
Allen O. Fahs.....	Aug. 15, "	Philadelphia, Pa.	" "
Nathan Fritz.....	" "	" "	" "
Condy Gallagher.....	Oct. 22, "	Before Petersburg, Va.	" "
John Welsh.....	Feb. 8, 1865.	Washington, D. C.	Disabled by wounds.
John H. Stallman.....	May 9, "	Philadelphia, Pa.	Physical disability.
John B. Yost.....	May 4, "	Washington, D. C.	Disabled by wounds.
David C. Thomas.....	May 20, "	" "	Orders from War Department.
David Nichols.....	Jan. 1, 1861.	" "	Physical disability.

## Register of Men Transferred from Company.

NAME.	WHEN.	WHERE.	REMARKS.
Charles Keck.....	Oct. 18, 1863.	Washington, D. C.	To Veteran Reserve Corps.
Tilghman Blakely.....	Dec. 20, 1864.	Before Petersburg, Va.	To Army of North West.
Benjamin S. Youker.....	Dec. 15, "	Washington, D. C.	To Veteran Reserve Corps.
Robert Walker.....	" "	" "	To Veteran Reserve Corps.
George W. Moss.....	" "	Before Petersburg, Va.	To accept Promotion.





## Killed in Action, and Died from Wounds, Etc., during the War.

NAME.	WHEN.	WHERE, ETC.
Miller H. Brown.....	Dec. 13, 1862.	Killed at Fredericksburg, Va.
George Miller.....	May 13, 1863.	" Dumfries, Va.
Michael Cochlin.....	Sept. 13, 1863.	" Culpepper, Va.
Jacob File .....	June 21, 1864.	" St. Mary's Church, Va.
William T. Hess.....	Aug. 16, 1864.	" Gravel Hill Farm.
John Weaver.....	Feb. 6, 1865.	" Hatcher's Run, Va.
Albert Karass.....	Apr. 28, 1862.	" Washington, D. C.
Martin Bloss.....	Dec. 7, 1862.	Died at Weissport, Pa.
Richard Tiful.....	Apr. 30, 1863.	" Dumfries, Va.
Thomas Connor.....	May 19, 1863.	" Wash'gton, from effects of wound.
James G. Loder.....	Aug. 19, 1863.	" Baltimore, Md.
W. E. Thomas.....	Dec. 11, 1863.	" Jeansville, Pa.
Joseph Hand.....	Apr. 3, 1864.	" Parryville, Pa.
Martin Armbruster.	Mar. 30, 1864.	" Confederate Prison at Rich'd, Va.
James McLaughlin.	Aug. 20, 1864.	" " " at Andersonv'e.
John McCarron.....	July 28, 1864.	" " " "
John Shultz.....	July 30, 1864.	" " " "
Josiah McHose.....	July 11, 1864.	" " " "
Gottlieb Moyer.....	July 30, 1864.	" " " "
William Smith.....	July 15, 1864.	" " " "
Alfred Walton.....	Aug. 31, 1864.	" " " "
David Stahler.....	Aug. 25, 1864.	" " " "
Benjamin F. Ward...	Mar. 9, 1863.	Killed by Rebel guards in Prison.
Andrew Everhard...	Dec. 21, 1864.	Died from effects of wounds at New York.
George W. Stallman.	Jan. 5, 1865.	Died at City Point, Va., congestion of brain.
Samuel Mickle.....	Jan. 22, 1865.	Died at Washington, D. C.



## Muster-Out Roll of Company at Expiration of War.

RANK.	NAME.	MUSTERED OUT AT	DISBANDED AND PAID AT
		Lynchburg, Va., July 1, 1865.	Camp Copeland, Pa. July 12, 1865.
Captain.....	William Hyndman.....	" "	" "
1st Lieut.....	Robert J. Atwell.....	" "	" "
2d Lieut.....	George W. Mickle.....	" "	" "
O. Sergeant..	John Ballentine.....	" "	" "
Q. M. Sergt..	William McClure.....	" "	" "
Com. ".....	Philip Keefaber.....	" "	" "
Sergeant.....	William Kain.....	" "	" "
"	Robert Frazer.....	" "	" "
"	Albert G. H. Row.....	" "	" "
"	John Heenan.....	" "	" "
Corporal.....	George Schlager.....	" "	" "
"	George B. Kent.....	" "	" "
"	Stephen Zeigenfuss.....	" "	" "
"	Neil Cunning.....	" "	" "
"	John Bower.....	" "	" "
"	George E. Smith.....	" "	" "
"	John Rinker.....	" "	" "
"	John Steel.....	" "	" "
Bugler.....	Frederick Wagoner.....	" "	" "
"	Alexander Campsie.....	" "	" "
Blacksmith..	John Guth.....	" "	" "
Farrier.....	Jacob M. Low.....	" "	" "
Saddler.....	Herman Tiller.....	" "	" "
Wagoner.....	A. McMichael.....	" "	" "
Privates.....	Arner, Reuben.....	" "	" "
"	Atkinson, Hugh.....	" "	" "
"	Atkinson, Robert.....	" "	" "
"	Atkinson, John.....	" "	" "
"	Ash, Tilghman.....	" "	" "
"	Ambrose, Cornelius.....	" "	" "
"	Brelsford, Nathan.....	" "	" "
"	Benton, Henry.....	" "	" "
"	Barkfelt, Charles.....	" "	" "
"	Bopst, Charles.....	" "	" "
"	Bartholomew, George W.....	" "	" "
"	Brown, Charles.....	" "	" "
"	Banks, Jacob.....	" "	" "
"	Connor, Jos. C. H.....	" "	" "
"	Condon, Stephen.....	" "	" "
"	Crawford, Robert.....	" "	" "
"	Drumfore, Joseph.....	" "	" "
"	Davis, James.....	" "	" "
"	Dugan, Hugh.....	" "	" "
"	Drake, Isaac N.....	" "	" "
"	Edwards, Edward.....	" "	" "



RANK.	NAME.	MUSTERED OUT AT	DISBANDED AND PAID AT
		Lynchburg, Va. July 1, 1865.	Camp Copeland, Pa. July 12, 1865.
<b>Privates.</b>	Erwin, John.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Fiddler, John.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Ford, Joseph.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Furtwangler, Constantine.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Fitzpatrick, Dennis.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Fitzpatrick, Michael.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Gwylm, Edwin.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Graver, Andrew.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Graver, William A.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Haren, George.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Hoffman, Alfred.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Isley, John.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Irwin, George W. S.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Jeffries, John.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Keller, John.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Kettra, Abraham.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Katsmoyer, Jacob.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Klotz, William F.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Knerr, Daniel.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Lewis, John J.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Lewis, John.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Leslie, John.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Larash, Alfred.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Moore, James, No. 1.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Moore, James, No. 2.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Moore, Patrick.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	McClaine, Alexander.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	McHugh, John.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	McKeever, Thomas.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	McLaughlin, Joseph.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Miller, Henry.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	McVay, Daniel.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Naftz, Martzell.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	O'Brien, Condy.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Powell, Samuel.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Richards, Thomas.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Richards, Jonathan.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Ranger, Charles.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Raub, Charles.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Scully, John.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Schombler, Lewis.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Schoenberger, George.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Stallman, Solomon.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Schlingler, Lewis.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Slaven, John.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Sucks, Francis.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Thomas, W. U.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Ward, James.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Williamson, James.....	.. ..	.. ..
..	Wertz, Peter.....	.. ..	.. ..

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